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THE

MOSS-ROSE

FOR

1850.

EDITED BY

MRS. EMELINE P. HOWARD.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY NAFIS AND CORNISH.

ST. LOUIS, MO.: VAN DIEN & MacDONALD.

Substitute - Putnam

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PREFACE.

Oh! I love the sweet-blooming, the pretty Moss-rose,
'Tis the type of true pleasure and perfected joy;
Oh, I envy each insect that dares to repose
'Mid its leaves, or among its soft beauties to toy!

I love the sweet lily, so pure and so pale,
With a bosom as fair as the new-fallen snows;
Her luxuriant odors she spreads through the vale,
Yet e'en she must yield to my pretty Moss-rose.

ANONYMOUS.

IN presenting the Moss-Rose for 1850 to our readers, we do so with diffidence, knowing its high claims, not only in point of beauty, but in the language of flowers. One author interprets it "Superior Merit;" another, "Pleasure without alloy;" another still, "Elegance;" but all agree in its surpassing excellence, and yield it the right to the title of "Excelsior."

To make this work equal, at least, to the numerous competitors for public favor, has been the design and earnest wish of the Editress. How far she has succeeded, the voice of its readers must determine. It is to be hoped, however, that within these pages, the

Moss-Rose may not be found wholly destitute of beauty and fragrance.

To an indulgent public, then, this book is offered, with the hope that it may meet the approbation, and suit the taste of those who are friends to virtue, and love flowers.

E. P. H.

Delhi, N. Y., June, 1849.

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Harry Lincoln

HARRY LINCOLN.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER I.

"Too late!—oh, no! thank God! not too late!" burst from the lips of Harry Lincoln, as he raised himself in the stirrups of his noble war-horse, and casting a keen, searching glance in an easterly direction, his quick eye discerned that which at first filled him with despair—then hope. "Not too late! thank God!" he reiterated, and plunging his spurs into his horse's sides, dashed on at a furious pace—on, on—through the tangled brushwood, and low, swampy ground, where he again lost sight of aught that could raise his fainting hopes; but upon reaching another slight elevation, once more he raised himself in the stirrups, and with a face irradiated with joy, he hurried on his rapid course. But hark! his well-trained ear detects the sound of horses' feet in the distance. "They are upon me! close at my heels—like lightning, my brave horse! or I am a dead man—or—or—(and his voice lowered) or worse than dead—a prisoner, (an inglorious fate!) a prisoner in a strange land, among those who love us so little, though we are their brothers! But neither death nor a prison await me if my good horse fail me not. I saw our flag in the distance; I could not be mistaken. I shall yet be saved!" A sudden turn in the road brought the horse

and rider to a stand; for within a few rods of them lay a broad and beautiful river, towards which Lincoln had been hasting with such fearful speed; and in the agony of despair, he threw himself from his horse and plunged into the water. "Help! help!" he cried, "in God's name, help! put back, good fellows! Ah! they spy the rebels—see, they fire! what a glorious discharge from the broadside of our noble British ship! they come to my rescue; help! help! it is Harry Lincoln!" and he pushed on into the stream as deep as he dared venture; being heavily accoutred, he dared not give up his foothold. His noble charger stood by, with raised head and nostrils expanded; his fiery eye glancing first on the waste of waters before him, then upon the broad green country on the other side, and at length, with almost human tenderness, his gaze rested upon the face of his young master, who, with his plumed cap in one hand, raised high above his head, and his sword in the other, seemed reckless of all else in existence but the little boat which was nearing him, and on which seemed to hang his chances of immediate life or death; but at that instant he turned his head, and the kind glance of his faithful horse met his own. "We will not part, well-tried friend!" he said; "thou art a good swimmer, give me the reins, the ship is not far off, the boat nears."

"Harry Lincoln! are you safe?" "God bless you, did you drop from the clouds, Harry?" and many other exclamations of surprise and pleasure burst from the lips of his friends in the long-boat, as the brave young man jumped on board. With the bridle of his horse in one hand, he steered (as it were) his favorite charger as they moved out into the stream, while, with heaving chest and vigorous limb, the noble beast pressed onward as if he were in his native element.

Harry Lincoln was a British officer, chivalrous and brave—an officer in a regiment which had displayed daring courage and undaunted valor, during many of the early battles in our memorable revolutionary war. It is not our place here to descant upon the right or the wrong of that war. Though we have selected a British officer for our hero, we are all American, and those who know how an American's heart throbs with pride and pleasure, as he hears recounted, one by one, the deeds of glory and of blood by which our independence was achieved, can judge whether the so-styled rebels have not the warmest place in our heart.

CHAPTER II.

But to return to our hero, the young and chivalrous Harry Lincoln. A few days previous to the incidents recorded in the previous chapter, he had been sent out at the head of a party to reconnoitre, and had met with a small body of the enemy; upon which a short, but severe skirmish ensued. Lincoln displayed great skill and courage; the enemy was completely routed, while his own little band was almost unbroken. "This was an unexpected rencontre on our part," said Harry to one of his men; "who can tell but it may lead to similar skirmishes? It may yet be weeks before we leave this hated country; though the ship is under sailing orders, we may be detained longer than most of us would wish." And here in spite of himself a deep sigh escaped from his manly breast; for thoughts of a pleasant home and loving faces in dear old England came to his mind. "But come, my men; we

had better return and report to our commander; are we all here? I will call the roll;" and voice after voice answered as the name was called. Many of the men were wounded, but none severely; some came forward with an arm in a sling; or limping a little, with a handkerchief about the knee; and other indications of the severe conflict in which they had been engaged; but as yet, none were missing. The last name was called—"John Duncan"—no answer. "Where is Duncan?—is he not among you?"

"Was he in the company?" said one; "I have not seen him."

"Oh, yes; he was in the early part of the engagement. I saw him wheel round upon one of the dastardly rebels, and the poor fellow got a shot from Duncan, which he will not forget very readily—but where is Duncan?"

"Ay! ay! where is Duncan?" was echoed from mouth to mouth.

"Look among the underbrush and low trees," said Lincoln; "he may be wounded, and have crawled away to die." Search was made for him, but all in vain. Again the young officer summoned his men; and giving the command to an officer next in rank, he proposed going in advance, in order to discover where poor Duncan had fled. "I may yet discover him," said he; "he may have gone in advance;" and putting spurs to his horse, he was out of sight in an instant. He had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when he saw in the distance a horse standing quietly, with his head bent, as if gazing upon some object at his feet. Lincoln immediately recognized Duncan's horse. "Duncan is thrown, poor fellow—killed, perhaps—alas! who can tell!" he said to himself, as he hastened to the spot. There stood the horse, and lying beside him on the turf was poor Duncan! one arm fearfully

mangled; and on his face seemed settled the pallor of death.

"Duncan! Duncan! my good Duncan! speak—are you yet living? Speak, Duncan!" said Lincoln, as he jumped from his horse, and was beside him in an instant. "Taste this," said he, as he poured a few drops of cordial from a small flask which he drew from his knapsack, upon the pale lips of the apparently lifeless soldier. At the taste of the cordial, Duncan revived a little, but almost immediately relapsed into seeming death.

"Hasten, comrades! hasten my good fellows!" shouted Lincoln to his men in the distance; and as they approached, he raised the wounded man, and laid his head upon his knees, and with his sash bound up the fearful wound from which the life-torrent was fast flowing. "Water! water! Allen!" said he to the man who first approached—and Lincoln proceeded to bathe the pallid face of Duncan, with the tenderness of a woman. The moist hair was brushed back from his temples. "He breathes," said one of the men, who with his ear bent closely to Duncan's chest, had caught the sound of a faint pulsation; "he is living!" and as he spoke, Duncan unclosed his eyes, and muttered—

"It was a death-wound! I felt it! I felt it!" They motioned him to be silent, and with the aid of the poor restoratives they had, he was soon enabled to raise himself, and look about him.

"Ah! he will be better soon," said Lincoln, "you must proceed forward and report to our commander; I will tarry behind with Duncan. He will soon be strong enough to mount his horse, and we will follow."

"No, no! let me remain, captain," said several of the soldiers; "you go forward with the men."

"No, no!" replied Harry, "Duncan is my charge; for three years he has been my tried, faithful adherent. His father entrusted him to my care, when he left old England. I dare not leave him—we will follow—perhaps in a couple of hours we shall be able to start."

"God bless you, captain; God bless you!" said Duncan, and feeling still weak and faint, he reclined his head against a tree which was near him, and closed his eyes In a moment, and the men were called to order; and "Cheer up, Duncan!" "Don't be down-hearted, boy; you will be ready to join the regiment in a few days, when we sail for home!" and many more such kind exclamations, to raise the fainting heart of poor Duncan, as the men wheeled off, and the sound of horses' hoofs died away, and young Lincoln was left alone with the wounded man.

"Come, come, Duncan! cheer up; why you have a faint heart, Duncan, not to bear up under such a wound as that. Think of your father, and Bessie, and our own dear England, for which we are so soon to set sail; we shall be on our passage home in a week's time; think of that, Duncan!"

"You, but not I, master Harry!—you, but not I! I feel it here," (and he laid his hand upon his head,) "and here," (and he pressed his hand upon his heart,) "but yet—home—you said we should be home soon; you, but not I! oh, master Harry, my father—you spoke of him—God bless my old father—soon he will have no son to love and talk about—my poor old father—and Bessie—what will Bessie do without me?"

"Don't talk so, Duncan, you must not talk so—here"—and taking one of the cloaks the men had left behind, and rolling it up—"here—take this for a pillow, Duncan; and

lie back—with a little more of the cordial and a short sleep, you will soon be able to join the men, and we will see what the surgeon can do to your arm. I will cover you with my cloak—lie still, and all will be well. We will remain here until the morning—I think it will be wise. I will keep watch by you while you sleep."

CHAPTER III.

The sun was just then setting, and lighting up with his cheering rays the beautiful tree-tops and quiet dells of that lovely retreat—the birds soared on light wing with hearts full of music, as they poured forth their evening song, and quietly dropped down in their nests in the shady greenwood—the timid hare ran with fleet step across the rude pathway, pausing with erect ears, ever and anon, to listen to the many sounds which her keen sense of hearing alone can detect; for Nature, in her solitude, ever seems silent to us—occasionally a noble deer, with tall antlers, would walk leisurely by, stopping to quench his thirst at the water-brook, and as he raised his head from the cooling stream, would cast an upward glance with his full, soft eye, as if looking a thanksgiving for the good gifts of God to him.

Night stole on, draperied in her garment of stars, and the moon arose—and still sat Harry Lincoln alone in that wilderness with the wounded, and perhaps dying man. For a while he sat with his body inclined forward, his head resting upon his hand—now and then a deep sigh escaped his breast, as if from a heart overburdened with anxiety—not grief. It was a picture for a painter—the

wounded man lying there, the bright moon lighting up his ghastly features—with a soldier's cloak for a pillow, and a soldier's cloak for a covering—the young officer, vigorous and manly, sitting in such an attitude of profound abstraction—his uncovered head resting upon his hands, his plumed cap beside him on the turf—these two only human creatures in that great solitude—let us add to the picture the noble war-horse of Lincoln, who, with loose rein, was cropping the fresh dewy herbage, and the more humble horse of an humbler master, standing unheeded at no great distance, with drooping head and melancholy air, as if he apprehended evil to himself and owner.

"He sleeps quietly," said Lincoln to himself; "how heavily he breathes! Is it well that he should be thus? I will rouse him, and make him once more take the cordial. I will strike a light—but no, no—I dare not—who knows how near the enemy may be, and light would be like a signal to show them where we are. It is a blessed thing that the moon shines so brightly. How still it is! I wish Allen had remained with us—not that I fear for myself—for my horse is the fleetest in our whole little army—but I could not leave Duncan should we be discovered. Take this, Duncan—it will build you up soon!" and poor Duncan heaved a heavy sigh, and opened his lids slowly.

"Is it you, master Harry? God bless you!"—he closed them again, and slept once more.

Night wore on—hour after hour glided by—and by the moonlight Harry saw his watch point to half-past two o'clock, and still he kept his lone vigil. Suddenly Duncan unclosed his eyes and looked about him.

"Yes, yes, father!" he exclaimed, "I *have* come back—your own poor John has come back—but where is

Bessie! it is me, Bessie—your own Duncan, come back to England again—father—Bessie—where am I—how dark it is—no lights—oh, yes! the moon—where am I! who is this! Oh, now I know—master Harry—master Harry—I am wounded—I am dying. Don't tell me I shall be well—I was dreaming of father and Bessie. I *am* dying—come close to me, master Harry—will you take poor Duncan's hand in yours, while he utters the last words which his poor lips will ever speak"—

"You have been dreaming, Duncan, don't talk so; you are not dying; you must not talk."

"Just place your hand here, Master Harry; what a faint fluttering is there, like a bird in a cage, trying to get free. It is my life fluttering there, trying to be freed; it will soon return to Him who gave it. Bear my dying words to my old father, captain; tell him I wish I had been a more dutiful son. But God will forgive me; God is very kind to me. He has permitted my young master to be with me in my last hour; may the same good God give him strength to bear up under my loss! But he is old, Master Harry, and he will follow me soon. But Bessie! my gentle, lovely Bessie! What a sad, sad heart will be that of my dear, dear Bessie! what a sad heart to bear about her all her lifetime! Tell her I thought of her at the last, and pity her. Captain, be kind to Bessie, and in your happiest hours think of her—so lonely, so disconsolate! and, pardon me, captain, but should you ever wed your own gentle friend, Miss Weston, will you not let Bessie come and live with you? She always loved Miss Mary, and I should be more willing to—to—die, if I felt Bessie was cared for. For the sake of your faithful Duncan, be kind to my Bessie; tell her kindly how I died—alone—at night—in a strange land—with none but you

and the good God to watch over me. My strength is almost gone, but I must speak while I can. God be merciful to me! Christ be merciful to me! Farewell! captain; God will bless you—my father—Bessie! I am dying." A convulsive shudder passed over his frame—his breathing became rapid and painful. "Captain! are you here?" His head dropped back—and Harry Lincoln was alone with the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

Alone with the dead—in the hush of night—in a wilderness—perhaps in instant danger of being surprised by a dreaded enemy! It was not an enviable position; poor Lincoln felt lonely indeed. He had lost an honest and faithful attendant, and shall we call him unmanly if we say that the hot tears chased one another down his cheek, and dropped upon the pallid face of the dead man? With an unsteady hand he closed those eyes, now glazed in death, and with a sad shudder he straightened those fast stiffening limbs upon the green turf, laid his cloak decently over the cold body, and quietly waited the dawning of day, that he might look about for a place in which to deposite the lifeless remains. He thought of Duncan's last words—of his old father—and the young Bessie; and he removed the covering of the ill-starred dead, and unsheathing his sword, severed a lock of hair from his head, and felt if he might not find some keepsake, which might bring a ray of comfort to the sad hearts which his death would cause. He drew from his breast a small psalm-book, in which the name of Bessie Gray was written, a much

worn letter, and a few other trifling articles found about his person, all of which were carefully deposited in the knapsack of the poor young man, and fastened with Lincoln's own, securely to the horse.

As the day dawned, with a heavy heart Lincoln began to look about him for a place where he might safely deposit the body of Duncan, until his own men could come to give him decent burial. He removed the low brush away, and with the hilt of his sword raised the light earth, and then drawing the pale corpse slowly along, he laid it within its rude grave, clasped the pale hands over the quiet breast, and with uncovered head he knelt upon the sod, and uttered a low-voiced prayer over the silent sleeper; then throwing the earth lightly over him, and replacing the low shrubs and brush, he left him with a sad farewell. "Farewell! honest and brave friend! Farewell! honest Duncan! Sleep sweetly here, brave heart; rest thee alone in this wild forest, until the last great day, when the voice of the Lord shall be heard by thee, calling thee to thy reward!"

The day had dawned, and the clouds about the eastern sky were already tinged with hues of crimson and gold, heralds of the coming king of day. Lincoln had turned away from the lowly grave of his honest Duncan, and was preparing to mount his horse, when a too familiar sound broke upon his ear—the trample of horses' hoofs in the distance, rapidly approaching. "I must lose no time," said he; "they are upon me!" and he bounded into his saddle. "Duncan's horse, poor fellow, I must leave him; like lightning, my brave steed!" and on, on he dashed. His horse seemed to fly; the enemy could not gain upon him; it seemed days instead of hours to the young officer as he rode on, and on; till at length, from a rising ground,

he espied the flag of an English ship in the distance; and dashing on with his faithful horse, he reached the shore, as we have seen, in time to be taken on board the long-boat, which had just pushed out in the stream, and was warmly welcomed by many a friendly voice; and the tale of poor Duncan's death was told, and his lonely grave in the wilderness; and many a rough voice trembled, and tears stood in the eyes of many of those hard-featured men, as they listened to the melancholy recital.

CHAPTER V.

We have said that Harry Lincoln was brave and chivalrous; we have seen that he had a kind and noble heart, and deep religious feeling; let us add, that he was young, handsome, and of good descent, and we have a hero worthy a romance. Many a fair face had watched the brave young captain in his military manœuvres, many a gentle eye had looked kindly upon him; and may we not add, that, even in our colonial region, at that time, some few of the fair dames would not unwillingly have exchanged freedom from England, for a loving, manly heart in England, any day. Not that I would speak disparagingly of the patriotism of our American ladies—no, no, ladies are loyal if those they love are loyal—and to the last will urge a brother, husband, or lover on to victory and glory, in what is termed by them the right cause. Our revolutionary annals tell many wonderful tales of woman's untiring patriotism and heroic deeds; but the heart was in it—the woman's heart, the same everywhere—the unselfish, loving woman. It was not that the

colonists were right and the British wrong; it was not that the one were oppressed and the other ruthless oppressors; no, it was that those she loved were on the one side, and those for whom she cared not were on the other. I do no injustice to woman in thus speaking; let each of the gentle sex look within her own breast and see if above all—love of life, of country, and of home, high, high above, just this side heaven—there is not a motive of deep love towards some cherished one, which prompted her to urge him on to victory or death; it is that the loved one's cause might triumph; the loved one's hopes be answered; the loved one's home be made secure and peaceful; the loved one's death be glorious.

Two weeks have elapsed—two weeks of suspense and anxiety, and the ship in which was embarked the regiment to which young Lincoln belonged had swung from her moorings, and was on her way to "merry England." Many of the men on board had been absent three and four years from their home; and communication with the fatherland was at that time very uncertain, and months would often elapse without receiving a word from those dear ones who had been left behind. And now the ship is under sail. Homeward—homeward-bound is the word. How infinite was the variety of hopes and fears, and anxious hearts which were crowded into that small space! and who could divine what was passing within the bosom of a fellow-passenger! Some seemed sad and thoughtful—others bustling and active—some calm and happy. What changes may have taken place in the home of each since they left! How many will seek in vain for those whom they left blooming and happy! The quiet church-yard may tell many a story unlearned before; and home may no longer be home to those who most eagerly anticipate a return.

But where is our young hero, the gallant Captain Lincoln? He is sitting quietly at the bow of the vessel, watching apparently the progress of the ship through the deep-blue waters; but though his head is bent, his eye does not see the waters. Is it fixed on vacancy? No! it is, as it were, turned within, and he is reading a tale of his own hopes and fears in his own heart-book. His attitude is one of deep thought and abstraction; his heart is now in dear old England—he treads over the well-known ground—a gentle eye meets his—a small, white hand clasps his own—"Mary, dear Mary!" escapes unawares from his lips—he draws from his bosom a small golden case, and touching a secret spring, disclosed a miniature to his eager eye. It might have been the face of an angel painted there—so fair, so young—eyes like the violet's cup, and hair like threads of gold. One hasty glance, and the treasure is returned to its hiding-place. It might have been the face of a sister there depicted; but young men of six-and-twenty do not generally heave such deep sighs over a sister's miniature; neither are they very likely to wear a sister's picture next their heart. We have guessed aright—it was no sister—it was the face of the fair Miss Weston, to whom poor Duncan confided his dear Bessie; it was the gentle *Mary* of the noble youth's meditative reverie, as he sat upon the bow of the vessel, that summer evening.

CHAPTER VI.

But who is this fair Mary Weston of young Lincoln's day-dreams? Reader, she was but a woman—a gentle,

loving woman—nay, child, I might say, with a woman's heart. Her father was a retired officer in the British army, and it was through his influence that Harry obtained his appointment in the service. He rented a small cottage, not far from the retired home of our brave hero. Mary was an only child—left motherless at an early age—confided to the care of a faithful nurse—the good, old Nannie, who had loved her as if she were her own little daughter; and if Mary Weston could have been spoiled by over-indulgence, we think Nannie might have spoiled her; but there are some few who are all the better, and more loveable for being spoiled, if I may so speak; who possess such warm sympathies; are "so keenly alive to all sensations," (as some writer hath it,) who make such continual demands upon the love and sympathy of those about them; who twine themselves in and about the heart, and to whom an unkind word would seem like inflicting the point of a dagger, so heavily would it wound, that one cannot choose but grant all the demands made upon them; and every one seemed inclined to help Nannie in indulging the little, lovely Mary. Harry Lincoln could not remember the time when he did not love Mary. From early boyhood, it had been his delight to ramble with her, over hill and dell—to gather wild flowers—to peep into bird's nests—to help her make her little garden—to assist her at her lessons, and be a companion on all occasions. As Motherwell says of his Jeanie Morrison, our hero might say of his Mary:

"'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time—twa bairnies then—
Twa bairns, and but ae heart."

But unlike the lover of "dear, dear Jeanie Morrison," the

time did never come "when first, fond love grows cool," for Harry had never doubted the love of his dear Mary; neither had she in her turn ever dreamed that there was another man to love save Harry Lincoln.

That Mary was beautiful, as she was gentle and loving, we have seen from the hasty glimpse we caught of that treasure worn next Harry's heart: like the wild rose, graceful and beautiful she had grown up, and with him every day seemed to add some new charm to her fair person; her eye was indeed blue as the violet's cup when filled with dew and glistening in the sunlight; and her fair hair did seem like threads of golden light, as it hung about her face and shoulders, as a gilded cloud. Harry could not have found a more beautiful picture to gaze upon than this tableau vivant — this living picture, which, in an endless variety of attitude and expression, filled the gallery of his memory, and to which he loved to revert, over and over again. How the love of boyhood deepened into a holier and tenderer passion, neither could tell; when the name of Harry first brought the crimson blush to Mary's cheek, and made her heart beat quickly, she never knew; but the time had come—that heaven on earth—that loving and being loved had been experienced, and they were most happy. But the hour of parting had come; the boy-lover had received a commission, and was soon to join his regiment. Poor Mary! the first parting seemed very hard; but for some time he did not leave the country, and often a week's leave was obtained, and he would hasten to gladden the heart of his mother, and fill Mary's bosom with delight and pride by his unexpected visits. But the regiment was ordered to America; *the rebellious colonists must be kept under.* That parting was a sad one. His mother, on whom he most fondly doated, folded

him to her heart: a mother's speechless grief, as she gives up her cherished one, who can tell!

"I shall be back again, mother; you must write me every week, and tell me about yourself and the dear home. Keep up a good heart, mother, and encourage your soldier son."

It was Mary's first great sorrow—this parting for years, and perhaps forever, from him whom she loved better than life. She clung to him in the agony of desperation; it seemed as if the depths of her heart were broken up; she sobbed and wept tears of such real grief—she hardly knew she loved him so much. He was gone—she was alone—alone. Had she not done wrong to distress Harry? But she loved him so much—she would write cheerful letters—she would go and see his good mother every day—she would prove her love by many deeds of devotion and kindness—and she kept her word.

CHAPTER VII.

Reader! we have no tale of lovers' trials, and hair-breadth escapes; no estrangement of loving hearts brought together again by some romance or concocted miracle; no mysteries to clear up; no surprise to astonish; no re-criminations; no heart-burnings; jealousy even, the stratum upon which most novels are founded, has no part to play in this short story.

The passage of our good British ship had no more than the usual complement of high winds and rough weather, and in due time arrived at her destined port. We will pass over the voyage, and steal upon our favorite, the

young Lincoln, as he walks quietly through a shady and pleasant road, within two miles of his native hamlet. The coach had left him a few moments before, or rather he had left the coach, as he wishes to come unheralded to his own cottage home, and stealthily catch a glimpse of its inmates. He takes a narrow and verdant lane, so that he might meet none who would recognize him. It was an evening in early autumn; he pauses a moment to look about him, and convince himself he is not dreaming of the verdant hedge-rows, the fine broad fields, yet fresh and beautiful; the gallant shade-trees in all their glory, as yet unchanged in foliage; the many gaudy flowers which gleam out and meet his eye from small cottage gardens—the brilliant aster and golden marygold, and others equally rich and gorgeous in their attire. He wishes to convince himself that it is not all a dream, but a refreshing welcome home to him, after over three years' absence and hard service. It was a lovely evening; the western sky was gorgeously apparelled in clouds of purple and amber, shading off into delicate tints tinged with blue, which seemed to add a new brilliancy to all above and below. On, on, he went, meeting now and then a laborer returning from his field; or a lazy school-boy who turned to look at the tall gentleman as he passed on: his mother's cottage is in sight—he approaches it with a beating heart. It looks just as it did three years ago—his favorite flowers were cared for—the clematis and honeysuckle about the door looked as though they lacked not careful culture—the very same cat sat with half-shut eyes in the sunny window—the mellow-voiced canary chirped in his wire-bound cage.

"I will steal round to my mother's room—perchance I may catch a peep at her before I announce my approach.

If I recollect right, the vines were thick over the western window," he said, as he proceeded accordingly. The casement was thickly shaded by rich vines; and he stood a moment and gazed upon a picture that pleased him well. In a low, well-cushioned chair, at an opposite window, sat his much-loved mother; her cheek was pale, as if from recent illness. The delicate outline of her countenance, shaded by its cap of simple lace—the loose, white dress, and heavy shawl about the shoulders, all spoke a convalescent. Her eyes are bent with much love upon a fair girl sitting upon a low seat beside her; a form light and graceful, shrouded in habiliments of deep mourning, which fall in heavy folds upon the floor—the head is averted slightly. Harry's heart beats quickly—can he mistake the rose-leaf tint of that fair cheek, and the light cloud of golden hair, which contrasts so richly with the sable dress? —the delicate hand laid upon an open book—a small volume—but he fancies he recognizes the velvet cover and golden clasp as a familiar friend. Will his heart never cease beating, that he may catch the sounds uttered from the lips of those dear ones? The young girl had evidently just been reading, for suddenly her voice ceased, and her head dropped upon her book; and sobs burst forth from an over-charged heart.

"Sometimes I can bear it better than I do now—indeed, indeed, I can—but, oh, it is so very lonely! I am very sad to-night; I try to feel that it is all right, but home is very lonely. If Harry only would come back—but my heart sickens when I think another year may still find him far away. His absence seemed lighter to bear when I had my beloved father to love and care for, but now"—

It was not exactly wise in Harry Lincoln to spring into

that open window, (to what detriment to his mother's well-trained vines we need not say,) to clasp his now orphaned Mary to his heart—to fold his mother in a warm embrace—and ask each if it would be lonely now he had come back to share the solitude? What an evening of perfect happiness, if such there be in this life, was that of which we write! And yet there were many tears shed, and many sad recollections brought up. He learned of the short illness and happy death of Mary's father—of his mother's long and dangerous illness, and slow recovery; and in his turn, poor Duncan's melancholy end was spoken of; and the thought of poor Bessie Grey's deep sorrow seemed to impress Mary Weston strongly. It was a pleasant walk for the young lovers to Mary's lonely home—through the dewy grass, and by the richly scented hedges, with the fair moon beaming down upon them like a blessing from above, and the "tranquil, patient stars" looking so calm and holy from their blue home.

"You must stop a moment, and see good Nannie!" said Mary, as she paused at the cottage door; "she will be so rejoiced at your return." She ran in, while Lincoln stood in the background; "Nannie! Nannie!" she called, "some one wishes to see you." Nannie hurried forward.

"Who is it? who is it, Miss Mary? Lord preserve us! Is it his ghost? Master Harry, come back alive from the wars! I never expected to live to see this, I am sure!" She warmly grasped the kindly extended hand of the young captain, and blessed him over and over again, for coming back alive from the wars. Mary stood by, with swimming eye and joyful heart—a slight noise causes them to turn round their heads—a door ajar is gently

moved, and a demure-looking country lassie looks quickly in, and then withdraws her head.

"Who is there?" said Lincoln.

"Only me, captain; Bessie Grey. I thought perhaps you might tell me something of John Duncan—his poor father wants to know if he is alive and well."

"Bessie Grey! alas, poor Bessie Grey! come to me!" and he took her by the hand, and kindly placed her on the sofa beside him. "Bessie Grey! do you love John Duncan very dearly?"

"Dearer than all the world beside, sir!" quickly answered Bessie, a blush overspreading her fair round cheek.

"Would you do everything that you thought Duncan would wish you to do, whether he were absent or present?"

"Yes, sir;" said she, astonished; "I would lay down my life for him!" She started—her eye met that of Lincoln—she seemed to half guess its expression. "What is it, sir? has he not returned with you? will I not see him? O! what is it, sir?"

"Bessie! I must not keep you in this state of suspense any longer. Yet how can you bear it? Duncan is no more. You never will see him again in this life; but if you love him"—

A wild shriek rent the air. "Dead! John Duncan dead! Oh, God in heaven! is it so? is he dead? No, no, sir—don't say that!" and poor Bessie fell back on the sofa in a state of utter lifelessness. Cordials were given her, and she revived; but revived to such a sense of utter woe and anguish, the sight of her would melt the hardest heart. She was borne up stairs, and placed in bed; a violent fever set in, and for weeks her life was despaired of; but her constitution was vigorous, and at length she

rallied ; and such an altered creature—so frail—so sad—so unlike the Bessie Grey of Duncan's love, that one could hardly have recognized her.

The morning after Lincoln's arrival, he went to carry the sad story of Duncan's loss to his aged father. The old man, like the patriarch, "lifted up his voice and wept." His only earthly hope was taken from him—his desire to live was removed ; and though for poor Bessie's sake he tried to rally, it was a most painful effort. Lincoln gave into their keeping the few articles he took from poor John's dead body ; and though the sight of them seemed to renew the grief, it seemed a comfort to them to have aught that he had cherished and valued.

The rest of our story is soon told. We will pass over the simple bridal, and the calm delights of the honey-moon ; and go forward a little, and take one glimpse of our charming friends on a calm evening early in summer. Six months had passed by since the vows of holy matrimony had been uttered, and Harry Lincoln and Mary Weston had been made man and wife. The cottage door stands open, and under its vine-covered trellis stand the young and lovely couple. We will peep into the cottage. What an air of refined comfort, even elegance do we see!—vases of fresh flowers, musical instruments, and other tokens of cultivated taste. At an open window sits the mother of Harry, her pleasant face turned towards the door with the expression of deep love and maternal pride—her eye rests upon her son and daughter. Poor Bessie Grey sits with her needle in her hand, but her whole appearance betokens a sad, sad heart.

"Just one year to-day," said Harry Lincoln, as he drew his Mary towards him, and looked in her soft, blue eye, with more than a lover's tenderness—"just one year

to-day, since I was so sorely chased by those poor rebels in our provinces across the water. A hard chase I had of it; had they come upon me, I fear such happy hours as these never would have been enjoyed by you and me, my Mary."

"And just one year to-day," said the low, sad voice of Bessie Grey; "just a year since, poor Duncan spoke my name for the last, last time before he died in that solitary place."

"Yes, yes, poor Bessie; one year to-day since the poor fellow, commending you to my care, and himself calmly yielding to the hands of Him who made him, quietly breathed his last in that lonesome place. A year to-day since I wrapped my cloak about him, folded his pale hands meekly on his silent bosom, and laid him within that humble grave; a year to-day since that gallant, honest, and trusting Duncan was released from all earthly sorrow and trouble; and he calmly now waits the hour when the Judge of quick and dead shall call him forth to receive that crown of glory, which the Lord shall have laid up for him in heaven.

THE MOSS-ROSE AND CUPID.

BY THE EDITRESS.

A DEEP blushing rose, on its pillow of moss,
Was sent as a token of pleasure;
And the maiden in ecstasy gave it a toss,
To wear in her bosom, a treasure.

When, lo! from the heart of the rose upward sprung
Young Cupid, with arrows and quiver;
With bow nicely aimed at the mark, and all strung,
No chance of escape did he give her.

The mischief once done, he was off in a trice,
And left her the wound to sigh over;
But sagely he offered this wholesome advice,
"Beware of the gift of a lover!"

THE MAID OF THE BERYL.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

One bright evening in September, 1587, the sun shone cheeringly on many a gay boat and fancy-formed vessel, sporting on the silver bosom of the Thames, between the regal palace of Greenwich and the city of London; but one boat shot forward before all the rest, as if impelled by bolder hands or more buoyant spirits. The owner attracted the admiration of all eyes as he glided along, and many a low obeisance or friendly recognition, was returned by him with an air of lofty courtesy, or kindly frankness, which displayed his character and his feelings. He was a very young man, with a handsome, ingenuous countenance, expressive of joyous confidence and conscious power. His eyes were dark and lustrous, his forehead high and polished, his mouth small, but symmetrically formed. His beard at this period was light and curling, contrasting with his hair, which was of a dark brown. His figure, tall and elegant in its proportions, was attired in the height of the reigning mode, which was alike splendid and becoming. He wore a white satin doublet, embroidered in stripes of the same color, intermingled with costly pearls; the sleeves were made extremely large about the shoulders, and an answering appearance of fullness was given about the hips, in the lower part of his clothing, which was in texture and ornament the same as the upper, and

from the middle of the thigh to the ankle fitted closely, and displayed his finely proportioned limbs to great advantage. White shoes, with large roses, and a small crimson velvet cap, with three drooping white feathers, placed on one side of his head, completed his clothing. His hands were embellished by rings; the left was covered by an embroidered glove; the right was employed in caressing a greyhound, so beautiful as to divide attention with his master, who lay in a reclining position on a crimson cloak of Genoa velvet, under an awning of blue damask. Six rowers in gay liveries completed the spectacle presented by this gallant young nobleman, to the floating world around him.

By degrees all were left behind him; but, as the shadows of evening deepened, his attention was drawn to one small bark which had lately followed in his wake. It was rowed by a young boy of foreign aspect, and contained only one other person, who was so entirely enveloped in a large garment of a dusky hue, that the sex of the wearer could not be known. It appeared to the man of rank that these persons were gipsies, a race much proscribed at that time; and he apprehended that they sought protection from the watermen, amongst whom they were threading their way with great skill, by keeping in his vicinity. His attendants had the same conception of the case, without the same will to befriend the despised foreigners; and when, on arriving near the Temple-stairs, the poor boy tried to land, in the spirit of malicious sport, they so manœuvred their own vessel, that the principal occupant of the boat was thrown by a violent jerk into the water, in the direction of the pleasure barge.

To seize the floating vestment with a strong and agile hand, and to rescue the slight form which it enfolded, was

the work of a moment with our favorite of nature and fortune; and as his loud reproof showed the necessity of reparation to his followers, all were soon placed in safety on the steps. It now appeared that the person still trembling in the preserver's arms was a woman, and the approach of a flambeau, in the hand of a man who was lighting a party to their boat, showed that she was young and beautiful, and of singular and striking appearance.

Like the inhabitants of Africa in general, she had been covered with an haick or wrapper; but this being now dropped, she appeared dressed in a caftan or jacket, richly embroidered, drawers and petticoat of white camlet, and a head-dress of gauze handkerchiefs, becomingly intermingled with her own dark braided hair. Her neck was encircled by links of gold. She had bracelets and armlets of the same precious, metal enriched with emeralds; but these articles of value, however unexpected, were forgotten the moment she began to speak; for her coral lips and pearly teeth, aiding the effect of her large dark eyes, seemed to throw a lustre on her countenance, and to produce an impression of beauty new even to one wont to distinguish and to admire it. The melody of her low and trembling voice, her solicitude to regain the haick that would shroud her beauties, and her desire to be left alone with the boy, whom she called her brother, proved the retirement of her habits and the modesty of her nature, and added to the curiosity which her appearance was calculated to excite. As pity for her distressing situation superseded even his desire to see more of her, the young nobleman hastened to engage the bearer of the flambeau to see her safely home. Reassured by his unobtrusive affability, and the near prospect of being suffered to depart, she ventured to express her gratitude warmly, and even

eloquently, though in somewhat imperfect language, and had once half drawn a ring from her finger, and was on the point of beseeching him to wear it in memory of his own good deed, when she suddenly replaced it, saying, "No; if I read the heavens aright, rings are to you unfortunate, whether given or received."

"So then," said he internally, "this girl is a gipsy fortune-teller after all!" and, half ashamed of his adventure, he jumped hastily into the boat, and, by ordering it to Essex House, informed the few bystanders that they had enjoyed the good fortune of beholding the young earl of that title, who had been lately introduced at court by the all-powerful Earl of Leicester, and on whom the queen had already bestowed marks of her distinguished approbation.

Eager as the African girl had hitherto been to depart, yet she now lingered, as if to catch the last sound of his oars, and ascertain the painful truth that he was indeed removed beyond observation From this eventful night the lovely stranger received an impression dangerous to all her sex, but to her decidedly unhappy; since it communicated hopeless and intense interest in one so completely divided from her by superior station, country, and faith.

Yet was she not forgotten. Many a time did the bright eyes of the admired and flattered Essex dart anxious glances through the dense crowds that pressed near him, as he slowly rode towards the palace, or walked from his garden in the Strand to take the water, in the hope of beholding her again. Constantly disappointed, he at length questioned Sir Horatio Pallavicini on the subject, as being a person likely to be acquainted with all resident foreigners. He was an Italian merchant of great repute,

in the queen's service, residing in Lollesworth, a part of the Bishop of London's fields, towards which the stranger had directed her steps.

"Your lordship must inquire after Arsinoe el Abra, the Maid of the Beryl; yet surely one so favored by fortune has no temptation to task her skill?"

"You do not mean to say that one so young as this Arsinoe practises witchcraft, or pretends to the learning of an astrologer?"

"No; she is distinct from both, and equally so from the tribe of dissolute and idle vagabonds which have lately infested this country. Arsinoe is highly, and even royally, descended, and from her ancestors inherits a knowledge in occult science distinct from that of the wizard, termed sorcery or magic, and which professes to receive aid from good spirits alone. Of these curious and forbidden matters I know nothing, but that this young creature has rare talents, and great virtues also, I can testify; she was an excellent daughter to the parents she has lost, is of a noble nature, and endowed with equal modesty and dignity."

A sudden call to attend the Earl of Leicester to Holland, where, at the battle of Zutphen, the favorite gave signal proof of his valor, and witnessed the death of the brave Sir Philip Sidney, suspended his inquiries after Arsinoe; but when he returned a knight banneret, and was received with more than usual honors by the queen, his desire to see the eastern maid, not only for herself but for her art, revived, and, by the assistance of Sir Horatio, the interview was effected.

The visit was made with that secrecy which belongs to mysterious and forbidden things. Under the sole guidance of Akra el Abra, the brother of Arsinoe, and wrapped

in a large cloak, the earl set out at midnight, unknown to his household, and reached in due time a retired house, situate among dilapidated buildings, and exhibiting in its appearance much that might excite suspicion. After opening the outer door his guide proceeded up so many stairs, that at length the earl recollected that he had been too successful not to have made enemies, and it was possible that he might be throwing himself into their power.

Just as he was instinctively grasping his sword, the guide stopped, and desired him to place that weapon, together with his cloak, cap, and shoes, in his hands.

Essex hesitated; but being always more valiant than prudent, in another moment he complied with the request. The door of a room, evidently devoted to the pursuits of Arsinoe, was then unlocked, and he entered a place well calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of a young and ardent inquirer into the secrets of futurity.

The room in question was an exact square, with a dome roof. The walls were hung with crimson cloth, on which numerous hieroglyphics were curiously wrought; and the floor was covered with that rare article of oriental luxury, a Persian carpet. In the centre of the dome was a skylight, from which was suspended a beryl of extraordinary size and brilliance, and of the form of a globe. The rays of the full moon fell directly on this precious stone, from which they were so reflected as to illumine the room, which was small, and completely surrounded by a divan, or sofa, except at the east end, which was occupied by a white marble sarcophagus, filled with pure water, on each side of which stood beautiful statues of the Egyptian Isis.

Essex had scarcely had time to notice the objects in

this singular boudoir, when Arsinoe entered, bearing in her hands a refulgent lamp. She was splendidly attired in the costume of her country, and exhibited in her carriage the majesty of a princess; while her graceful form, regular features, and finely-tinted complexion, confirmed the previous impression of her extraordinary beauty. Her countenance mingled with the lofty expression conferred by conscious power, anxiety, and solemnity; and since the earl did not advert to their former meeting, but merely announced himself as the friend of the Italian merchant, Arsinoe received him as such by a silent movement. When he proceeded to inquire if her prophetic powers were connected with the precious stone before him, she replied: "Yes; it is in the beryl that I must read so much of your future destiny as my instructors see it meet to reveal. He who has lifted his hand against his fellow man cannot distinctly descry those images which will shortly people the clear expanse before us."

"Be it so," said the earl, seating himself on the divan, yet looking towards the beryl, beneath which Arsinoe placed the brilliant lamp, uttering at the same time a kind of incantation in her own tongue. In a few moments the beryl, originally of the size of a small orange, appeared to expand considerably; dark lines divided it into four distinct parts, and numerous moving forms were delineated on the surface of each portion, in a manner equally beautiful, miraculous, and awful.

Arsinoe knelt down, and gazed on the eastern side. "I see," said she, "the queen of these realms riding through a camp, prepared for battle, and you, as the master of the horse, accompanying her. The pageant changes; you return home from foreign conquest, and your sovereign now receives you rather with the tenderness of woman than the

condescension of majesty. You kneel at her feet, and rise Earl Marshal of England."

At these words Essex sprang from his seat, as if to convince himself of the fact; but the eastern maid waved her hand majestically, as one born to be obeyed, and placed herself at the southern side of the beryl, as soon as he was re-seated and silent.

"I see you again kneeling, but it is by the side of a young and lovely woman. Her shape is fine, her eyes dark, her complexion of northern whiteness; but there is an expression of melancholy in her countenance. She is the widow of one whose name will go down to posterity with honors even brighter than yours. Ah! she listens to your vows; she receives from you a ring; that ring I saw in the heavens; it is the harbinger of sorrow to the giver and receiver."

"Your spirits play you false, fair damsel, Robert Devereux is as little likely to wed a young widow as an ancient maiden."

"It is written here; she is your wedded wife now, and will be another's in days to come."

A sigh of unutterable anguish followed this declaration, and the fair sorceress, changing her situation, gazed eagerly on the eastern side in silence, until her auditor inquired what she beheld.

"I see battle and victory, honor and anger; the presumption of a favored subject, the weakness of an aged queen. Again the guerdon of valor is bestowed on you, but enemies are around, and the whispers of calumny assail you. The sovereign gives a ring as the pledge of safety, but trust not to it. Now I behold you again at the head of armies, but your look is dispirited, and rather befitting an exile than a general."

"That is not the expression I should choose to wear, or can brook to consider. Try the fourth part of your magic globe, my sybil."

Arsinoe fulfilled the wishes of her impatient guest. She bent her dark eyes on the northern quarter of the beryl with penetrating gaze, but in a moment recoiled, then looked again, and shrieked aloud. The earl rose in alarm, and approached close to the beryl; but when he reached it the forms became indistinct, the supernatural expansion was withdrawn, and the precious stone remained in its natural state. Casting his eyes around in disappointment not unmixed with terror, he perceived Arsinoe, pale and senseless, on the floor, her fine features bearing the impression of that agony which had given her temporary death.

"Alas! why did I come hither? why did I dare, like Saul, to seek the knowledge which heaven has hidden?" were the first exclamations of the earl, whose religious principles, deeply implanted by a pious father, now rushed upon his mind, and, while they condemned him for the sin of seeking forbidden knowledge, prohibited further inquiry as to the object which had so severely affected Arsinoe. Pity for her state, indeed, soon obliterated every other impression; he bore her to the sarcophagus, sprinkled her temples and hands with the water, and, as life returned, soothed her by gentle words indicative of pity towards herself, unmixed with those inquiries which it would have embarrassed her to answer.

Casting upon him a look of animated gratitude, which was followed by one of the sincerest compassion, Arsinoe rose, and with great solemnity loosed the golden chain by which the beryl was suspended, and suffered it to drop on the floor, saying at the same time, in a voice of deep emotion, "I resign thee forever."

Sincerely did the earl, as a Christian, rejoice in a resolution which he considered to be for the "soul's health" of one in whose well-being he felt deeply interested; but, in congratulating so young and fair a woman, it is but too possible that the ardor and tenderness of his nature might express too strongly the feelings of the moment. It is at least certain that, fearful of the power of Arsinoe or of his own susceptibility, the earl hastily fled from her presence, and endeavored in the career of ambition and the pleasures of literature to banish from his mind both the predictions of the beryl and the charms of its possessor.

The history of this nobleman, his rapid rise to almost sovereign power, his secret marriage with the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and his unfortunate end, are known to every one. It is probable that when he received from the queen that ring which the cruelty of his enemies eventually rendered useless to him, he thought of the adventure of this memorable night; but no part of his story induces us to conclude that it dwelt upon his mind. As a warrior or a statesman, he was too perpetually employed to look back on that action, which he probably considered as the frolic of a boy, or the sin of a legislator.

Far different were the feelings of Arsinoe; her occupation was gone, and with it that sense of power, which, however blamably, had allied her to higher natures; while she had drunk more deeply of that unhappy passion which, though hopeless, was incurable. To wean her from that unknown sorrow, which destroyed her faculties and threatened her life, her young brother, now advancing to manhood, prevailed upon her to travel, and, under the auspices of Sir Peter Pallavicini, she wandered for years in Italy and Sicily. The mildness of the climate counteracted her apparent disease, but neither that nor the beauties of

the country could restore her spirits. The only relief that her melancholy admitted arose from the enjoyment which music afforded her, and which she constantly sought at the hours of worship in the august ceremonies of the Catholic churches. Everywhere her finished beauty, rendered more touching by the gentle melancholy that pervaded her classic features, awoke admiration, which was confirmed by the melting softness of her voice; but the language of flattery fell on her ear as that of the dead, and, save in gratitude towards her generous and devoted brother, no smile parted the coral lips of Arsinoe, and no word of hope or cheerfulness interrupted the pensive sadness of her meek dejection.

In the winter of 1600–1, circumstances occurred which rendered it desirable that Akra should visit England, and Arsinoe made no objection to accompany him, as the season was favorable. They landed below the Tower of London, and, observing many persons entering the principal gate of that fortress, as they believed for the purpose of worship—for it was Ash-Wednesday—they entered with them, the brother being desirous of seeing a person resident there, whilst his sister should seek her wonted solace in the church. They had, however, proceeded only a short distance within the enclosed space, when they perceived with extreme horror, that a scaffold was erected, on which was a block, and by its side two executioners were already stationed.

Arsinoe gazed wildly around. The black object before her, the dark towers in the background, the stern faces of the headsmen, and the appalled countenances of the spectators, were all recognized, and she looked as if bound by fascination to the objects she loathed and dreaded. In another moment, and the whole of that terrific vision was re-

alized. A noble looking man, in the very prime of life, stepped upon the scaffold. He was arrayed in a dress of black satin, which showed to advantage the singular grace and dignity of his person. His beard was long and full, his face pale but composed, and his dark eyes, though somewhat robbed of their youthful lustre, told the trembling Arsinoe, in their first penetrating glances, that *he*, the worshipped idol of her young heart, stood before her a sufferer and a victim.

It was believed by all around, until the last moment, that the mercy of the queen would interpose to snatch from destruction one so dear and so distinguished. Whisperings to that effect mingled with the audible sighs of those present. Arsinoe heard them not; with one convulsive sob she sank fainting on the ground, unheeded at this awful period by all but her brother. When life returned—when in eagerness and terror she again looked towards the scaffold, the newly dissevered head, bleeding and ghastly, met her view, and again she sank senseless to the earth.

The sorrows of Arsinoe now drew rapidly to a close. She had loved as woman only loves, in silent hopelessness and unabated admiration, that object which imagination, not less than memory, endued with its power to charm. Her brother knew not, till this terrific circumstance revealed the mystery, the cause of the deep-seated sorrow which had desolated the best years of her life, and subdued the energies of her capacious mind; but he found himself unable, as before, to alleviate the sorrow which he so sincerely pitied.

Happily the extreme anxiety evinced by Arsinoe to learn every word uttered by the unfortunate Essex in his last moments, and which she besought her brother to repeat

daily, led her to seek consolation from that religion which sustained him in that awful hour, and had influenced him during life. In Italy she had attended Christian worship to sooth and divert her mind, but she now sought its sacred truths as the consolation of her heart; and under its divine influence, hopes of a glorious and exalted nature illuminated the death-bed of the Maid of the Beryl.

THE WIND.

BY MISS C. E. ROBERTS.

The day is clear and bright—and clouds
Of fleecy white arise
Upon the perfect skies,
Mere playthings for the frolic wind,
Who, for wild sport inclined,
Out swiftly hies !

The dry leaves sure are sport enough,
For his strange, fitful play;
He scattereth them away,
And whirls them, see—all round and round
Upon the sober ground,
The livelong day.

It makes me smile to watch the wind—
To-day he seems to be
Full of wild trickery;
Then sings himself to sleep, and you
Would think him dreaming too,
So still he'll be.

Then of a sudden, up he starts,
And like a gleesome child,
With fun and frolic wild;

He'll play most antic tricks, and then
Most still he'll be again,
And very mild.

He bends the tree-tops to and fro,
Then mounteth to the sky,
To chase the clouds that lie
Like sleeping doves in the far west;
He wakes them from their rest,
And bids them fly.

Then far away he hies, to rouse
The placid wave, and creep
Over the tranquil deep.
Unquiet wind! I prithee rest
Upon the billow's gentle breast,
And sweetly sleep.

I hardly thought to write a verse
On such a fitful theme,
But it doth ever seem
That nature bringeth to my view
Some subject ever new,
For my day-dream.

OUR MOSS-ROSE.

BY THE EDITRESS.

CHAPTER I.

"SURELY you are not in earnest, Laura!" said her friend, Ella Morris, as both were seated upon a little mound, in the thick shade of a maple grove, towards the close of a fine afternoon in June.

"I assure you, I was never more so, Ella; and I repeat it—I will never marry a man who does not love flowers."

"Not if he were possessed of excellent qualities, and you loved him?"

"If he were indeed excellent," answered Laura, "his soul would appreciate the beautiful in Nature; he would see the hand of a Creator in every little flower that sheds its fragrance; in every tiny bell that bows to earth, and every soft, meek eye that turns to heaven."

"I too love flowers," said Ella, "but never thought that circumstance would influence me in the choice of a husband. If a young man loved me, who was fine looking, well educated, possessed of good morals, and rich, I do not think I should refuse him because he did not love flowers."

"I understand your meaning," said Laura, slightly coloring; "but Walter Lee, splendid as he is, has few sym-

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Take this Moss Rose too

pathies in common with mine. I could not be happy as his wife; of course could not contribute to his happiness. I have frankly told him this; and I doubt not his decision of character will aid him to forget me, and turn his attentions to one who will appreciate his worth. He has my best wishes."

"Well, I will only say, I hope, Laura, you will not regret this step. But what think you of our new acquaintance, Mr. Elliston?"

"His manner is agreeable," was the reply; "and as a physiognomist, I see nothing in his face to censure. That he has a highly cultivated mind may be inferred from his conversation, I think. I have heard my brother mention him with great pleasure."

"Ah! I see how it is. I observed his glances were directed to you last evening at Coleman's, to the exclusion of other gay ladies. I wonder if he loves flowers?"

"Nonsense, Ella; remember, we are almost strangers." The tint which mantled her cheek deepened as she observed the approach of the two gentlemen of whom they had been speaking. Retreat was impossible, even had it been desired; and the four were soon absorbed in the contemplation of the charming view before them. Fleecy clouds of silver floating leisurely in the deep blue sky; the bright green robe of earth, as yet unsullied by the hot breath of a summer sun; the delicate and blushing flowers, luxuriantly blooming in their mountain homes; the luscious strawberry, with its crimson pulp drooping in clusters among the rich velvet that adorns the hillside and valley; the thick foliage of the forest trees, gently waving in the breeze; and the sweet melody of the birds, who find a secure home in the almost impenetrable branches; all these were beheld with admiration. To add

to the beauty of the landscape, not far distant a majestic river with its glassy surface, reflected the white sails and dark bows of the vessels, as they glided peacefully on, bearing wealth, and beauty, and fashion, to a crowded mart.

Who would not enjoy such a picture, and involuntarily turn his thoughts from Nature up to Nature's God? Such, indeed, was the effect upon the minds of those to whom the reader has just been introduced. Even the flowers, stones, and pebbles in the path had a charm; and Mr. Elliston improved the opportunity to speak of the unlimited gratitude due to the great Architect from his creatures. "When looking upon such a scene," said he, "I greatly wonder that any one can say, 'there is no God.' His voice may be heard in every gentle zephyr—His handiwork may be seen in every object that meets the eye. Is it not strange, Miss Fordham, that an atheist can exist in this beautiful world?"

"It surely is, Mr. Elliston," said Laura; "we can hardly suppose any one serious, or capable of reflection, who ascribes everything to chance."

"Such a one should ask himself," continued he, "Can *chance* produce the regularity of the seasons? Can *chance* cause this lovely Azalea to be dressed annually in the same rose-colored petals? Can *chance* array the flowers of a peculiar rose-tree only, with a delicate covering of moss?"

"There is, indeed, convincing proof of a Deity in everything we see, and hear, and feel," said Laura; "and I hope the time may not be far distant when all will be willing to admit, what must be the inward conviction of the heart, that there is an overruling Providence, who can read the very soul."

"It is to be regretted that individuals exert themselves so little for the benefit of the world at large. Did it ever occur to you, Miss Fordham, that extreme diffidence might prevent much moral good to community? We not unfrequently meet with those who think themselves of so little consequence, as to suppose that their example and exertions would have no influence upon those around them—who fear to act according to the dictates of conscience—who feel that each one is comparatively but a drop of water to the ocean—and yet, were every person to think thus of himself, where would be the result? Where the ocean, consisting of innumerable drops? We know that in machinery, wheel acts upon wheel, till a mighty force is produced; so mankind act upon each other, whether the tendency be good or evil. How important, then, that the young mind be directed aright!—that"—

"Elliston!" said Fordham, who with Ella had wandered a short distance, and was now approaching, "Elliston! here is a fine specimen of flesh-colored feldspar, which Ella found among these stones; besides some crystals of quartz which are worth preserving. How gloriously they reflect the sunlight! but look! the sun is nearly down, or rather we can see his bright face peeping between yonder trees as he is sinking behind the hill. Shall we walk on, and be in time to take a turn in the garden before dark, and talk over our college hours?"

"As you please," said Mr. Elliston; and they were soon among the rare exotics which Laura's care had reared.

"Ah! here are my favorites," said he, as he paused among the Eglantine, Damask, and White Roses. "To me no garden flowers can surpass this family, of which

the Moss Rose is queen; though it does not expand its rich petals till some weeks later, I think. What say you, ladies? Is my taste correct in a love of old-fashioned flowers?"

"I believe we are ready to admit that a Rose is more delicately beautiful and fragrant, more pleasing than any other flower," said Ella; "the little modest Violet, however, ought not to be forgotten."

"I should have said, Miss Morris, that the lowly Violet, perhaps, ranks next the Rose in loveliness—but here is such a variety to look at and admire, that I may be in danger of passing a wrong judgment amidst so much beauty."

"My attention and love are divided among my flowers, and I scarcely dare acknowledge to myself a preference," said Laura.

"Elliston!" said Horace, gaily, "I have a secret for you. My sister is passionately fond of flowers, as you may perceive by the care she has bestowed upon them, and the Moss Rose is her pet of pets. Ella and I sometimes call her 'our Moss Rose.'" And taking an album from the summer-house, he added, "Here are your sentiments precisely, Laura!" and he read aloud—

"The Angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a Rose-tree sleeping lay;
That angel to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from its light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose—
'Oh, fairest object of my care!
Still fairest found where all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee.'

"'Then,' said the Rose, with deepened glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'
The spirit paused in anxious thought—
What grace was there this flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose,
A veil of Moss the Angel throws,
And, clothed in Nature's simplest weed,
Can there a flower this Rose exceed?"

"I will not deny that I am half in love with the lines myself, as well as with the Roses," continued he; "but let us be seated a while for our intended purpose upon this bench, Elliston, while the girls are engaged in the house; for I perceive a messenger is calling them away. We will join you soon in the drawing-room, ladies. Meantime, 'Bon soir!'" said he, with a smile.

With what delight man reverts to his college hours!—that portion of life spent so industriously plodding over books, maturing the mind, and fitting it to enter upon the arena of life, to contest with its cares and necessary trials. The stern, dignified faces of the President and Professors—the mock-gravity of some Tutors—the long, perhaps dry, recitations in the dead languages—the roguish pranks and sly tricks played by some mischeivous wag, who perhaps received merited disgrace—the excitement attending Commencement—the valedictory honors, and the parting of the graduates—furnish abundant themes of interest. To pursue the subject further, and trace the various paths which they have entered for life—some, perhaps, to arrive at an honorable distinction in this favored country, where it is said merit receives its reward, and poverty is no bar to preferment; others neglecting to improve the talents God has given them, pursuing the downward path which terminates in a total prostration of

hopes in this world, and in a prospect of a miserable eternity—these subjects, we say, would make one forgetful of passing time; and no wonder that our friends were thus occupied till a late hour, ere they sought the house.

It may be well to mention that they had emulated each other in the college race, and graduated with high honors. Firmly attached, their friendship never diminished, notwithstanding their paths lay widely apart. They knew that

"Equity demandeth recompense; for high place, calumny and care;
For state, comfortless splendor, eating out the heart of home;
For warrior-fame, dangers and death; for a name among the learned, a spirit overstrained;
For honor of all kinds the goad of ambition; on every acquirement, the tax of anxiety."

Horace Fordham decided to dive into the forbidding volumes of Blackstone, Kent, Chitty and Coke; and by making himself acquainted with the laws of nations, rise to eminence, though he received the recompense of an "overstrained spirit," and felt "the goad of ambition;" still he pressed on undaunted and uncomplaining. Having been admitted into the high courts of the State, he retired to his quiet home on the bank of the Hudson River, and with an only sister and her orphan friend, who was spending some weeks with her, enjoyed the luxuries of a retired life, and cheered the declining pathway of their parents.

The gifted Charles Elliston, feeling that the pleasures of this world would soon pass away, and anxious to do his Master's bidding, and prepare for an inheritance above, entered a theological seminary; and in due time took holy orders, and entered upon the ministry in Baltimore.

There, by precept and example, he was the means of doing great good; but his health failing by close application to his duties, his physician advised a tour to the north for a few months, much to the regret of his parish; still they felt that in their present privation rested the only hope of his usefulness and happiness. Many a sad heart pressed round the beloved rector for a parting pressure of the hand; many a tearful eye looked up as the voice bade farewell. The good young man gave them an affectionate benediction, and was soon on his way leisurely northward. He spent several days both in Philadelphia and New York; and finding his health improving, he determined to extend his travels somewhat further, and visit his old friend Horace Fordham, whom he had not seen after leaving Yale College. Accordingly he took lodgings at the hotel two days before his introduction to our reader; the next evening was invited to a soirée at Coleman's; and now came, at the solicitation of his friend Horace, to spend the remainder of his sojourn at the house of Mr. Fordham.

CHAPTER II.

Morning came in all its glory. Who does not love, above all seasons, a pleasant June morning; and who would not prefer to lose a few hours' sleep in that part of the day, for the far more rational enjoyment of early rising? The air is so fresh and bracing—the birds are warbling their rich love-notes—the glorious sun sheds his first beams on the green hill-tops, and as he ascends still higher, changes the dew-drops upon the grass into glitter-

ing gems—the air is fragrant with flowers; and while the body is invigorated and refreshed, the soul seems to overflow with gratitude to the Creator, and love to all mankind. Does not this leave a calm within the breast, a kind of forbearance and good humor, which enables us the better to bear the crosses and vexations of the day?

Charles Elliston rose early, and threw open his window to enjoy the luxury of the hour. His heart warmed with holy love, and he drew near in reverence to his Master, and indulged, as was his custom, in a sweet season of secret devotion. On descending to the garden, he found Horace at the door of the sitting-room, who, after inquiring how he had passed the night, asked if he would like a walk in the fresh air before breakfast; and afterward he would show him some portraits that were said to be good likenesses; upon his own particularly, he wished his opinion.

The good old gentleman and lady considered the society of their son's friend a great acquisition. During the breakfast hour they drew forth the rich stores of his mind, and began to look upon him as a being of superior order. He had seen much of the world, and his perceptive faculties had been employed as well as the intellectual—ever realizing that the time would come when he should be required to render an account of the manner in which he had improved his talents, and return them to his Lord.

And where were Laura and Ella, meanwhile? At the breakfast table, surely, drinking in the draughts of wisdom that fell from the lips of their guest; as first simply replying to an occasional question, and afterwards entering more fully into the general conversation.

"What think you of my portrait, Elliston?" asked Horace, after an inspection of its merits.

"A perfect likeness, and a fine painting!" was the re-

ply. "In my opinion it could not be improved. The shades are admirably applied to produce a life-like appearance. Who was the artist?"

"A lady in our neighborhood—a particular friend," replied Horace, "to whom I will introduce you before you leave."

"Do so. I have a strong curiosity to become acquainted with a lady who possesses such rare talent."

"She is not ambitious of being known to the world as an artist; indeed it is kept a profound secret, and she displays her skill upon the canvass only for her own family, or some favored friend. I said I would introduce you to her; but must be excused from doing so, till I am convinced your heart is not at your own disposal," said Fordham as he passed on to the next picture.

"I believe I have caught your meaning, my friend," said the young clergyman; "and fear I shall lose the privilege of seeing your inamorata, upon those terms; for, truth to tell, I came here heart-free, (and his voice slightly faltered;) there are many truly excellent and intellectual ladies in the circle of my acquaintance at the South, who will doubtless make worthy wives; but somehow, I never sought such a life-companion. And yet I am not a confirmed, unrepentant bachelor."

The merits and demerits of each likeness were discussed, as the friends continued their examination.

"Is this a picture, or a portrait?" asked Mr. Elliston, as he stood admiringly before a large painting.

"It is both a picture and a portrait," was the reply; "and was executed by a travelling artist about twelve years since. To me it is full of interest; and if you will sit down here, beside me, I will explain it."

Both being seated, he began: "The sweet, thoughtful

looking girl, plainly dressed in black, and holding a white lily, which the other has just given her, is Vesta Wilmot. A smile lights her pale, sad face, to hear the voice of kindness from a fellow-being; and to receive a token of love, though it be only a simple flower. The little curly-headed cherub beside her, with a basket of flowers upon her arm, guarded by the faithful Fido, and who is offering a Moss Rose to the little orphan, is my sister Laura. Being an only daughter, therefore, without a playmate, except myself, who am seven years her elder, she was much alone, and attached herself to birds and flowers. Indeed she seemed to have a loving heart, and a kind word for almost everything that could understand her; and the instinct of animals generally prompts them to know a friend. She was permitted at all times to ramble in the garden, and sometimes in the fields, though rarely without an attendant; and a certain part of the garden was reserved for her especial use, to gratify her love for those little 'gifts from Heaven,' as she called them.

"When about six years of age, one morning in the beginning of August, after having attended to her usual task—my good mother being her teacher—she tied on a little sun-bonnet, took a basket on her arm, and said to the companion of her rambles, 'Come, Fido, come with me, and gather flowers.' Away both bounded in high glee, and her absence elicited no anxiety till noon came, and they returned not. A servant was sent to the garden to seek her, but the search was fruitless. In a state of distraction, my mother sent the servants in every direction to scour the fields and groves; but in vain. My father was absent on business, and I returned from a neighboring town, with the limner, in time to witness my mother's distress. I begged her to be calm, and told her

I would find my sister, if such a thing were possible; and assured her I did not doubt my success, as I knew all her favorite haunts. Each put spurs to his horse, and we were off in a moment.

"More than a mile from the house is a narrow gorge, where a small stream runs rapidly through, at times quite deep, and on its banks, and in the shady nooks, are wild flowers in great beauty and abundance. To that place Laura frequently resorted, nor left till she had filled her basket. It was so cool and shady, she could hardly have found a more delightful one. Thither we bent our steps, and tying our horses, we took the small footpath which led from the highway, and soon found ourselves in that romantic spot. Long and vainly we sought her; and we made the woods reverberate with the name of 'Laura;' but echo alone replied. As we were about to leave, I discovered her sun-bonnet upon a little mossy seat I had constructed for her. I called again with the same result as before. 'Laura is drowned!' I exclaimed in agony.

"'Not so,' said my companion; 'see! here are her footprints, and those of the dog. Let us follow up the stream!' and we pushed on with fresh hope. Sometimes we would lose sight of the tracks, and my heart seemed to die within me; again some little token would encourage us on. Once, I recollect, we found a green rose-leaf in the path, and I knew she must have dropped it there; for no roses grew near that sequestered spot.

"The stream comes tumbling down from yonder mountain, and forms many little cascades and waterfalls ere it comes to the spot which I have spoken of as 'the gorge.' After going perhaps a mile beyond the last-mentioned place, we came to a sudden bend in the stream; and turning an angle, this *tableau vivant*, as represented in the

picture, burst upon our enraptured sight, a little distance before us. We paused in silence to contemplate it for a moment. The little orphan Vesta, some four years older than my sister, was evidently on an errand for the family with whom she resided; and setting down her large, covered basket near the shining waterfall, paused to rest and cool herself in the thick shade. Laura's face was turned from us, so that she did not perceive our approach; and we heard her say: 'Keep the lily; it is purity: and take this Moss Rose too, for it means elegance and superior merit. Love them, for my sake, little girl; for you say you have no mamma or papa to love! Hence the origin of her appellation, 'The Moss Rose.'

"'Here is a fine subject for my pencil,' said my companion Alexander; 'I will observe it well. But can I ever equal it! the round, white neck and auburn curls of our little favorite—the well-formed arm and delicate hand extended over her flower-basket, as if to protect it, almost resting upon Fido's well-washed coat—the left hand offering the rose with so much grace—and that pensive face illumined by a beam of joy that she has found a friend—the dense shade-trees—the crystal stream and the silver waterfall—beautiful! beautiful!'

"I desired my friend to remain where he could watch my sister, while I flew to relieve my mother's extreme anxiety; and promised to return immediately after, and accompany them home. I will not attempt to describe our good mother's joy, that the lost was found—her meek and quiet spirit poured forth its gratitude to Heaven in secret.

"'Come and see me, sometimes, at my papa's house, will you not?' said Laura, as I took her by the hand to lead her home; 'and do not cry any more for your papa

and mamma, for they cannot come to you; but my mamma says if we are good, when we die, we shall go to heaven, and be with our friends there; and if yours are in heaven they will know if you are good, and will look down and smile, and take care of you.'

"My friend Alexander completed this picture with credit to himself, and I love to look at it; it reminds me of those by-gone days, and if I ever have any religious feelings, it is when gazing on the representation of so much innocence. I must accompany you, some fine day, to the two most conspicuous places in my story—that is, if you will feel interested in them. They are slightly altered, but not entirely changed."

"I am, indeed, deeply interested in all," said Mr. Elliston; "but where is the little orphan?"

"She is the accomplished wife of our worthy rector," answered Horace. "You will see her, perhaps, at our house this evening; and a very lovely woman she is, believe me."

"By what good fortune, or rather providence, did she obtain an education?"

"Laura recounted her adventures to our parents, and earnestly besought that the sad little girl might come and live with them, and be her sister; and that her own papa and mamma would be Vesta's too."

"And they consented?"

"Yes; they were always most happy to grant any reasonable request to their darling daughter, and circumstances being taken collectively, they considered it a duty, as well as pleasure, to do so. Both girls had the same teachers—the same lessons—the same attention; and, as far as could be discerned, the same affection manifested to them. Two years since, she became the happy bride of

the Rev. Mr. D——, and receives the merited esteem of the parish."

"How mysterious are the ways of Providence!" said Elliston. "Great must be the satisfaction of your excellent parents and sister to feel that they have been the means of doing so much good."

CHAPTER III.

We pass over the events of the day till evening; suffice it to say, it had been a day of heartfelt enjoyment. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and a few select friends joined the family circle. Among these were the Rev. Mr. D—— and lady. Our two young clergymen were drawn together by a similarity of tastes, pursuits, and efforts, and shortly acquired the familiarity of brothers. It was pleasant for each to listen to, and recount the success of his labors in the ministry, and the great good each designed, with God's help, to accomplish.

"But I must not allow my selfishness to prevent you from enjoying the society of those around us," said Mr. D——. "I trust we may have frequent opportunities to meet and resume our subject."

Charles Elliston found Mrs. D—— all that his friend had described her to be; and succeeded in tracing some little resemblance to the fair lily which had so much interested him in the picture. The sweet "Moss Rose" too was there—his *beau ideal* of perfection; but a thorn prevented his approach. Walter Lee was ever at her side officiously escorting her from place to place—standing beside her at the piano, and evidently willing that all

present should look upon him as her accepted lover. More than once Mr. Elliston instinctively met the glance of her mild eye, and he thought she looked embarrassed—uneasy. Could Laura indeed be betrothed? All was to him a mystery.

A severe head-ache induced him to leave the company apparently unobserved. He sought the fresh air, hoping its gentle influence would quiet the throbbings of his heart. "Why should I be troubled," thought he, "or encourage sentiments which may disturb her happiness, and forever destroy my own? I must be more guarded in future, and look upon her as the almost wedded sister of a dear friend. Assist me, heavenly Father, to tear all idols from my heart, and worship only Thee!"

He returned to the drawing-room, and with forced composure sought to aid in entertaining the company. At an early hour they dispersed. That night, in the loneliness of his chamber, by self-examination and prayer his mind became calm, and sleep came with her gentle soothings to lull him to forgetfulness. The excitements of the day—the interesting picture and associations—the union of congenial spirits—the blighted hopes, which, until now, he scarcely knew had sprung up in his heart, all were forgotten; and he awoke in the morning refreshed and grateful.

A week passed rapidly by; another and another succeeded, all fraught with interest. The morning ride—the pleasant ramble—the friendly call—hours for reading, study, meditation, and mutual entertainment occupied the time, and Elliston still lingered at the home of his hospitable friend, and still became more unwilling to say adieu. But he had not even the plea of indisposition now to detain him there, for the fine bracing air had nearly restored

his health, and he intimated to his friend Horace that he purposed returning to Baltimore in about a week to resume his charge.

"Not, surely, in this unhealthy season?" said Fordham; "it would be madness to go now. Stay with us till August is past, and then you can go with greater safety."

"But remember, Horace, my little flock there are as sheep without a shepherd."

"Would it not injure you very much, without benefitting them, if you return before your health is permanently established? I believe I must exercise my prerogative as a physician, for I have undertaken your cure, and I shall insist that you remnin here so long as there is any danger from leaving."

"But the necessity of the case, my kind friend;—indeed there are important reasons why I should go."

"And I have important reasons why you should remain," said Horace. "In the first place, your health is not firmly established, though much improved; in the second place, the yellow fever is ravaging the city; and in the third place, we wish your presence at a certain wedding which is to take place in the next month."

"Spare me! spare me, Fordham! Do not ask me to witness that marriage!" said Elliston, thrown off his guard.

"You amaze me, Elliston!"

"This is not unexpected, Fordham. I have, for some time, been convinced that such an event must take place sooner or later; but hoped it might be delayed till I was far away. Horace, my friend, you will not be displeased, I trust, when I say that I had fondly hoped to call you brother, by a union with the only lady I ever ventured to love—the most excellent of womankind. Do I need an apology for loving exalted worth? It could not be that

I should associate thus with her—seeing her daily as she is—fulfilling all the sacred duties of daughter, sister, friend and neighbor—beautiful, intellectual, and accomplished—and not be in danger of loving her. I had the vanity to suppose that my character, prospects, and family were not objectionable; but she will never know the sentiments with which she has inspired me; it would wound her gentle spirit to think she had made me unhappy; and in fulfilling the duties of my holy office, where I shall no longer see her, I shall endeavor to be cheerful even if I cannot forget."

"Elliston, I suspected your attachment to my sister; why did you not propose? If I can read woman's heart aright, you would have had little to fear."

"Was she not betrothed to Lee?"

"No; and will never marry him. She declined his proposal before you came; and, for aught I know, stands a good chance of being an old maid, unless the Rev. Charles Elliston condescends to conduct her to the altar at the same time that your humble servant, Horace Fordbam, Esq., is united to his beloved Ella Morris in August next.

CHAPTER IV.

What a revulsion of feeling! It would require the pen of a ready writer to describe it—we dare not. Elliston did not go south, till after his friend's wedding—the urgent reasons no longer existed. Did "our sweet Moss Rose" reject him? No! but "with deepened glow" she said, "Ask my father!" That excellent old gentleman replied,

"Mr. Elliston, you alone are worthy of her. I confide her to your care; watch over and protect our cherished 'Moss Rose;' and may Heaven's choicest blessings attend you both!"

"And now, my good brother-in-law in perspective," said Horace, "shall I introduce you to the artist, whose skill upon my portrait called forth such commendations from your lips? Our 'Moss Rose,' Mr. Elliston! Ah, I perceive you are already acquainted—well, then, permit me to introduce to you another likeness from her pencil. Do you recognize this?" and he brought a portrait forward.

"My own likeness, Laura! and you painted it?" She blushingly acknowledged the secret to the delighted original.

Meantime Laura and Ella were busily engaged in preparing for the eventful period, when they were to take upon themselves the duties of a wife. It was arranged that the double wedding should be solemnized in the church; and the family party were to go to Baltimore for a few weeks; stopping for a short time in New York, where Ella's relatives resided. One day, when the friends were engaged with their needles, and laying plans for the future, Laura said—

"Dear Ella! you and I shall live so far from each other, I fear we shall seldom meet—but you will be a daughter to my dear parents; otherwise I could not leave them. I trust you will supply my loss to them."

"And Mr. Elliston will supply my loss to you, dear Laura! I have no fears for your happiness, nor many for my own. By the bye, Laura, does Mr. Elliston love flowers?" said she, archly.

A sweet smile was the only answer.

Time continued his course as usual. The sun rose and set—and rose and set—and July was ended. Even to the lovers, the month seemed very short—to the parents still shorter; for they realized that the time was at hand, when the best of daughters would be with them no more, for a season—and they felt that the absence of her gentle heart and loving smile would leave a blank difficult to be filled. But the sacrifice was for her happiness—with the chosen of her heart, she would exert a hallowed influence around her—equalling, at least, her beloved Vesta in discharging the duties of a clergyman's wife; and if they permitted tears to fall at thoughts of parting, they fell not before mortal eye.

The day arrived. The church was filled. Charles Elliston and Horace Fordham stood before the altar beside the chosen of each heart. Robed in simple muslin, pure as the virgin snow—a white Moss Rose-bud in the hair of each, Laura and Ella promised "love, obedience, truth;" and after a few minutes of deep solemnity, the "man of God" pronounced each pair "husband and wife."

As they were entering the carriage, Mr. Elliston said to the parents, "You have indeed bestowed upon me a treasure; this is now my own "sweet Moss Rose," which I have promised to love and cherish—and if transplanted to a southern soil, I trust it may continue to flourish in beauty there, and diffuse fragrance and loveliness far and wide."

THE LIFE CLOCK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks, the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh, wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed—nor mind conceived
The Life Clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's breast,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till this strange life is ended.

DESTINY.

BY F....

"For aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream:
So quick bright things come to confusion."

The splendid apartments of Mr. Bertine were crowded with visitors. They were all light, gayety, and beauty. The rich damask curtains hung in heavy crimson folds around the windows. The shaded lamps shed their softly brilliant rays upon the dazzling throng which decorated one of the most elegant houses in the city. Music breathed to the step of angel forms mingling in the graceful dance, and a spirit of happiness seemed as universally diffused as if the children of our fair mother Eve were yet gliding among the careless bowers of Eden. Of the sweet girls who gave witchery to the swift evening, no one was more fascinating than Marion Bertine. Equally calculated to strike the attention of the amateur of beauty, or to awaken the interest of the admirer of mind, she charmed all who came within her sphere. She would

reason with the sophist, and reply to the wit. The dull were amused with her facility in eliciting their slender colloquial powers, and the sentimental and romantic found responsive feelings in all her words and actions.

As the object of general admiration she was, of course, usually blockaded by an army of fashionable heroes, such as ever seek to dwell in the light of fair ladies' eyes; content with a stray glance, or a civil, perhaps an accidental smile. Tall gentlemen laid at her shrine their humble offerings of gallantry and wit; and, set off by all the art of fashion, with large whiskers and elegant attitudes, besieged her wherever she went; and others, of lesser dimensions, rustled, glittered, and rattled in her train, with chains, seals, white gloves, and glasses, who could dance, sing, and bow, lead a lady to her piano with studied grace, whispering and smiling at the height of their glory. It was not easy to gather from the young lady's deportment that she was dissatisfied with her subjects, for her face bespoke a mind at ease, and a heart free from the touch of deep feeling; but women are well versed in the art of hiding their thoughts, and, like some painted cloud that conceals beneath its surface the elements of tempest, many a serene countenance is lighted with smiles, while the bosom cherishes anxiety or anguish. A close observer might have detected, in the countenance of Marion, an occasional restlessness, not that of joy; and traced her glances, stolen at long intervals, when most unnoticed, to the figure of one who apparently participated but slightly in the surrounding animation. His seriousness was not without comment. One condemned it as affectation; another ridiculed it as folly. One of his friends, with a view to rally him into better spirits, addressed him laughingly—

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with you, Wilson? Are you sick, or married, that you stalk about as stately as Childe Harold?"

"I am neither sick nor married, Harry, but enjoy myself uncommonly well."

"Then let me introduce you to some Hebe here, whose smiles shall call out your sense, if sense you have. Yonder is one—that tall, beautiful, blue-eyed girl. See how she casts about her those radiant eyes. There is death in every beam. She is merry, too, as a bird. Can you behold all those sweet thoughts of hers escaping so profusely, without a wish to catch some? Come, let me introduce you."

"I thank you, Hal," said his serious companion; "I am not in the mood. I should rather be a looker-on."

"But," rejoined he, "direct your eyes to yon other nymph. By all the graces, she is beautiful! Care never came to that brow, nor tears to those eyes, unless pity sometimes moistened them from the fountain of a heart pure as the element of heaven."

"Go, rattle your nonsense into other ears, eloquent Hal," said Wilson, turning away from the unconscious belle, "and leave me to the selection of my own divinities."

"Well, one more, Charles. There is Miss Bertine herself. If you scowl on her as you do on my other adorables, you may buy yourself a tub and set up for Diogenes at once. Look at her Charles. Did you ever see such a smile, and wasted too, by all that's lovely, upon a common fop? There are lips I never looked upon without dreaming of kisses, and a voice—listen, and let its warm tones melt your frozen philosophy into love. She is beautiful as a dream."

"Beautiful, indeed," murmured Charles; but in a tone so low and tremulous, so different from the careless voice with which fashionable young men laud the features of a passing belle, that his companion, surprised, looked up into his face. "I beg your pardon," stammered Charles; "but"—

"Why," interrupted the other, laughing, "there is no occasion to beg my pardon for calling Miss Bertine beautiful."

"I meant"—

"Oh, no matter what you meant. Nature never made a more lovely being, and if, as by your look I surmise, you have thought of her before, walk up to her; she's the very thing for you—rich, handsome, well educated, amiable; she'll make your fortune, my boy—that is, if you can get her."

"I assure you, sir," said Charles, with even a slight curl of scorn upon his lip, "I have not the least intention or wish that way."

"Glad of it, my friend; for, between you and me, her father is as proud as Lucifer, and just as ambitious. Nothing will suit him less than a hundred thousand, with an ambassador, judge, or colonel; but never mind, there are plenty more as good as she. Yonder's my Charlotte—I would not give her for a hundred Miss Bertines; she sees me—she beckons. You see what an irresistible attraction she has in her smile. Ah, the little jade! Good by, good by," and off he dashed after his Charlotte, leaving Charles in a humor of no very agreeable nature.

Wilson was poor and proud. Struggling with the difficulties which ever oppress such a character, had not yet diminished his poverty, nor lowered his pride; and, at this time, he saw himself surrounded by apparently insur-

mountable obstacles, with a disappointment which shaded all his thoughts. The conflicting emotions of his mind were gradually undermining his constitution, and he abandoned himself to a kind of despondency, which caused him to sicken at hope, as productive of only despair. It was not his fear either to live or die. But this vacillation between life and death—this soft hour of pleasure, succeeded by long ones of misgiving and anguish, poisoned all his comfort, and gave him a tinge of misanthropy totally foreign to his nature. It was under the influence of such impressions that he had met and loved Marion Bertine; loved her against his own wish and resolution; loved her in spite of all his endeavors to the contrary, and with shame at his weakness in yielding pride to passion. His character was one of impulse rather than of reason; and although he had determined to avoid all intercourse with one whom fortune had made so much his superior in wealth, and consequently in the rank of fashion, yet accident—as if some mischievous spirit delighted to frustrate his plans—would constantly fling them into each other's society, and surprise them in delightful but dangerous situations. No communication had passed between them but those nameless and irresistible passages in their familiarity with each other, which are felt like instinct infused into the heart by nature. A mere consciousness—a dream, a doubt—rather than any thing to be recalled and admitted into calculation, was all the evidence either had detected of a mutual attachment. On this evening Charles had observed her closely as circumstances would permit; and as a dark conviction that he was surrounded by men wealthier and happier than himself, induced him to stand aloof from their idle mirth, his pride and impetuous disposition urged him into a conclusion that he held no place in

her affection. It caused in his manner towards her an indifference, perhaps a rudeness, which the lady felt and retaliated by a display of spirits more than usually exuberant. He called up all his energy, and with a cheerfulness altogether artificial, paid his attentions to a charming girl, who received them with complacency; and thus the evening passed away in mutual error.

Marion returned to her pillow with a sad conviction that Wilson had never thought of her as a wife, and a consequent resolution to banish him from her mind at every sacrifice; and Charles reconciled, or deemed that he reconciled himself to fate, in yielding his sweet false dream of one whose affections seemed divided among a multiplicity of admirers, and who would look down, nay, who had looked down upon him with contempt.

"Yes," said he, as he strided on in the darkness of midnight to his home, "yes! I caught her eyes, and they flashed upon me with scorn, while her smiles were lavished upon the butterflies around her, as if each were destined to be her husband. Wherefore have I fallen into this disgraceful weakness? What am I, that I should intrude my poverty upon her brilliant sphere? If she were poor and wretched, if she needed one to live in obscurity, or die in anguish for her, then should she behold me at her feet; but now, in possession of all that ornaments and sweetens life, with those at her bidding who will lead her the round of fashion and pleasure, why should I disturb her peace, or shape her destiny along a darker or an humbler path? No, sweet girl! be still above me. I will think of you—love you, as I hope you will be loved by others; but see you again—never!"

Two or three years made Marion a wife and a mother. As Charles had predicted, a gentleman of immense wealth

succeeded, with the aid of her father, in obtaining her hand. It was said she lived contentedly, and found, in the affection of her boy, a joy almost enough to compensate her for all worldly disappointments. Charles, too, in the interests of his business, ceased to experience the anguish which he had once felt, and his passion for the remembered object now lost to his hope, slept quietly in his bosom, except when awakened by some of those incidental associations which link us so mysteriously with the dim world of past scenes and feelings.

While his own character thus went on with little change, his business prospered. He grew more useful to the firm in which he had commenced his commercial labors, and was at length appointed to sail as supercargo to the East Indies, with a probability of remaining there in a lucrative situation several years.

A few days before his departure his attention was arrested by the distress of a lost child, whose extreme beauty excited much notice. To an inquiry as to his name the child gave that of the husband of Marion. Charles took the hand of the little wanderer, who looked up to him confidingly, and revealed the same features which for years had floated in his imagination; the same speaking forehead and transparent complexion, the same blue eyes, through which streamed the light of feeling, and the rosy mouth of nameless sweetness. With a sudden resolution to see once more the mother of this fair boy, he offered to conduct him home, and, in a few moments, he found himself in the parlor of her mansion, and in the presence of the being who, of all others on earth, was dearest to his heart. She recognized him instantly, and whether from the joy of recovering her child, whose absence had occasioned her much alarm, or whether from surprise, or any

other feeling, at beholding one who had so long been a stranger to her sight, her face was suddenly suffused with a crimson, which passed as rapidly away, and left her pale as a marble statue.

"I have brought home your boy, madam," said Charles, in a low tone; for his eyes were moist and his voice faltered. "I am very happy in this opportunity to meet you once more, Mrs. Sterling."

"You are welcome, Mr. Wilson," said Marion, while her boy climbed into her lap, and hid his face in her bosom. "I have been much frightened—I have not yet recovered from my alarm; but you will excuse my embarrassment, for—" She stopped, cast down her eyes, raised them again, filled with tears, and folded the boy in her arms with a feeling for which she found no utterance.

There was something in this silence more expressive than words. The idea that he had been loved flashed upon him with singular force, and called up all the tumultuous crowd of sensations which he had long since deemed overcome. She recovered herself immediately, and spoke in her natural manner.

"You have been quite a stranger, sir; I did not anticipate the pleasure of ever seeing you again."

"It was only accident," replied Charles, "which brought me to your presence; but if an unwelcome guest, I have committed a fault which I cannot repeat, as I leave this country in a few days—perhaps forever."

He gazed steadily at her as he spoke. The tears again arose into her eyes, and her cheek grew pale again. An irresistible impulse, strengthened with rapture and melancholy at the conviction that he had been mistaken in his previous opinion of her, urged him to take her hand. He

pressed it unresisting to his lips, and, thrown off his guard, his agitated feelings found their way in words, from a heart in which, for the moment, the rising tide of passion was swollen to overflow.

"I have loved you, Marion, but we part forever."

The hand, linked in his, half confirmed its pressure. It revealed to him the history of her life. She attempted to rise, but he interrupted her.

"One moment more—one moment more. I ask but one single look, to bear with me in my recollection over the loneliness of distant places, and through the gloom of future years. Fate has decreed I shall never see you on earth again; but if, in the revolution of time, you should want a friend, remember me."

Once more he pressed to his lips her passive hand; once more gazed on her—now dearer than she had ever been before—then, starting at the situation into which this singular occurrence had betrayed him, he caught one glance from her thrillingly beautiful eyes, and was the next moment wandering he scarcely knew whither, among the careless and busy multitude that thronged the streets. It all seemed to him like a dream.

It was fifteen years after this incident, that a stately vessel, with her snowy sails spread out like wings, was borne by a fresh breeze into the harbor of New York. A steamboat was in readiness to convey the passengers on shore, and, as they landed at Whitehall, and rattled away in their respective carriages to the hotels or other places where they intended to reside, a single individual, having consigned his baggage to the care of a porter, walked with a steady pace up Broadway.

It was a fine evening in summer. All the beauty of the city seemed gliding to and fro along the splendid prome-

nade. Carriages and horses dashed by. The boys were playing along the streets, and many sweet faces passed him, all lighted up with health and pleasure, careless of the future and unconscious of the past. As Charles gazed at and admired this new generation, that had sprung up around him as if by magic, he could not but recall the days long gone by. He still remembered when Miss Bertine, radiant with charms and mirth, moved over these very pavements, the delight of every eye, and the idol of his heart. Strange emotions filled his breast as he approached her dwelling. It looked the same as when he used to walk by it and bless it, in his rambles, when the moon was shining, and the large stars twinkling in the shadowy vault of heaven. The same moon was there, and the stars were yet as brilliant, for nature never grows old. Everything wore the aspect of other years, as if it were but yesterday that he had parted from her, and he were now hastening again, his heart quick beating with hope and joy, to revel in the luxury of being with her. There was a large tree before the door. He remembered the night—just such a cloudless and happy time as the present—when he had leaned against that very tree, and listened to the melting tones of one whose music thrilled through him like a voice from heaven.

"And now," thought he, "years and years have fled; and thousands, once moving in joy and pride through these streets, are gone! I myself am a stranger—unknown, unloved. What may be her fate? Perchance she too has passed away! or, if she remain, it will be to behold me in possession of wealth; alas! how valueless, when not shared with her! How wayward is destiny! My heart prompted me ever, and yet whispers, that with her, any humble cottage would have been a paradise; yet I have

wasted my precious life in gloomy solitude, to acquire the heartless, petty distinction which wealth confers, and which is the cause of all my disappointment."

He reached the door, and was surprised to find the mansion had been converted into a hotel. How singularly independent of reason are those we call the fine feelings! He owned a pang at the sight of strangers moving carelessly through the rooms where he had long ago enjoyed so many hours of happiness; and there was a sternness in his manner of addressing an old man who seemed to be at home in the transaction of domestic duties.

"Who keeps this hotel, sir?"

"Mr. D——," was the answer.

"How long is it since the building was inhabited by Mr. Bertine?"

"Ten or twelve years, sir. Old Bertine failed, and died long ago. I believe the whole family are dead, or gone off to some distant country. We know nothing of them here."

"He left a daughter who married a Mr. Sterling. Can you afford me any information of that gentleman?"

"Why, yes," said the man; "there's no harm in speaking now, the poor fellow's dead. He was a hard chap, that Sterling—and unless he was some particular friend of yours, sir, I should call him a great villain."

"Villain, sir! how?—in what way?"

"Why, in the first place, he came here and made a fine show; every body thought him worth a hundred thousand dollars at least. He married old Bertine's daughter—Sarah, or Julia, or Marion—yes, Marion Bertine; as fine a girl as ever trod shoe-leather."

"Well, well, sir, the event, quick!"

"Well. He spent her fortune—failed—almost killed

his wife with unkindness, and died himself a poor miserable drunkard. His broken-hearted widow lingered a little—but, what's the matter, sir? you are sick. Let me give you some wine—help yourself, sir—it's as good old port as you ever drank—fill your glass."

"No, no—no wine," said Charles, in a voice choked with emotion. "Go on—it is nothing."

"Why—that's all, sir."

"But there was a boy?"

"So there was; I had forgotten. Yes, there *was* a boy—Charles, I think they call him."

"Was—was his name Charles? Are you sure that was his name?

"Why, yes. I am sure it was. He's somewhere about the city now, I guess. I can't tell you where. Pray, sir, help yourself to some wine. I hope I have not—perhaps you are a relation? I am sorry I have spoken so freely."

Wilson rushed from the house. We shall not attempt to define his feelings.

A few days after the preceding conversation, Wilson rose early and wandered forth alone. There are some men who, in the traffick of business, become hardened against the influence of their earlier feelings. Time and circumstances remould their characters, and wear away from their minds the impressions of inexperience and youth. They attach importance to objects only as they relate to their present or future interests, and find nothing of the past to cherish or regret. Others, on the contrary, look back upon the distant scenes of their boyhood, with sensations which become richer and more delightful as they advance in age. The occurrences around them are devoid of every value, when compared with those which have fled away forever, and they treasure up undisturbed

in the depths of their hearts, tastes for pleasures they can no longer enjoy, and affections for objects which have passed irrevocably away. Wilson was of the latter class. Although he had been absent for years, and mingled in remote society, and engaged in adventures which had nothing in them to keep alive his associations, yet, as he went forth on this lovely morning, perhaps his sensations were as lively while dwelling on the incidents of long vanished time, as if he had but recently heard the well remembered voice he best loved, and felt the gentle pressure of the hand whose touch thrilled through him with a strange rapture which had never been repeated or forgotten. A short walk brought him to a rich grassy meadow, overshadowed by many large trees in full foliage, and used as a place of sepulture. It was yet early, and the silence of the dead was unbroken but by the sound of his own step, and the warblings of a bright bird, that, careless of human woe, sat pluming its golden feathers upon a sunny branch, and filled the air with ever varying and delicious music.

As he walked among the graves of the unknown, and perchance long-forgotten beings around, and read inscriptions of names first noticed above their mouldering remains, the fleetness and vanity of life chilled his heart, and pity for the crowd who slumbered beneath his feet, once radiant with hope and health, and, perhaps, beautiful as she over whose tomb he came now to mourn. The direction which he had received soon guided him to the wished-for spot. It was in an obscure corner of the meadow, upon a green hill that sloped gently to the morning sun. Long grass, bent down with heavy dew-drops, grew upon the turf, beneath which rested one, without whom the clear light, and the fragrant air, and all the charms of

life, were to him scarcely preferable to the shadows that hid her own once lovely and beloved image. A plain slab of white marble met his eyes. It bore simply the name of "Marion Sterling." As he stopped by the mound which weighed upon the bosom once so fraught with pure and happy affections, his grief mastered the manliness of age and experience; and tears dropped down upon the unconscious grass, unheeded by her for whom they fell. "Dear, dear Marion!" broke from his lips.

It was all that found utterance. The rest of his heavy feelings sunk down into the recesses of his heart, buried in silence and too deep for language. A slight noise arrested his attention. He lifted up his eyes toward a youth whose features bore so striking a resemblance to her who then filled his thoughts, that, in the excited state of his imagination, he startled with a doubt of their reality. He was, however, recalled to his reason by the voice in which the stranger addressed him.

"You knew my mother, sir?"

"Your mother! Was Mrs. Sterling your mother? Then I speak to Charles Sterling," and he seized his hand and pressed it to his lips.

"That is indeed my name," replied the youth, with some surprise. "May I inquire who it is that seems so much interested in our unfortunate family, and so well acquainted with one whom certainly he never could have seen before?"

"First tell me," asked Wilson, whom this singular coincidence had, in some measure, diverted from his melancholy train of meditations, "do you apply the term unfortunate to your present situation or your past history?"

"To both," said the youth. "My mother's fate seemed equalled in misery only by mine. She died of a broken

heart, and I see little more remaining for me. My friends, out of the wreck of our family fortunes, saved only sufficient to complete my education. I have endeavored in vain to procure occupation here, and shall embark in a week for a distant clime, perhaps never to return. The station to which I am ordered is sickly, and I have a presentiment that I am bidding my native country farewell forever. It was with these forebodings that I came to visit my mother's grave. Thank heaven, she rests in peace, ignorant of the anguish that agitates my bosom."

"But why so much anguish," inquired Wilson, "in going abroad to seek your fortune in the great world? Thousands have done so, and returned with wealth and honor. But, perhaps you have relations?"

"No, sir; none for whom I have any affection."

"Friends, perhaps?"

"I have a friend"—

He stopped. A slight glow came over his face. It passed away, and left his features pale and firm. Wilson thought he looked strangely like his mother.

"It is foolish to speak of it," he continued; "but I have nothing to conceal. I love, no matter how deeply, one who is rich and above me. It were vain and cruel to make her share my poverty. I shall see her once again, for the last time. But may I know why you interest yourself thus in my behalf?"

"You shall know, indeed. I am under heavy obligations to your mother. My name is Wilson. You may have heard her speak of me"—

"Wilson?" interrupted Sterling, "Charles Wilson, from the East Indies?"

"The same."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Sterling, all his features

lighted up with surprise and joy; "indeed I have heard of you. My mother gave me a letter upon her death-bed, charging me, if ever I should meet you, to give it into your own hands. I have this morning accidentally taken it from my drawer, as I was arranging my things for sea. It is here."

Wilson seized it, with a reeling brain. It was faintly and tremblingly traced; and contained a small curl of hair, with these words:

"You bade me, when last we parted, if ever I wished a friend, to remember you. The world is changed much since that night when I wounded your feelings at my father's house, by a feigned indifference. It avails little now that I am willing to confess it. My husband is dead; my fortune spent; when you read this, I myself shall be in my grave. There remains, therefore, no reason for me to deny, that from the moment I saw, I loved you. Forgive me—be a friend to my boy—heaven bless you!

"MARION."

It would be superfluous to continue the narrative. Sterling was Wilson's heir.

NIAGARA.

AFTER LOOKING AT A PICTURE.

BY MRS. E. A. C. HULCE.

Roll on, Niagara! speak in thunder tones
Of Him who made thee great! Thou dost befit
Thy stern companions—the eternal hills,
The all-blazing arch that nightly o'er thee bends,
Its gentler blue caressing thee by day.
What is thy music like? The knell of Time
Against Eternity's all-shoreless sea!
What thoughts do thy dread hymns bring forth to man?
Thy never-ending chants that awe the soul,
Rolling in one unbroken cadence forth
Since first "the morning-stars together sang!"
Thoughts of the ocean—dirge of elder Time,
When the deep founts were broken; thoughts of winds
Whose organ-swell sweeps o'er Norwegian pines,
With the loud forest anthems; most of all
Thou bringest thoughts of Him who staid thee here!
Thou art meet workmanship of His high hand!
Seal of thy Architect's omnipotence!
(How do we vaunt man's little genius forth,
That hath suspended domes to regal piles;
Blind to the jewelled dome above our heads.)
Will puny man, that cannot form a fly,
E'en compass half the world to gaze on thee,
And on thy page read not Jehovah's name?
An infidel must blush to look on thee.

An *atheist*, having eye, and ear, and thought,
Sure cannot be! What is an atheist, then?
One, *credulous* in crude absurdities;
Who *can* believe in all things, save in God!

One—he who dwelt the Arno's wave beside,
Of late there was; but *he* must have a shrine!
A fervent worshipper, this fancy's child!
No zealous puritan more lowly knelt;
But at the opening porch—the vestibule—
The very threshold of great Nature's temple,
He stopped and offered incense; sated there,
He saw not God, yet deified His works;
A spiritual materialism—perchance,
Refined and subtle theory, gross in deed;
Such Rousseau, Shelley, priests of Nature's creed;
Strange thus to stop at matter for a God!
And they who boast the whole world's treasured lore,
Find but the faith that the poor pagan claims!

Oh! lofty, boastful man! thou shouldst have power
To strive with death and gain the mastery!
Thou'rt not so weak as to require His aid,
Who holds creation's pillars in His hand!
Sufficient in thyself, thou needest not
Pluck from the Tree of Life a deathless boon!

These are thy thoughts, Niagara! to me;
Thy shadowy image, thy faint likeness here,
Which the school-miss so ruthlessly invades,
That I may well believe its semblance dim,
Fills me with envy to behold thyself!
To let thy solemn beauty wrap my soul!

THE COVENANT OF HEARTS.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

"How gentle is the death of the Christian!" thought Henry Arville, as he wiped the gathering dews from the cold forehead of his dying mother. Disease had rioted on her form with lingering triumph, and her free spirit had struggled long with the fetters of mortality. These fetters were at length dissolving, and the images of beatitude already floated in her tranced vision. Henry, who had witnessed the slow wasting of life with wordless agony, rejoiced that the conflict was about to cease—rejoiced, did I say?—the language of earth has no name for the feelings of the mourner, when the bitterness of individual desolation is mingled with the assurance of consummated happiness for the lost object of affection. Henry had long known that the spirit of his mother held slight communion with the things of time—that, like the weary traveller, whose days of journeying are numbered, she lost the passing realities of the present in deep and exquisite visions of approaching home. Aspiring to a higher and more permanent union, even the imperishable ties of maternal love had ceased to bind her to life; and the prayer that went up in secret for the child of her hopes, embraced not the objects of decay. Her faded features were now lighted up with an unimaginable glow, like the reflection of light on the white folds of a stainless cloud—and when that glow had

passed into the fixed serenity of death, Henry forgot for a brief season that he was yet left a habitant of the lonely earth. Few, however, are the souls that always hold communion with high and holy thought—young hearts are bound to life with sinuous chords; though lured for a time beyond its delusive influence, they are again drawn back to wrestle with its phantoms. When he had seen the form of his beloved mother consigned as dust to dust, he then felt the deep desolation of the grave. The apartments hitherto gladdened by the light of her smile, were now fearfully void. He gazed on the vacant seat, and a cold shuddering convulsion of the heart passed over him. There were voices near him, but they came not on his ear in the soft tones of affection—and busy forms flitting around him—but he vainly sought the glance of a mother's love. Nay, the presence of a father for a moment called forth the trust of filial affection, but it was only for a moment; the manner of that father, even the sound of his voice, came with a sacrilegious dissonance over the chords of sorrow. Henry felt that he mourned alone—that even at this hour of mutual bereavement, the soul of his surviving parent had no affinity with his. The conviction was intensely painful; he shrunk from a presence that thus chilled the gushings of tenderness, and shuddered lest he should forget the respect due the author of his being. His health, already impaired by long confinement, gradually sunk under the influence of a morbid excitability; and desirous of rousing himself to exertion, he sought and obtained permission for a tour through the distant States. Arriving at a small village in —— he found himself, for some days, unable to proceed. A slow fever had seized his frame, and forbade farther fatigue. He lodged at an inn in the village, and sometimes amused himself, as a re-

laxation from thought, with the children of the family. The day consecrated to devotion had arrived, and they prepared for their Sabbath-school. Even the playfulness of the children was now chastened with something of a holy cast, as the little group approached Henry and begged him to hear their exercises. "Will you not go with us?" said the youngest; and, unable to resist the artless appeal, our invalid immediately accompanied them. A few only were as yet assembled, but the attention of Henry was at once riveted by the young and lovely teacher. Her dress resembling, in its exquisite simplicity, the purest blossoms of spring, revealed a form of perfect and delicate proportions. Her features, though regular, were of a marked and decided character. She was pale, but that paleness, contrasted with the deep shade of her dark and shining hair, and the long silken lashes that partially veiled the light of her clear blue eye, gave a yet stronger interest to a countenance of unearthly beauty. As the youthful flock dropped in, one by one, her features assumed an anxious expression, and she watched their entrance with evident intensity. Two lovely children at length entered, hand in hand. A sudden flush now tinged her cheek, a smile, a glance of unutterable import, welcomed the little strangers. They approached and flung their arms silently around her neck. There was no sound, not even a breath to break the deep quiet of the school—but to the soul of Henry there was something in this simple scene that spoke a language of high and sacred feeling. The interesting teacher commenced her labors, and the soft melody of her voice gave a peculiar pathos to the accents of instruction. At length, addressing the children, whose fate was apparently concerned with her own, she required their tasks. "We have learned the Orphan's Hymn," they replied;

and the youngest, instinctively folding her little hands, repeated:

"Oh thou! who hearest the raven's cry,
And mark'st the sparrow's fall—
Wilt thou not hear, from thy far blue sky,
The orphan's bitter call?

The grave our hearts has forever barred
From the deepest love of earth—
But we come, in our need, to thee, oh Lord!
Who gave our spirits birth.

The tones that have soothed our wants are still—
But we wait thy still small voice—
And our hearts, though gloomy, and low, and chill,
In thy light may yet rejoice.

For a shield, from the storms of our future path,
To thee, in trust, we come;
Preserve us, Lord, from their fearful scath,
And fit us for thy high home!"

As the child proceeded, the young woman raised her downcast eyes to heaven, as if mentally sharing the prayer. For a moment a tear trembled on her lashes—the next it had passed away like an exhaled dew-drop, and the light of holy trust rested on her features in its stead. Henry left the scene with impressions never to be effaced. As he walked thoughtfully back to the inn, he was joined by the village pastor, who had closed with prayer the exercises of the school. Hearts of the same tone blend at once like corresponding music. The attenuated form of young Arville, his interesting countenance, deeply marked with melancholy thought, all were calculated to awaken an immediate interest in the heart of the benevolent Harley.

"I fear," said the venerable old man, as they at length separated, "I fear that an inn can scarcely afford you the quiet so necessary to an invalid—your society would be a most welcome accession to my small family circle; come then and stay with us till returning health enables you to proceed."

Henry might have hesitated, but the half-formed scruples of delicacy were at once obviated by the manner of Mr. Harley; and early on the following day he became an inmate of a house peculiarly fitted as a sanctuary for broken hearts. It was the mansion of peace, of piety, of love —a scene of holy quietude, where the spirit of its inhabitants might hold a bright and continual Sabbath. Henry was received by Mr. Harley in his study. Reserve was banished—they conversed with the freedom of friends. The scene of the Sabbath-school was adverted to, and Henry spoke of its young and interesting teacher. "She is an orphan," replied Mr. Harley to his implied inquiries; "and the little girls that clung so fondly around her are her sisters. They lost their parents while Malvina, the eldest, was yet a mere child, but even then she seemed to assume the high duties of a mother. They were left exposed to all the ills of penury. Their father's little property was utterly wasted away by the unavoidable expenditures of a long—long illness. He had, however, in his better days been the friend of the unfortunate, and the bread he had *cast upon the waters*, was found by his orphan children in the hour of their extremity. The two younger were taken into separate families, and cherished with all the tenderness their various circumstances allowed. Malvina meanwhile had already evinced an energy of character that annulled the intended humanity of proffered protection. She became a member of my family, but, in

receiving her, I only added a treasure to my household. Her habits of industry—her intuitive skill in all the various branches of domestic usefulness—her powers of mind—her gentleness—her piety—must have rendered her a welcome inmate in the dwelling of avarice. Her sorrows were deep; the affections of her heart rolled silently indeed, but with a measureless depth, and no longer divided by the several relations of life, they were drawn exclusively to her sisters. She felt their desolation more strongly than her own, and wailed their severance from each other more deeply than the stroke that had unavoidably separated them. Yet she mourned in silence, and a slight observer would have thought her perfectly happy. Joyfully would I also have taken the bereaved little ones beneath my roof, but the small salary afforded by a needy flock sets but narrow limits to the offices of humanity. As time rolled on, the industry of Malvina enabled her to add something to their support; meanwhile she sought every measure of forming their young minds to virtue, and devised various means of instructing them, without lessening the little services which they owed their kind protectors. She became an active agent in the establishment of a Sabbath-school, and has since continued unwearied in the performance of its sacred duties. Absorbed, however, as is every recollection of herself in the deep solicitude of the sister, she neglects no offices which my family might claim, were she bound to us by the strongest ties of kindred, love, and gratitude. To Mrs. Harley and myself she supplies the place of an affectionate child; and, indeed, her filial tenderness is the solace of all our domestic cares. Were her strength of earth, she must prematurely sink beneath the intensity of exertion—but I trust in her support, for it is the strength of Omnipotence."

Henry heard this little tale with deep interest; and when, a short time afterwards, he was presented to Malvina, he beheld her with those high and exquisite emotions, that an evening sky, radiant with light and beauty, awakens in the soul of feeling.

"So young," thought Arville, as he gazed at her mild but pensive countenance, "so young, and yet so settled in the practice of virtue!" and as if his soul was already familiar with exalted sentiment, he felt himself still further purified from the dross of human frailty, by the converse of this daughter of penury. Their spirits were indeed congenial, and whether they chatted on the light topics of the day, or dwelt on the high interests of futurity—whether they knelt in prayer, or lifted up their voices in the evening or morning hymn—the same tone of feeling was awakened in either heart. A week passed away, and the health of Arville was much improved—a second was gone, and he could no longer claim the immunities of sickness. Pursued he then his journey with alacrity? Far otherwise! Feelings of mortality, visions of earthly origin, had at length mingled with the pure and passionless homage of virtue. The evening preceding his intended departure passed away gloomily. Malvina was absent, having been called to attend her youngest sister, who was taken suddenly ill; and Arville, restless and dissatisfied with himself, stole silently away, and strolled he knew not whither. Passing at length the open door of a small farmhouse, he beheld the form of Malvina. His whole frame thrilled with emotion, and the next moment he stood on the threshold. She was kneeling beside a pallet, and was for some time unconscious of his approach. Her hair had fallen in rich masses over her shoulders, and her attitude developed the graceful flexure of her bending figure. Ar-

ville at length uttered her name, and a languid smile crossed her features at beholding him. He advanced, and inquiring for the little sufferer, learned that she was somewhat better. Still he lingered, though unbidden, and a long silence succeeded.

Malvina, absorbed in watching the slumbers of her sister, became again unconscious of every other object; and while she gazed at the pale and sunken features of the child, Henry read the deep conflict of her heart but too well. It was a moment of uncontrollable excitement. He approached her.

"Malvina," he said, "pardon this abrupt disclosure of sentiments I can no longer dissemble. To leave you thus is impossible; the deep, deep interest you have awakened in my soul, renders me more than a sharer of your sorrows. I know them all—I understand, I revere the source from which they spring. Suffer me then to look forward to the period when I may in some degree control your future fate—when Malvina and her orphan sisters shall have the same home, the same guardian; when it shall be my task to render that home the seat of confidence and happiness—oh! deign to tell me if I may cherish this hope; if I may leave you but to seek the approval of my father, and return to receive my trust!"

Henry paused, but Malvina seemed unable to reply; she pressed her hand on her white forehead, and her delicate frame trembled with emotion.

"Pardon my vehemence," continued Henry; "I would not extort the promise that even delicacy alone withheld. I will leave you, but my purpose is fixed. To Mr. Harley, as your best earthly friend, I shall immediately appeal for his sanction to my views, and then, Malvina, I trust to obtain your decision."

He rose, but Malvina now detained him. She was deadly pale, and there were traces on her countenance of some strange emotion, resembling the last movement of troubled waters when the cause that ruffled them has disappeared forever.

"Stay," she said, and her voice was completely calm; "I may not suffer you to go under the influence of delusion. Gratefully as I must feel the high distinction you offer me, highly as I value your friendship, our fates can never be united."

Henry stood motionless, as if a sudden blight had passed over him. There was a solemnity in her manner that carried the conviction of an irrevocable sentence. Caprice could have no part in a character like hers, and Henry felt that his fate was sealed. The few broken and passionate sentences that followed, served only to elicit the confirmation of his wretchedness. The dignity of his character, however, regained its ascendant, and that tempest of feeling subsided. He took the hand of Malvina and pressed it to his lips.

"Farewell, lovely and amiable girl! I go to forget the visions of gladness I had but too presumptuously cherished, but not the virtues that inspired them. I shall treasure up your image as the awakener of holy thoughts, and whatever may be my individual fate, my deepest prayer will embrace your happiness." Then kneeling for a moment, and kissing the cheek of the little slumberer, he fervently added, "May Heaven restore thee, to share the virtues of thy guardian sister."

The morning sun rose in its wonted brightness on the village of ——, but Henry was already winding his way over the distant plains. He had left his home to seek the spirit's repose, and found himself now tossing on those

billows of passion where the soul never sleeps. Such are the mists that veil futurity to the eyes of man. Were he not guided by the arm of Jehovah, where would he wander in the darkness of his path? Henry completed his intended tour, and once more sought the paternal roof. To a mind like his, accustomed to commune with itself, solitude is the most efficient antidote for unavailing regret. He who dares to probe his own heart, will spurn its weakness, and tear away its follies. Henry was soon calm, though not happy. Malvina was not, indeed, to be forgotten, but he thought of her rather as some unearthly vision, than a being of mortality; and again assuming the quiet round of practical duties, he spurned forever those brilliant dreams of imagination that insidiously riot on the strength of the soul. Meanwhile, a fatal disease had seized on the frame of his father, and again it was the part of Henry to keep a ceaseless vigil in the chamber of suffering; not, however, as when he watched the calm decay of his uncomplaining mother, were these vigils cheered by the light of a spirit at peace with heaven. Amid the agonies of dissolving nature, the elder Arville clung to life with a desperate intensity; and while his disease baffled human skill, he struggled with death as the warrior struggles with his mortal enemy.

"Ah!" thought Henry, as day after day he watched the parting soul, writhing, yet unbent, beneath the strong power of the spoiler, "Ah! how different was the departure of my sainted mother! Would to God! oh, my father, that, like her, thou hadst that strength which robs the grave of its victory!"

The cares of the son were, however, unavailing; and the unhappy man was now evidently struggling with the last conflict of humanity. The heart of Henry was torn with

unutterable anguish, and his spirit wrestled in ceaseless prayer for the sufferer. As he bent over the bed of death, his lips instinctively moved; and his father at length fixed his glazed eye wildly in his face.

"Prayest thou for me?" he said; "for me, who never taught thee even the form of prayer? But for thee it matters not. There was one who led thee by secret paths to thy God, and preserved thee, amid the example of a father's vices, from the deadly contamination of guilt."

"And wilt thou not pray also, my father? Even at this dreadful hour the voice of supplication shall be heard."

"Pray!" said the dying man, in a deep and hollow voice, "and who shall dare to lift the hands of fraud to the throne of Jehovah?"

Henry shuddered, and a momentary silence followed. He then exclaimed, as if roused by a new and sudden energy—

"If there is aught of injustice resting on your soul, oh! my father, suffer it not to pass without entering the fearful account. For this purpose, perhaps, mercy yet stays your departure. Let me conjure thee, by the terrors of the grave, lose not a moment in transferring to your son the high duty of restitution."

A faint gleam passed over the countenance of the father, and he looked at Henry with unwonted tenderness.

"Knowest thou," he at length said, "that this long delayed restitution will sweep away thy expected inheritance?"

"And what is the wealth of earth," exclaimed Henry, "that its price should be an everlasting heritage?"

The expiring Arville seemed now imbued with preternatural strength, and at length distinctly unfolded a tale of fraud, long since practised on one who had trusted in

his integrity, and was then reduced from affluence to a scanty pittance. Of his subsequent fate, or present residence, Arville was now ignorant.

"But I will seek him," said Henry, "with a vigilance that distance shall not baffle; his rights shall yet be restored, and his injuries effaced from the records of heaven."

An hour after this, the penitent Arville expired, with his hands clasped in voiceless, but fervent prayer.

One absorbing purpose now animated Henry to exertion. To trace out the victim of his father's guilt, and redress his wrongs, was his only object of earthly solicitude. Months, however, passed away, and as yet inquiry was unavailing. He had just returned from a long tour of fruitless search, and was sitting gloomy and alone in the splendid mansion, where he now felt himself an usurper, when he was surprised by the entrance of his reverend friend, Mr. Harley. Deep and mingled emotions for some time deprived him of utterance, and he flung himself into the arms of the good old man in silence.

"To what," he at length said, "am I indebted for this welcome visit? Kind and compassionate as you are, I cannot suppose that you have taken so long a journey for my exclusive gratification."

"I was indeed led hither by other motives," replied Mr. Harley, "but the anticipated pleasure of this meeting has divested the journey of fatigue. I come, however, in behalf of the heirs of Sidney Howard, to receive the information in which a late advertisement of yours has announced him deeply interested."

"Is Sidney Howard then dead?" asked Henry, and a bitter pang of disappointment wrung his heart at receiving an affirmative.

"I had hoped," he said, "to restore to himself his usurped rights—to obtain his forgiveness for the memory of the dead. But the will of Heaven be done! Tell me who are those that inherit his claims."

"His orphan children."

"Ah! then I will no longer repine. In discovering this injured family I am sufficiently blest."

Mr. Harley now inquired the nature and extent of those claims that were yet to be unfolded.

Henry for a moment hesitated. From his venerable friend he could reserve nothing, and the crimes of his father flushed his pale cheek. The disclosure, however, was at length made—he told his shame, his sorrows, and his plans for the future. Mr. Harley listened with paternal interest, and then folded him to his heart with pious affection.

"Noble youth! in thus renouncing the wealth that has hitherto surrounded you, you become invested with a splendor far above the control of circumstances."

The children of the deceased Howard now became the subject of inquiry.

"Were they left friendless and in want? Or had distant friends, or bequeathed wealth, preserved them from destitution?"

"They were thrown on the world," said Mr. Harley, "penniless, and without kindred or home. But, Henry," he added, with a changed expression of countenance, "I cannot trifle with feelings sacred as yours—know, then, that the orphans of Sidney Howard are the interesting sisters of the Sabbath-school."

Language is powerless to describe the emotions of Henry. We must hasten to a conclusion. Mr. Harley returned not alone. Respect for Malvina required the

personal restoration of her rights, and Henry accompanied him. He wished her prepared for the interview, and appointing an early hour for rejoining his friend, he remained at the village inn. Once more in the bosom of his family, Mr. Harley gradually unfolded the result of his journey. Till now, from a deep regard to the delicacy of her feelings, she had been kept ignorant even of its purpose; mingled and overwhelming emotions wrought her whole frame during the disclosure, and she looked forward to the appointed arrival of Henry with an indefinable intensity of feeling. He arrived—he was already at her feet—he presented her the deeds which made the heirs of Sidney Howard the legal proprietors of the late Arville estate.

"Receive from me," he said, "the restoration of your paternal rights. I present them as the representative of my father's dying will; and beg, as the last boon I shall ever crave of Malvina, that she will cease to execrate his unfortunate memory."

Henry paused; his dark eye was lifted to her face with a mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, and his pale countenance glowed with the enthusiasm of holy feeling.

"Tell me, Malvina," he continued, and the tones of his voice had now something of yet unsubdued passion, and the purple veins of his wan temples swelled with emotion, "tell me, Malvina, gentle and amiable as you are, may I not hope that you will forgive the deep injuries of your family?"

Malvina gradually recovered her wonted calmness.

"Rise," she said, giving her hand to Henry, "and think not that aught dear to you can inspire ungentle feeling; all that has passed is already and forever effaced from my

memory, save that when I was yet a child of penury, you would have shared with me your better fortunes—that for my sake you would have cherished the fatherless children whose fate was united with my own."

"Alas!" said Henry, "why do you touch this chord of agony? why probe the wounds that can never heal?"

"Stay your reproaches," said Malvina. "When I last saw you, could the daughter of Sidney Howard at that time have become a member of your family? That season of trial is, however, past; and if I still retain a place in your affections, receive at length a heart which has long been yours, and accept in trust the future guardianship of my orphan sisters."

A week after, the covenant of hearts was forever sealed. Mr. Harley pronounced the bridal benediction, and those who had given even of their penury to the orphans of the deceased Howard, were the chosen friends who witnessed the sacred scenes, and who shared the future prosperity of Malvina.

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Trust in God

"TRUST IN GOD AND ALL WILL BE WELL."

BY MRS. E. P. H.

When sorrow presses down the heart,
And youth's bright hopes have fled;
When one by one our joys depart,
And we mourn o'er the early dead;
When a cloud of gloom hangs o'er the soul,
That the lips refuse to tell,
A whisper is borne on the stilly air—
"Trust God; and all is well."

When the smile of the world has lost its charm,
Loved friends have proved untrue,
And the secret tear-drops, fast and warm,
Down the care-worn cheek pursue;
Oh! even then a solace sweet,
The dark clouds may dispel—
"Where is thy faith? O, child of Earth!
Trust God; all will be well."

I feel that this world is not my home,
That its trials will soon be past;
And oft through the lengthened night will come
Glad thoughts of peace at last.
When the shadows of death will dim my eye,
And to earth I bid farewell,
Heaven grant that in that dread hour I may
"Trust God—and all will be well."

THE SNOW ACQUAINTANCE.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"*Shepherd.* Ye may mony and mony times think yersel' surrounded wi' happiness, when misery, bitin' misery, is gnashin' at your hongh."

"QUEER weather, this," said I to my landlady, as, turning from the window where the snow was driving at a brisk pace, I attempted to pull on my warm boot, which had been keeping sentry at the fireside for an hour; "queer weather this; and to prepare himself for all the changes of our fickle climate, one must e'en wear a weather-watch under his nose. Yesterday I was abroad without a cloak; last evening the moon was clear, though cold; and to-day, i'faith, it is snowing as briskly as if winter had just made its *entrée*. *Tempora mutant et.*" My Quaker landlady interrupted my Latin, (for she does not like *gibberish*,) saying—

"Thee knows, Vivy, that every back is made for its burden, and the hand that put thee here has fashioned the weather to thy need."

"That is a fact," said I, more good-humoredly, (for who could resist the placid smile that shone beneath her plain cap; she must have been a beauty in her day;) and, revolving over sundry other things which might bring a little sunshine on my cloudy humor, I drew on the second boot, with a smile far more becoming to a youth of ——, (I shan't tell you my age,) than that morbid discontent which wears out the good nature of its owner without

mending an unexpected hole, clearing an unexpected storm, or warming a cold breakfast.

Standing awhile in front of the good orrel coal fire, in order that my clothes might inhale all the heat possible, I wrapped my *español*, drew down the "*tabs*" of my fur cap, spread my umbrella, and in a few seconds was on the *pavé*, braving with my best humor the headwind and the sleet.

Every one who ventures forth in a snow-storm knows the inconvenience, when the wind is ahead, of making way for windward passers; if he carry his umbrella above a certain line, he exposes his face and breast to the storm; if he try to defend these sensitive parts from the hurricane, he is liable to butt the first comer, thereby causing a cracking of umbrella-bones, and an efflux of angry words on both sides. In this state of management or mismanagement, I was passing along —— street; tired at last of bobbing this way and that way, I found myself in the wake of a fellow-passer, who (to speak in Irish jig-blarney) "showed a clean pair of heels;" lowering my umbrella, then, to the most defensive attitude, I kept on in his wake, having the hem of his cloak and his well-armed heels to philosophize upon. Now the knowledge of this modern world is so diffuse, and its sources so varied, that the trite themes of antique philosophy are absolutely *hors du combat*; and we moderns, when we do take it into our heads to reverie, must come to something absolutely extraneous, or else so vulgar as to have been considered too low to think upon; ergo, the "philosophy of a pair of heels" would have as just a title to the admiration of all philo-philosophs, as an errant discourse upon the stars, or a metaphysical one admitted into the pages of the Westminster Review.

Mais au revoir. My antecedent traveller was walking

an easy pace, and I trode in his steps thankful for such a guide; if he bobbed streetward, I bobbed streetward; if he bobbed wallward, I bobbed wallward; thus avoiding those concussions which give rise to more temper than comfort.

I philosophized. Judging from his heels, which were brightly polished and armed with brazen foundations; from the hem of his cloak also, which was nicely covered with braid; and also from his well-brushed pantaloons, which hung beneath his cloak, the person before me was a good husband with a good wife, a handsome estate, and everything to make this life comfortable; he must be a happy man, who, attending to his profession during the day, retired to his wife, friends, books, and wine at evening. I thought him to be a middle-aged man, for his step was firm, without the elasticity of youth; I thought him to be a happy man, he *hem'd* so good-humoredly; I thought him to be a gentleman, he carried his head so knightly. After pursuing this *dos-à-vis* pace for a while, he appeared to be sensible that he was dogged, and first slackened, then quickened his tread; perceiving, at last, that I followed his motions, he turned. He was a Scotchman; I swore it from his pleasant gray eye and sandy hair, not to say any thing of his neat vest of Maxwell plaid. I met his gaze, which was pleasant, though he meant it to be pettish, with one equally good-humored; he smiled, apologetically, observing—

"A deuced comfortless day."

"Not at all," said I, (for I felt original,) "not at all; I love a stormy day; all my good feelings gather round my heart to keep it warm; and I can truly say, I never feel so well towards myself or my fellow-men as I do on a day like this."

"Weel, weel, young mon, I like muckle your kindly spirit; and I believe that when ye are sae comfortable yoursel', your heart yearns towards your fellow-creatures mair and mair."

"'Tis very true," said I, "I never love mortals so well as when everything around makes me feel desolate; it is then I turn even to a stranger, and could take him to my bosom with as ready a heart as if I had known and loved him for years; still more, if I guessed he had sorrows at his heart that my sympathy could assuage."

He seemed touched.

"Weel, young mon, what think ye o' me; hae I the look o' dolor or o' happiness?"

"I should imagine you to be a fond father, a happy husband, a staid friend, and a rich citizen."

"Ah, young frien', (for I dinna ken what to call ye)—"

"Vivian," said I, interrupting him.

"Vivian, it isna a' gowd as glisters; it isna a' sun that's sheen. I like ye muckle," he rejoined; "and I will tell ye that before ye stands ane who wears a cheerfu' face but a cankered heart; wha might wi' his gowd trick himsel' out wi' gear and laces, but couldna buy a new heart, ne repair his wounded spirit. Ye hae more sympathy in your face than I have been blessit wi' the sight o' syne I touchit the shore o' America."

"I am young, sir, and uninitiated in the distresses of the world; my fate has been kindly cast, and I have never had reason to weep for *real* sorrows; you well know that all mortals have a surfeit of *imaginary* ones."

"It is very true, ilka douce maun hae its bitter, and our dainty palate will find it oot where there isna a drap. But, come alang, gin ye hae a bittock, to spare to an auld ane who is i' the search for consolement. If naethin' mair it

would be kind to see where I hae pitchit my tent, that ye may drap in like a fellow-sodger i' this wearisome warfare o' the world. I will a'ways guaranty ye Hieland ale, warm slippers, and a warmer welcome."

I consented cheerfully, and we soon stopped before a small, neat house, where the outside showed, to a casual glance, an air of thorough comfort, without the least attempt at display. On knocking, the door was opened by a well-clad urchin, whose broad face bespoke him a sprig of "the land o' cakes;" and we were ushered into an entry, well warmed and carpeted, provided with a large couch and stuffed chairs, for the ease of those whose destiny was to "groom the parlors." We entered the first door, and I found myself in the presence of a kind-faced matron, who was industriously forming stars, rhomboids, and parallelograms, on a chintz counterpane; she rose at our entrance, and I was introduced to the "gude wife, Judith."

"Who," my host added, "was my foster-mate in childhood, and has noo come to dream awa' the rentail o' her days i' the keepin' and ganin' o' my crouse household."

Bowing to the curtseying housekeeper, who seemed to have acquired that accomplishment, so rare with females, silence, I followed my kind entertainer to an inner room, where a blazing fire invited us to sit. Mine host pointed to a wadded chair, which appeared to have been inhaling for an hour or two the delicious caloric of the three oaken logs, that were blazing and crackling so merrily in the chimney. I showed my perfect willingness to make myself as much *chez moi* as possible, and thrusting my feet forward, exposed their damp soles to the cheering heat. A thump on the deal table with his fist brought to mine host the little Scotch Ganymede, who first greeted us with his chubby face.

"Comforts for twa, Geordie," was the concise request. He disappeared, and soon returned with slippers, lined with linsey; an ominous looking jug, of the species called "monkey," and a couple of solid tankards, on whose bright sides gleamed a tasteful crest. Crossing the room to a *beaufet*, which filled one corner, he produced some clean pipes, with a small package of well-laid tobacco; handing then from a crypt near the fireplace a well-worn snuff-box, of the goodly size of Voltaire's *geant tabatière*, he retired, closing the door with the least possible noise.

While mine host was assiduously arranging the "comforts for twa," and after I had exchanged my boots for the linsey-slippers, I took a cursory survey of the room.

The first object which attracted my notice was a large oaken bookcase; on whose ample shelves were piled large antiquated volumes, and a few of more modern dress; on the top were two busts of marble, much smoked, apparently heads of maids and fawns; back of these, against the wall, was a brown, rusty gun, of an inch and a half calibre, curiously adorned with rough fretwork in silver; a large *roquelaure* of the Maxwell plaid hung on one side of the bookcase. Some fishing-tackle and sporting accoutrements were dispersed around. In the corner was the fore-mentioned *beaufet*, which, desecrated from the use of the costly china and ancient plate, was filled with pipes, tobacco, pamphlets, fishing-lines; and was, in fact, a *melange* of the odds and ends of mine host's *boudoir*. Over the mantel were suspended three portraits; one was a sturdy old smoke-faced veteran, in stiff armor and drapery, evidently a production of the Holbein school; the second was the portrait of a pleasant-faced lady, in the coif and ruffle of the last century; near this hung a fresh painting of a young female, apparently twenty; a melancholy ex-

pression was thrown over the face, although the artist had evidently striven to force a smile on the pale visage of the damsel; her hands were folded, and there was a something peculiarly bewitching in the straight gaze of her mild eye. A framed sampler hung between the two windows of the apartment; a small cabinet of polished oak was under it. The windows were shaded with curtains of plaid cotton, and supported by a rough *valance,* where the thistle was scored into a half-existence by some doughty Canova. My eye again returned to the pensive face over the mantel, and I fell into a reverie.

My thoughts were soon interrupted by a loud pop, and I saw a cork finding its way to the ceiling. The white froth streamed over the sides of the "monkey," and mine host offered me one of the silver tankards filled to the brim with ale, "the like of which," he said "had never found its way adown the Frith o' Solway." After having drunk a willie-waugh of the best ale I ever tasted, and lighted our pipes (I am quite a pipester for a youth) the old man began the following discourse:

"Gin ye are wise o' the plaids, ye maun hae kenned afore this by the three black and twa green on this vest and that auld rokelo, (whilk I call my coat o' arms,) that I am a Max'ell; John Max'ell; I am noo fifty, and hae led a life as chequered as the chess-board; but amid a' the troubles wi' whilk a gude Providence has laden me, I hae preservit gude spirits and a light heart. My story (and I ken ye are too kind to be uninterested in it) is soon tauld; and gin I mak' ye gape, I will pay wi' a plate o' Aberdeen brose, and a round o' beef o' Judith's ain cookin', wha willna doff her peak to any French *cuisinier.*

"I was born at Braemar, whilk ye ken is at the head o' the bonnie Dee; my father was a'so John Max'ell of the

auld and proud line, wha made sick a feck and fash because they drew their ruddy blude from twa dukes, three earls, and a score o' lairds and baronets; my father wasna a proud man; he was muckle smit wi' republican principles, and o' his ain gude will droppit the title o' Sir, because, said he, chantin a staff o' rantin' Robbie,

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

He was the anely son o' his father, Sir Rob Max'ell, and received the last breath o' his father wi' his clear estate o' Max'ell holm at the age of twenty-three. At twenty-five he married my blessit mother Mary, (peace to her banes!) who in my twelfth year gave up the ghaist; and socht the God she had a'ways loved sae weel. That is her picture whilk ye see aboon the mantel; the day she died she laid her han's on my head wi' just the pure look you see there, and bade me loe my Maker and my father wi' a' my heart an' soul; after some more gentle words she closit her lips and went to her endless sleep." (Here I observed a tear start into the eye of Maxwell; he wiped it away with his finger and continued:)

"I had the best education whilk could be procured at Braemar, for my father wouldna trust me in Edinbro', and my mither on her death-bed tauld him to keep me, aboon a', frae the chiels o' the town.

"Twa miles and a bittock adoun the Dee, (dinna laugh at an auld man's love tale,) lived Esther M'Khay; I lo'ed her; she lo'ed me; we made mony and mony times, i' the silent walks near M'Khay cottage, a tryst whilk baith keepit i' gude faith; her father's blude wasna gentle, he being the son of an armorer at Aberdeen; by thrift he had saved a "mansel or twa," and lived on ane o' the

prettiest spots in Scotland ; we lo'ed in secret, for I kend my father, though nae sae proud as some folk, had still a winkin' to a body's tree o' pedigree. I keepit a little boat, and under the cloak of anglin' for some o' the little vipers o' the Dee, I drifted down a'ways to the quay in front o' M'Khay cottage ; being social in my temper I could not bear to fish alane, and Ettie was sic a boon companion, and was sae handy in baitin' the angle, that I believit a mon couldna but be fou' to deny himsel' sic a bird to sit i' the bush wi' him.

"The mon my father lo'ed the maist, he wha wad eat his dinners, drink his wine, and use his bed and board as if they were his ain, was Mark Thorndyke ; oh ! that mon had a de'il in his e'e ; his very speech was worms and adders ; he wound himsel' around my father, shared his livin' and his secrets, and (to use an old saw of the dominie of Braemar school) he was *amicus alter ipse* to him. My mither feared him. She warned my father o' him. My father's breast was pure as the day, and he couldna and wouldna believe that the frien' o' his bosom was a treasonish mon. My mither said nae mair. Day after day, and night after night, they wad tak' their guns and dogs, and gang awa' frae hame in search o' buck and fowl. I' my natal month o' my twelfth year, my mither died. Mark and my father were mair thegither than ever. I said naething ; I could do naething. For five years mair they were han' in glove. Ane day in July they were anglin' i' the Dee ; about noon a storm arose ; the little waves o' the Dee grew larger and fiercer ; the winds roared and the water heaved like a kraken i' the North sea ; the boat capsized ; my father was drownit ; Thorndyke swam ashore ; O God ! I never shall forget the day when the body o' my father was draggit frae the bosom o' the Dee, gnawit

and hauklit by the fishes! I think I see it noo as it lay sae manglit i' the shroud i' front o' the porch o' Max'ell holm. Many were the tears that were shed by our tenants and kin to the memory o' the kind soul wha had gane. He lies i' the Max'ell grave-yard wi' a' his forefathers, and close by the side o' my reverit mither. Noo comes the sairest part o' the tale. The will was openit. I was left to shirk for mysel'. The estate o' Max'ell holm, its auld elms under whose shade I had studied my *Liber Primus;* its hounds, horses, shaw deer, mere, birds and a', were left (my lips burn wi' the word!) to Mark Thorndyke. My blude boilit at the injustice. I ran gnashin' my teeth to the stead where this devil incarnate lived. I rated him, swore and callit on the blessit shades o' John and Mary Max'ell. 'Cool your blude, cool your blude, young mon,' said he wi' a sardonic grin that wouldna hae shamit Moloch, 'your father has left a thing or twa mair here whilk mayna please ye as weel.' He handed me twa pieces o' paper on whilk was written i' my father's ain fair han':

"'BRAEMAR, Maxwell Arms, May 17—

"'This is to certify that I, John Maxwell, bart., have at certain and sundry times, and at certain and sundry games at whist, drafts, palm, and shovel-board, lost to Mark Thorndyke, gent., of Aberdeen, £20,000 in ready stocks and money; besides my whole estates of Maxwell Holm, manse, demesne, chattels, tenements, feoffs and freeholds; also my dogs, cattle, horses, pictures, books, plate, and jewels.

"'God forgive me,

"'JOHN MAXWELL, of Maxwell Holm.

"'*Signed and sworn before Alex. Thrackle, clerk, prothonotary, &c.*'

"Had a waxen torch been held close upon my e'en, they couldna hae been mair dry and parchit than they were then; the sight o' the cursed parchment had searit and scalit my very tears. 'Oh!' I groaned in my bitterness o' spirit, 'the curses o' a' the Max'ells be upon ye; tak' my birthright, ye hell-hound! Tak' from the orphan the very sod to sleep on; close your hatefu' e'en gin ye can, and rest quiet 'neath the roof o' my fathers; God forgive ye, I canna.' Flinging at him the hateful witnesses of my father's guilt, I rushit out wi' a burnin' brow, and sat me down aneath ane of those trees whilk had grown wi' my growth, and strengthenit wi' my strength. My sorrows soon found a way to run out in tears, and I weepit lang and bitterly. I gatherit my books, claies, and jewels thegither, whistled to my dog Bruce, my anely frien', (nae, nae, my anely frien',) seatit mysel i' my little boat, and paddlit wi' as light a heart as possible adown the Dee.

"I stoppit at the quay of M'Khay cottage; it was twilight. I stole to the little room aboon the dairy, whilk I reachit by creepin' up a bower o' cinquefoil, until I steppit upon its little balcony. 'Ettie'—'John'—her head was in my bosom. She gave me a sweet look; (here the bright tears ran races down the cheeks of Maxwell;) 'Why are your e'en sae red, John?' 'The warld has deserted me, Ettie.'—'Nae, nae, John, dinna say that, for I will cling to ye when the warld and a' are gane.' A burst of grief easit my achin' heart. I sat down wi' my head restin' on the saft bosom o' Ettie, and tauld her my sorrows. In sic sweet communion passit the hours till the morn was hie i' the heavens, and I started frae the arms o' Ettie. 'We maun part,' said I, 'the warld is a' ane to me. I am young and healthy, puir and cantie; I loved you when

I was rich, I winna marry when puir; but gin God prosper me, we will be ane.' The saut tears fell in abundance frae our e'en, and I canna tell the whilk wept the harder. I left wi' her my books and the few jewels; tied my bonnie boat in the boat-house; callit Bruce, and travellit afoot to Aberdeen. Frae there I took passage to the Firth of Forth, and in due time enterit Edinbro'.

"Born to affluence I wasna taught i' the mystery o' ony useful occupation, but was intendit for the bar, and was therefore inexperiencit and unkenn'd i' the warld. I was fash wi' the pen, and had mair than an inklin' o' arithmetic. I enterit a compting-house. At twanty-ane I was i' the house as a partner. At twanty-five I married Ettie.

"When I returnit to the quay o' M'Khay cottage, I felt proud to think that I had showit mysel' worthy the blude o' the Max'ells; auld Nigel himsel' (that's he over the mantel wi' the straight armor on, and is the ooner o' the big blutherbuss over the bookis,) wouldna blush for the spirit o' his great gran' child. Na, na, the blude he spillit at Both'ell Brig wasna mair worthy a king's favor than mine, Vivian.

"After Ettie and I were ane, I went to Braemar; my heart was full; I couldna breathe the air o' Max'ell holm wi'out my mither's sweet face risin' amang a' the trees and o'er ilka hillock. Thorndyke was dead. A' the tenantry cam' wi' tears i' their e'en to greet the return o' the lawfu' laird. Amang the rest cam' Sandie Broon, wha tauld me anither horror.

"'I were fishin' on the Dee,' said Sandie, 'not a bittock mair than ten ells frae your blessit father, when the storm cam' up, and the boat was o'erturnit. Thorndyke caught haud o' the keel; your father sank; he cam' up agin to

the tap; I saw Thorndyke (and he lookit like a bogle o' hell when he did it) strike your father down wi' his ain foot; the douce John Max'ell sunk to rise nae mair.'

"My blude froze i' my veins; I would hae uttered blightin' curses o' the head o' the hell-hound Thorndyke; but he has gane to render accounts to ane mair worthy to judge and punish than I, puir worm!

"I willna tell ye how proud I was o' my blushin' bride Ettie, but gin ye will gie me that ebon box, ye shall see her. (I here handed him a small casket of ebony, ornamented with pearl *buhl*. He opened it and showed me a lovely picture, which closely resembled the melancholy face over the mantel. She was in her bridal dress, and sitting in the bower of cinquefoil, which had so often been the scene of their tender love. In the same casket was an *aigrette* of pearls and diamonds; a splendid ring, whose diamonds formed a crest, while beneath the largest one could be perceived the initials M. D., Mary Douglas: it was his mother's bridal ring. In the casket were a few other seals and jewels, all having an appearance of antiquity.) We lived peacefu' and happy; my marriage was blest wi' anely a daughter—(here he sighed deeply)—at the age o' thirty I retired to Max'ell holm, whilk I had purchasit wi' my ain siller, blest wi' wealth, a wife, and ane dear, dear child.

"The rose whilk opens its velvet leavis to inhale the douce breeze o' the mornin', and thraws open its wee bosom to take in' the kindly draps o' dew, dreams na o' the cauld wind o' the mountain, whilk will rush aboon it, dryin' the dew and carryin' awa its tender leavis.

"My fair chiel' I namit Esther Douglas; thereby commemoratin' my spouse, and my mither whilk is i' heaven. She

grew fair as a lily, and promisit mony and mony happy days to me. When she had reachit her fourteenth year her mither Esther, my dear Ettie, wham I had wed frae my boyhood, was laid on her death-bed. She had been lin'erin' more than twa years wi' a disease i' the heart. Ane night she awakit wi' the heart-breakin' words: 'John, I canna live the night out; I shall di' before the sunrise; dinna gang for the doctor; it winna be o' ony use; my heart has been gnawit awa' by the consumption, and the last mairsel o't will gang to-night; I maun see Ettie afore I di'. Ah! that sweet chiel', she has niver causit me a tear-drap; I couldna gie ye, John, a better gift; and still I a'ways had a fear she wouldna di' weel; her spirit is sae gentle she couldna say nay to her enemy; watch o'er her, John; watch her wi' mair than a father's e'en; dinna influence her love; ye ken that you yoursel' maun hae di't, gin your father had sayit nay to the lo'e o' me. Mark me, John, be mair than a father to her; noo gang and ca' her, that I may bless my e'en wi' the sight of her. God bless you and Ettie, John.' I tossit on my claies, like a daft mon; I flew to awak' the maid, and then to my little Ettie's chamber; dear chiel', she was asleep, wi' as douce a smile on her mon' as wad hae glinted on the lips o' Gabriel; I awakit her, and she went wi' me like a tremblin' dove to the bed o' Esther. We arrivit there wi' fear in our hearts. There she lay i' her angelic beauty; there was her bright e'en, they expressit naethin'; there were her red lips, they movit not; there was her lily han', it was cauld. Ettie turnit and weepit on my breast; she kent the truth; we arrivit too late; her mither's gentle spirit had flown alaft to plead for us i' heav'n."

A convulsive burst of grief rent the bosom of Maxwell; in a few minutes more he was calm.

"Do not," said I, while the tears were streaming from my own eyes, "pain yourself with the recital; leave it, my friend, until some time when you can tell the rest with less grief."

"Na, na," said he, "I am usit to sorrow, and the part o' my tale (whilk ye may think too lang) the maist grievous is yet to come.

"I kent it wasna wise to mourn; a' the tears i' the warld wadna bring her back again, sae I dried my e'en, and thankit heaven wi' a hum'le heart that its kindness had spared me my ain Ettie. I sent for the best instructors i' a' the gentle arts a leddie should learn, and ilka day I saw the dear blossom expan' under my ain e'en. Ye ken a father's is a partial e'e, but maugre that, I maun think the earth never held a cherub like mine Ettie. Gin ye hae seen a mornin' flower besprent wi' dew, sae were the e'en o' my little Ettie when a tale o' sorrow was tauld to her ear. Aften and aften has she sat on my knee, and I hae discoursit to her o' her dear mither, until the tears wad rin down her saft cheeks.

"Amang the tutors o' accomplishments that cam' to Max'ell holm to teach my Ettie, and make her fit to enjoy the sweets o' this life, was ane o' the name o' Burleigh Jacob Burleigh. He hadna mair than twenty years o'er his head, when he cam' wi' mony recommends to teach my Ettie to finger the spinet and harp. He was unco douce and gentle in his way, and soon workit himsel' in my good graces by his free carriage and witty clavers. Nae person made himsel' mair welcome to our table, and I lo'ed much to hear his rich voice while Ettie fingerit the harp. I found soon that he cam' too often. Ettie took mair lessons i' music than becam' a young leddie wha wad mak' hersel' glib i' the chart and lexicon. When Burleigh

was absent she wad sigh, and sometimes weep; and when he openit the door her e'en wad sparkle, and the bright red fly o'er her cheek. While I was present he taught her faithfully the gamut, the stops, and the *quivers;* but, the moment my back was turnit, the music ceasit, and I could hear a low gentle whisperin'. This wasna weel; I didna like it; besides, I hae seen them arm-in-arm under the arborage o' the auld elms; to be sure, they had music i' their han's; but I saw them look aince at the music and twice at ilk ither.

"I was ane day wanderin' by the gude auld hostelrie o' Max'ell arms, when the landleddie, a brousie auld wife, cam' out, and tappin' me on the shouther, beckonit me i' the tap-room.

"'I wouldna wound the feelin's o' a worm,' said she, 'muckle mair sae gude a mon as John Max'ell; but it isna mair than right that you should ken a' I do.'

"Sae sayin' she led me back o' the bar, and liftin' a dirty red curtain, pointit to the scene within. I there saw Jacob Burleigh playin' cards wi' Sandy Dribble, a puir shote o' Braemar; his e'en were red wi' anger and strong drink, his hair was brushit back; and reelin' about in his chair, he thumpit the table wi' his doublit fist, till the glasses rung again. I retirit, shockit wi' the sight, to my hame. Ettie had gane to bed.

"The next mornin' Burleigh sent word he couldna give Miss Max'ell her usual lesson, as he was confinit to his bed wi' an ague-fit. Ettie lookit dour enough. I took her on my knee, and in as gentle words as possible tauld her the scene o' the passit night, and o' my intention to dismiss Burleigh. When I had finishit I perceivit that Ettie had fainted i' my arms. I callit upon Judith loudly; she soon cam' in, and brought Ettie to life wi' sauts; and

having put her to bed, and left her in a gentle slumber, returnit again to her household wark.

"I immediately dispatchit a servant for Burleigh. He hadna gane ten steps frae the door afore he met Burleigh, on his way to my house. I was i' my study when Burleigh enterit.

"'You have sent for me, Mr. Maxwell,' said he, 'and your servant luckily encountered me on my way to see you. I suppose you have some 'auld rackie,' or some Aberdeen venison for me, to give my mind on; but the matter that I have in hand is of a more serious nature. I have long seen, taught, and loved your daughter Ettie; and, though I cannot boast of much gear, I come to offer her my hand and heart; to her I know it will be acceptable, and I hope equally so to you.'

"He very leisurely took a seat, tossit doun his hat, and coolly crossit his legs on anither chair. My blude boilit wi'in me.

"'Ye miscreant!' at length I cried, 'hae ye the impudence to propose your dirty han' to the daughter o' John Max'ell? What divil or what drink hae ye in your head, that ye wad dare to min'le your foul fiddlin' blude wi' mine?

"'I am sorry ye don't like my blood, Mr. Maxwell,' answered he, coolly smiling; 'but I did not know there was so great a difference between the son of a musician and the grand-daughter of a gunsmith.' (Here the reptile wad quiz the origin o' my lost Esther.) 'It is not well, however,' continued he, 'for a man to cavil with his father-in-law; you can make me as rich as you please, and I warrant I will scrape up a baronet or two among the Burleighs to match the Maxwells. You would not miss a few angels, old boy, to set up a worthy son-in-law, would ye?'

"My auld Adam were risin' i' my throat, but I stufflit it doun, and askit coolly, 'Where were ye last night?'

"He said he were seizit wi' an ague-fit, and was confinit to his bed. Noo my auld Adam burst forth.

"'Na, na, ye son o' a fiddler, ye gam'ler, ye drunkard; last night ye lost your honor, senses, and money to Sandie Dribble. Out wi' ye! gam'ler, drunkard, liar! and dinna darken my doors wi' the sight o' ye. My son-i'-law, forsooth! My son-i'-law! Out wi' ye.'

"Sae sayin', I collarit him, and thrust him out the door. After he was gane I felt muckle exhausted, and soothit mysel' into a gentle slum'er. On wakin' it was dark. I ca'ed Judith, and askit gin Ettie were in her cham'er. She noddit her head, and closit her e'en to si'nify that Ettie were asleep; for ye ken my auld Judith here is doom?"

"Dumb?" said I.

"Ay, sure; doom as a fish; and unco good reason to be silent. I said nae mair, but soon retirit to rest. The next mornin' I sat cosily by the fire readin' the Aberdeen Chronicle, while the warm bannocks were smokin' on the table. 'Gang and ca' Ettie,' said I; 'it is na aften she lags to the breek'ast. God grant she maunna be sick!' Judith went and returnit wi' her e'en and mou' wide open, while she pointit to the chamber o' Ettie. I rushit by her, and enterit the chamber. Nae Ettie were there. Every thin' was the same as tofore. The bed was na tum'lit. A few articles o' clothin' were missin' frae her wardrobe. I faintit awa', and lay mony minutes senseless; but the ready han' o' Judith restorit me to my senses. Ettie was gane. Where had she gane? Wi' whom had she gane?

"Aboot an hour after, a little ragged brat threw a soilit

paper i' the window, and ran awa' like a deer. I recognizit the han'writin' o' Ettie. It said,

"'I cannot see you again, beloved and only parent. I am married, and have been for a month. God forbid that I should bring sorrow on your gray hairs. Pray for me. Do not revile me. I am broken-hearted.

"'ESTHER BURLEIGH.'

"Nae trace could I find o 'em. Nae boat had passed Braemar after twal o'clock. Nae horses had been hirit i' the village. I ravit and stampit like a daft mon, and at last settlit doun into complete melancholy. I closit Max-'ell holm, and biddin' Braemar 'God speed,' wi' tears i' my e'en, I took wi' me my faithfu' Judith and her babie son (for Judith is a widow) and steerit for Edinbro'. Nae-thing could be tracit there; and for twa years or mair I were travellin' in England and the south o' Europe. My health waxit puirer and puirer. Ane night I arrivit in London, and to pass awa' the time, I went to the play-house. I were watchin' the playin' wi'out interest, when wha should appear on the stage as an underlin' but Bur-leigh? He was ca'ed Wilcox i' the playbill. I couldna mistake his strut and leer. My blude rushit to my head; but I soon coolit doun, and left the house. I set mysel' on a watch at the stage-door. It was not lang tofore Burleigh came out wi' twa or three companions. He was beastly drunk; and staggerit alang like a dreamin' mon. Puir, dear Ettie! whare was she? My heart was i' my mou'. I followit him cautiously. He soon leavit his boon companions, and went his way to a dark and dirty alley, where e'en the brisk night breeze couldna allay the nox-ious fumes. He soon turnit up a court-yard. He enterit a murky and sordit stairway, and on the secon' landing he enterit a room. I thocht I heard a moanin'. Soon after,

a meek voice (oh how that voice thrillit through me!) said, 'Jacob, is that you? I thought you would never return. Oh dear, dear! I am in great pain.'

"'Always grumbling, always grumbling; keep yourself contented—you might be worse off.'

"'True, too true; I deserve to be worse off. I have deserved all this, and more. I am patient. God forgive me.'

"'Patient! I should like to see the time that you are patient. How's the brat?'

"'He's alive and well. Sorry am I to say it. It were a mercy if he died.'

"'Here the voice became fainter and fainter, till it seemit as if prayin'. I could endure nae longer. I rushit in. 'Ettie!' exclaimed I, 'my ainly chiel', my dear Ettie!' Upon a squalid bed, coverit with a dank and patchit coverlet, laid a' that remainit o' my dear, my ain Ettie. She startit up at the sound o' my voice. Oh heaven! I couldna believe that the puir, meagre, wae-begone skeleton that reachit its arms towards me was Ettie. It had her e'en; how sunken and dimmit. It had her hair; but how mattit and witherit. I claspit her in my arms. She lookit up wi' a douce smile, while a bright tear stood in her e'en.

"'Father, do ye forgi'e me?'

"'Ay, Ettie, as I hope to be forgi'en.'

"She said nae mair, but wi' a look that would hae bribit angels, died i' my arms." (Here Maxwell threw himself back, and gave himself up to a convulsive flood of tears, I could not interrupt him.) He soon continued, "This was my greatest pang. I could hae lost the warld had the warld left me Ettie. She di'it. I hae to thank God for mony mercies. I winna repine for a' my troubles,

and ye ken weel how mony there are. My father, mither, Ettie, a' gane wi' the wife o' my bosom to a better earth than this.

"I never saw Burleigh mair. I heard he was imprisonit for some crime, and died i' prison. I had the body o' Ettie buried i' the graveyard o' Max'ell holm. That is a picture o' her ta'en after death. The painter has tryit to throw her douce expression into the face, but he hasna tauld a' its sweetness. The chiel' o' Ettie died on my way to America. I live here noo wi' nae person but Judith to keep me company. I am happy as a mon o' my miseries can be. I do muckle for the puir, and they thank me muckle in return. It were unkind indeed gin after all the blessin's Providence hae sparit, I couldna gie o' my superfluity to the starvin' children aroun' me. Ye hae heard an auld mon's tale. I hae weepit, but I hae weepit wi' satisfaction; for ye are amaist the only person wha has expressit onythin' like sympathy for me. I hear the step o' Judith i' the entry. It is dinner time. A'ways when ye hae nae better way to gar your time pass, drap in to see ane wha will a'ways mak' ye welcome."

After a sumptuous and substantial dinner, I bade "good-bye" to John Maxwell. My philosophy of the heels was entirely trodden down. I had augured wrong; and must now believe with the old shepherd, "Ye may mony and mony times think yersel' surrounded wi' happiness, when misery, bitin' misery is gnashin' at your hough."

V. U. V.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

BY MISS SARAH ROBERTS.

HERE I come—creeping—creeping everywhere ;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook ;
Creeping—creeping everywhere.

Here I come—creeping—creeping everywhere ;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
There where the children play
In the bright and sunny May,
I come creeping—silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come—creeping—creeping everywhere ;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling their busy part—
Silently creeping—creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping—creeping everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming,

For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come creeping—creeping everywhere.

Here I come—creeping—creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours,
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping—creeping everywhere.

Here I come—creeping—creeping everywhere,
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home,
Creeping—silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come—creeping—creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I'll raise
To him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping—silently creeping everywhere.

A WEDDING AT SCHOOL.

What a pity that a story—an old soldier's especially—should ever require a beginning! that it could not like some general actions—and those not the least important I have been engaged in—be irregularly brought on by a random shot from some unknown quarter, or some chance-medley sort of encounter between raw troops; and thus the hero, heroine, and all the *corps d'armée*, comfortably enveloped in one cloud of smoke—whether from powder or segars, signifies little—be brought at once into close quarters with each other and the readers.

Next to the chill discomfort of standing under arms for hours of gray twilight, waiting for an enemy, too wise or too wary to give you an opportunity of doing anything, is the nervous feeling of sitting on a rainy day, when nothing in earth or sky seems dry but one's own brain, with a formidable quire of paper drawn up before one, meditating a beginning to a tale.

I got over that part of my business, thank my stars, before I sat down; so now I have only to beg the reader to suppose me, first, a small urchin of an only boy; next, a roguish, unlucky school-boy, with just *nous* enough to keep him from being a dunce, and idleness in abundance to keep him from being a scholar; then a raw ensign, in love with nothing but his own coat and feathers; then, for a long period, a busy, war-worn soldier, with no leisure for any mistress but glory; and, lastly, for my story I promised, begins in the middle; a major of some four-and-thirty years' experience in the world, with a few scat-

tered gray hairs on his temples, and, for the first time in his life, leisure as well as inclination to be in love.

I suppose it was this very leisure and opportunity, that, with the usual waywardness of man, prevented my availing myself of either. I was quartered in a succession of gay, bustling towns, full of beauty and fashion, and all the *et ceteras* of the newspaper vocabulary. In vain I attended balls; nay, danced, though I confess neither with the spirit or good grace of an absolute volunteer, flirted—for what Irishman could live in an atmosphere of youth and beauty, without indulging in that species of lively chit-chat, which a good-natured world styles flirtation?—but it would not all do. I remained like a perfect salamander, if not unsinged, at least unconsumed; and began to fancy my heart had been changed, like the babes of an Irish nursery tale, by some fairy, and a cannon ball substituted in its place. Yet it went thump, thumping as usual when I saw any dashing affair in the gazette, and grew soft as a frosted potato when any old soldier's wife came whining with a story of distress; but in love I could not manage to be, and it was very provoking to one who literally had nothing else to do. Had the same favorable combination of circumstances occurred ten years sooner, there would, I dare say, have been no difficulty; but a man past thirty has his wits terribly about him; and, as the most fluent writer has sometimes all his ideas put to flight by the sound of the postman's bill; the sight of a stray gray hair, with its "now or never" memento, flurries a man too much to allow him to make up his mind.

I began to fancy myself a lieutenant-general on the staff, with no soul near me but a cross housekeeper, and a fifteenth cousin, deaf and blind, and with a mind narrowed to the compass of a regulation shoe-tie. I envied

every married man I saw; fancied all their shrews or dowdies, angels incarnate, and wondered why there were no such girls in the markets now.

My steeple-chase after a wife was interrupted, by receiving notice of my promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy in a regiment in the West Indies, and orders to join in a month, or six weeks at farthest. This obliged me to go immediately to London, and, happening to pass, on the day after my arrival, the fashionable school in —— Place, where my sister was a parlor-boarder, I could not—hurried as I was—resist calling, feeling that we might so soon be separated, probably for years.

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and received by one of the stately and somewhat awful ladies at the head of the establishment, whose portly figure and showy style of dress presented the utmost imaginable contrast with those of a fair, sylph-like young creature, in deep mourning, who sat drawing in the bow-window of the apartment.

There was something about this elegant, interesting creature which rivetted my attention in spite of myself. I felt half sorry she should be so very young—apparently not above seventeen—and ashamed to be so caught by one little beyond childhood. "There is no fool like an old fool!" thought I to myself. I have seen many prettier faces in my time, and why should I think twice about a school-girl?

I did think about her though—and look at her too; and as Miss T——, apparently from some scruple of propriety, in remaining *tête-à-tête* with a smart officer, evidently discouraged her efforts to escape, I had full leisure to gaze on the sweetest and most regular of profiles. Long, dark lashes, fringing a cheek, pale, but not wan; lips whose ex-

pression was that of one of Raphael's angels, and a lovely polished forehead, round which luxuriant auburn curls defied the confinement of a little cap, which I concluded she must wear from slight indisposition, and which, from contrast with her young, cherub face, only made her more interesting. Her black dress only enhanced the transparency of her skin, and the delicacy of her figure; in short, the *tout ensemble*, dress, figure, and face, were, in my opinion, perfect.

My sister, good girl, kept me waiting, as sisters will do—for she was quite unaware of our probable approaching separation—so that conversation between Miss T—— and I began to flag. I could not talk to her on the only subject I cared sixpence about, nor could she have answered me if I had—so not being able to speak *of* the young lady in the window, we spoke *to* her. Miss T—— asked me if I was fond of drawings, and I had no more hesitation in answering "yes" than if it had been true. Indeed, so it was, for I found myself suddenly inoculated with a passion for the fine arts, which prompted me to rise, and beg leave to admire more nearly, what had enchanted me at a distance. Whether this was the drawing or the artist, I was of course not bound to declare.

The subject was a pair of beautiful twin children, evidently from nature or memory, for she had no model before her. "Your brother and sister, I presume?" said I; "for you seem to have them completely in your mind's eye."

She sighed, as she answered, with a slight blush, "I am not so fortunate as to have either."

"Near relations, then, I am sure?" said I, trying to fancy a resemblance.

"Not relations," answered Miss T——, for her fair

pupil; "only connected—the children of a very dear friend."

The pencil trembled in the young painter's hand. She became so evidently uneasy and desirous to escape, that Miss T——'s prudery gave way to her good-nature; and softly saying, "My dear Mrs. Montolieu, will you be kind enough to hasten Miss Donovan? her brother's time is limited;" she opened the door and the beautiful vision vanished.

"My dear Mrs. Montolieu!" repeated I, mentally. "Did I hear aright? Mrs.! to this girl of sixteen—this girl with whom I was already half in love?" So, according to an inconceivable fatality, I was again doomed to find a paragon in a married woman—one, probably, left on account of extreme youth, and a husband's absence, to finish her imperfect education! Miss T—— read my ungovernable curiosity in my face, and was about to gratify it, when my sister entered; and the worthy governess, concluding I should be better pleased with Sophy's elucidations than her own, sailed majestically out of the room.

"Sophy, my dear girl," cried I, after our first hearty greeting, "who is that beautiful little creature, whom Miss T—— has absolutely petrified me by calling Mrs.? How came she to be a wife at her years, and left at school with her charms? Her husband is either much to be blamed, or pitied!"

"He is to be lamented, poor fellow!" said Sophy, looking very grave. "He is dead; and Alexina, at eighteen, has been nearly two years a widow." I could not, for my life even, pretend to be sorry, but I was shocked and sobered. There was something so very romantic and unusual in the whole affair, that if romance and mystery be the food of love—and a diet on which I think it thrives

marvellously—mine had wherewithal to make it grow like a mushroom. "A widow!" I exclaimed, mechanically, thinking whether the two cherub-children could by any possibility be her own. "A widow! then why does she live here?"

"For a very simple reason, brother John, that she has no other place of abode. Poor Alexina! hers is a strange yet soon-told history. She was placed here in infancy, by an eminent foreign merchant, who duly paid in the handsomest manner for her education, till about three years ago, on his sudden death, the disorder of his affairs put a stop to the supplies; nor among his papers could a trace be found of the history or connections of his *protégé*. That she was foreign was evident from her speaking only French when brought hither; but that France is not her country, is equally so, from her infant recollections, imperfect as they necessarily were at three years old."

"But her marriage?" said I, impatiently; "her widowhood?"

"It is a dismal thing, dear John, to have not a friend in the world—not even a brother to cling to—in a worse than orphan condition. I thought poor Alexina would have sunk under the sense of desolation, which, in spite of the kindness of Miss T——, preyed on her gentle heart and delicate feelings. She was apparently hastening into a decline, when an amiable girl, her favorite companion, invited her with an affectionate earnestness, on leaving school, to accompany her for the winter into Devonshire. This was not a proposal to be declined by one so forlorn and friendless; but had the poor, drooping lily foreseen the suffering that well-meant kindness was to entail on her, she would have shrunk from it with dismay. Her friend was all she could fondly wish; and her parents, though

cold, selfish, and unconciliating, were too fond of their indulged daughter, to blame, while they wondered at, her Quixotic affection for a nameless orphan.

"Health soon reanimated the poor girl's frame, and mantled on her blooming cheeks; and her beauty, whose bud had been chilled and repressed by incipient illness, expanded into rare perfection. The very harsh old people at Sidbury felt its influence, and grew kinder to the creature whom every body else loved and admired; and Alexina fancied herself too happy. Her friend Lucy, whose every feeling she shared with sisterly sympathy, was revelling in all the luxury of a permitted and requited attachment, and was erelong to be married to the object of her early affection, Captain Willoughby, a young but distinguished officer.

"The wedding would have wanted its dearest, as well as brightest ornament, had Alexina not remained to act the part of bridemaid. It received an unexpected guest in Lucy's only brother, an amiable and accomplished young man, whom parental jealousy and tyranny had driven to seek independence in India; but who, an early sufferer from its climate, had been reluctantly sent home, with a constitution severely shattered, but it was hoped not irremediably injured. His parents, softened by the helpless weakness of their only son, hailed his return with joy and kindness; and cheered by this reception, and invigorated by his native breeze, he seemed daily, though slowly, to recover.

"There was, perhaps, an unconscious balm in the smiles of Lucy's friend, which acted as a charm on his harassed spirits; for he uniformly revived under her presence, and drooped when she was out of his sight. You, Jack, who seem even now to have been fascinated by the faded relics of her dazzling beauty, need hardly be told how

soon or how deeply Edmund Montolieu loved. You know the world too—selfish, callous, mercenary as it is—and can fancy the indignant reception the avowal of his attachment met with from his ambitious parents. With the dignified frankness of one whom, by driving him from them, they had taught to act for himself, he calmly announced to them, before making the proposal, his unalterable determination to ask the hand of Alexina. Their unbridled and impolitic resentment drove the poor girl to seek refuge at her friend Lucy's—whose recent marriage afforded her a temporary home—and there it was long ere the united eloquence of love and friendship could prevail on this high-spirited—and I am confident, high-born—young creature to enter, not clandestinely indeed, but unsanctioned by parental authority, a family so undeserving of her.

"There were powerful motives to compliance. On the one hand, an amiable and disinterested lover, present competence at least, and future affluence; on the other, absolute destitution, or a home either the boon of charity, or purchased by the most cruel of sacrifices, that of quiet, leisure, and independence. How few at sixteen would long have hesitated? And yet Alexina did so—for, with all her gratitude and esteem for Edmund, she had no irresistible passion to blind her judgment—and it was only when, at the end of a long and alarming relapse of illness, even his unfeeling parents ungraciously consented to the match, that she yielded to such generous and persevering affection, and became surrounded by his barely civil relations, without one connection of her own to countenance the trembling interloper, the wife of the transported Edmund.

"The lovely, timid creature had scarce time to cling with all the devotedness of now genuine and unrepressed

attachment to the only being, save her Lucy, in all the glittering circle, who would not have repulsed her in disdain, when the fragile reed on which her young hopes rested, withered from beneath her grasp! Exhausted by conflicting emotions, and long an unsuspected prey to that disease of the heart which suddenly arrests the springs of life, and freezes in a moment the fount of consciousness and joy, Edward Montolieu was carried from the altar to the grave! and that sumptuous wedding-feast, which empty state and hollow congratulation had provided, was untasted but by the sorrowing poor, who viewed in awe-struck silence the ominous dole.

"The poor young widow felt like one whose frame and faculties a thunderbolt has nearly annihilated, and when the first few days of speechless woe were past, the unfeeling parents, like too many smarting under the reproaches of conscience, instead of deploring the harsh severity which had first expatriated and then harassed their son, sought to transfer the cause of his early death to a passion which, had it been less thwarted, might perhaps have prolonged his feeble existence.

"Poor Alexina, with the generosity and recklessness of youth, had instructed Edmund not to irritate his parents by urging any settlements on one so utterly portionless; to which he at length consented, more from the impression of its being an unavailing effort, than from an acquiescence in her disinterested prayers. She was, therefore, on his death, with the exception of a small sum left by him in India, wholly unprovided for; and it was a destitution in which she could almost at first rejoice; since all other connection between them seeming likely to expire with her poor husband, it would have been bitter indeed to owe to his proud relations an extorted provision, to

which they might think a couple of hours' union with their heir but an insufficient title.

"Lucy's unvarying sympathy and affection was again her first resource; but the regiment of Captain Willoughby being under orders for the West Indies, Alexina, feeling that her longer residence might estrange her friend from her bereaved parents, and prevent her passing under their roof her last months in England, steadily insisted on returning to the protection of her maternal friend, Miss T——. From her she experienced such a reception as her strong claims on esteem and compassion ensured; and while the young widow imagined that her slender pittance might prevent her from being a burthen to her governess, she forebore, out of respect for the prejudices of her husband's family, as well as from the hopeless languor of sorrow, attempting to exercise her own talents in that line. But 'woes,' says the poet, 'love a train!' and there came accounts from India of the wreck of her little all, in one of those extensive failures so common in the East; and Alexina, now as penniless as before her inauspicious marriage, insisted on testifying at once her gratitude and independence, by devoting to Miss T——'s assistance the talents she owed to her care."

"And the children?" asked I, awaking on the cessation of Sophy's narrative from the deep reverie into which its strange tenor had thrown me.

"The children are Lucy's—born just before her quitting England, and resigned, with all the deep reluctance of a young and sorely divided heart, to the care of a sister of her husband's—the voyage, the climate, and their tender age, presenting insuperable obstacles to their going out to Barbadoes."

"I am under orders for Barbadoes myself," exclaimed I,

"my dear Sophy! I quite forgot to tell you that it was this which brought me here to-day. I have got a lieutenant-colonelcy in a regiment stationed there—probably Captain Willoughby's—and must join in the course of a month or six weeks. But," added I, scarce noticing poor Sophy's blank looks and exclamations about yellow fever, "I must really see something more of your fair friend; how shall I manage it? Could not I offer to carry out the picture of the children and letters to their parents? A capital thought! But then this would hardly entitle me to call more than once, just at the last, to get my dispatches—and at a school too—really, Sophy, these Protestant nunneries of yours are almost as difficult of access as foreign ones."

"But," said Sophy, after a moment's thought, "the picture is very far from being finished; and the little creatures cannot come here to sit, for they are only recovering from the whooping-cough. Suppose I should advise Mrs. Montolieu to go and stay a few days in Baker street, where she is a great favorite, to finish her drawing comfortably? You might go there in the character of Willoughby's new colonel, without much suspicion."

"Blessings on you for the thought, my dear Sophy!" exclaimed I; "for invention, one school-girl is worth a score of field-officers. Do get this accomplished, and I will put you down in my book for the best husband in my own regiment, or any ten in the service!" So saying, I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran off to the war-office.

The move was dextrously and unsuspiciously effected. The widow's anxiety to send her Lucy a faithful portrait of her dear babes, nearly equalled mine to see more of the fair artist; and, under cover of a proper introduction to the amiable sister of Captain Willoughby, and her good hon-

est fellow of a husband, I spent more than one whole day, and various precious mornings, in Baker street. At first I was to the whole family only Frank's new colonel, a very stupid, good sort of a man, who talked little, and ate less, and seemed famous for nothing but fondness for children and drawings.

The lovely widow exerted herself to bespeak my friendship and good-will for the absent objects of her affection; and I was half pleased, half mortified, to observe with what unsuspecting *bonhomie* she laid herself out to entertain me. It was chiefly, of course, by speaking of Lucy and her husband, and it was with a warmth and sincerity of devotion which made me transfer to brothers and sisters-in-law my former envy and uncharitableness towards married men.

In about three weeks, during which I put to the full test the hospitality of my new friends, I began to perceive, on my entrance, a slight suppressed smile on their good-humored faces, and an increase of pensive gravity on that of their fair guest. The picture was quite finished, and I received unequivocal hints that it and the letters now only awaited my farewell visit. In a couple of days Alexina was to retire to her nunnery, and as she now studiously avoided our earlier *tête-à-tête*, I had no resource but to write her a letter, explaining the state of my heart, and urging the soldier's plea of necessity for my precipitation, and requesting to be permitted to receive my answer in person on the morrow. I cannot pretend to remember what was in the letter; I only know that the paper was not gilt, and the lines by no means particularly even.

On the following morning I sallied from my hotel, far earlier than decency warranted for paying a visit in Baker

street; so I determined to divert the intolerable suspense by transacting some business about Charing Cross. This occupied me so much longer than I expected, that I was flying in all the agonies of impatience along the Haymarket; when I ran against a young lieutenant of my late regiment, a very fine lad, for whom I had always had a very great fancy, and who, being equally partial to me, had, I knew, been using every exertion to raise the needful, to purchase a step in the regiment I was now about to command.

"Percival, my dear fellow," said I, "how goes it? I have not a moment to spare—urgent business, a thousand miles off, at the very west end of the town." I saw his countenance fall, poor lad, and could not help observing he looked pale and vexed. "Is anything the matter, Henry?" asked I, still in a great hurry.

"Oh, not much, colonel," said he; "I see you are in haste—only—only"— and here he hesitated.

"Speak out, Harry, do; there's a good fellow."

"Only some little difficulty, then, about the money for my step. I fear I shall not be able to get out with you"—

"Oh! is that all? Come to me to-morrow about it, and I will see what can be done."

"But," said the young man, modestly, "the money should have been lodged some days ago, and Greenwood says he can wait no longer."

I looked at the lad, and saw his whole soul was in the affair; and thinking my suit would not prosper the less for lending him a lift, I performed one of the few actions I call heroic; and turning back with the best grace I could muster, put my arm in his, and went into Drummond's.

While I was waiting to speak to one of the partners

about an immediate advance of the needful to poor Harry, I saw a clerk twisting in every possible light, and trying to decipher, one of those nondescript foreign letters, which are to well-grown, well-folded English ones what misshapen dwarfs are to men. This one was as broad as it was long, and had its hump-back all covered with characters which might have been Runic inscriptions, for any resemblance they bore to a Christian A, B, C. The man, seeing a curious idler lounging near him in a military surtout, handed it up to me, saying, "Perhaps, sir, you might be able, from your knowledge of foreign hands, to throw some light on this direction." There was an outer envelope, on which might be plainly enough read, in a cramped *chevaux de frise*-like French hand, this somewhat primitive address: "A Monsieur Drummond, Banquier tres rénommé, a Londres." So far all was well; and the renowned banker being about as well known in London as Dr. Boerhaave in the world, both letters had found their appointed destination. But within the envelope was a sealed billet, scribbled all over, as aforesaid, with characters which from their dissimilarity to any European scrawl I had ever seen, I immediately set down for Tartar hieroglyphics from Russia—which mighty empire having pertinaciously retained a *style* of its own, chooses to have an alphabet also.

The *words* expressed by these hyperborean symbols, I began to perceive were French; and gathering erudition as I proceeded, like many a sage decipherer, I distinctly traced, "A son Excellence Mademoiselle"—but beyond this rather anomalous union of titles, all was involved in the hopeless darkness that attends guessers at proper names. I had lately, however, seen some Russian coins, bought by a brother-officer of a French soldier returned

from Moscow, and the characters composing the word "Alexander" happened to be fresh in my memory. With this clue I put together pot-hook after pot-hook; and found, with no small emotion, the result to be Alexina! The name might be, nay was, a common one in Russia, especially of late years; yet I could not spell and put it together without feeling a revulsion in my whole frame, and as if it could belong but to one being in the world. How did I labor to apply my scanty stock of Russian lore to this unspeakably important surname which succeeded! But in vain. That it began with F was all I could satisfactorily ascertain; but the clerk and I, between us, were enabled, by his naming over various eminent Russian merchants, to hazard a shrewd guess at the one to whose care the inner letter had been so mystically addressed.

This gentleman, the clerk told me, was no more, and had died deeply involved in circumstances, exactly coinciding with Sophy's account of Alexina's guardian. The case now became terribly critical, and I was just about to suggest what I knew on the subject, when a partner came in, accompanied by a feeble, tottering old man, with the air of one of those respectable, almost dignified-looking valets, or maîtres d'hotel, belonging to the old *régime;* his hair queued and powdered, and his dress scrupulously adhering to a fashion unknown in England for the last half century.

"Mr. B——," said the banker, addressing himself to the clerk, "has anything been made out about that letter which came some weeks ago from abroad? This person is just arrived in England, and looks to us for a clue to discover a young lady to whom, he says, his previous letter was addressed."

"Sir," said the clerk, in some confusion, "the letter

was unfortunately laid aside till this morning, when, with the assistance of this gentleman, I have just succeeded in ascertaining the name of the house to whose care the billet is addressed. It is to be feared, however, that this will not greatly advance matters, as Mr. Livingstone, you are aware, died some years ago, and his establishment is entirely broken up."

"That is very unlucky," said the banker to the clerk; while the old man, only gathering from the blank looks of both a result unfavorable to his hopes, cast up his eyes to Heaven, with an affecting mixture of sorrow and resignation. "My poor master!" ejaculated he in French, and turned away to hide a tear.

"But, sir," said the clerk, "we have made out the young lady's Christian name, and this gentleman seems to think"—

"And is the surname all that puzzles you?" asked Mr. D——; "surely that can be at once supplied by this good old man."

The question was put in French, and promptly answered: "Fedoroff, only daughter of my master, Count Fedoroff and an English lady, his late wife."

What a revolution did these few words make in my relative situation with Alexina! I felt as if all was forever at an end between us; but, I hope, not the less disposed to forward the inquiries of a sorrowing parent, and restore her to his arms. I briefly, and am sure very incoherently, stated what I knew of her history and residence; and while the transported old steward flew on the wings of duty and affection to cheer his master's heart with the tidings, I set off, summoning all the courage and disinterestedness I could muster, to prepare the mind of his daughter for so overwhelming a discovery—to build up, I

feared, on the ruins of my own baseless fabric of happiness the superstructure of hers.

This daughter, the long-lost and wept-for heiress of Count Fedoroff, to marry a moderately endowed English soldier! to go to the West Indies, or elsewhere, and as the old song has it, "lie in a barrack!" Impossible! Once I was selfish enough to wish the knot had been already tied, but I was soon myself again, and could rejoice that no answer had yet, in any degree, committed her to unite her fate with mine; and, on the word of an honest man, by the time I knocked at the door in Baker street, I felt only the delight of conferring happiness, where I had so fondly anticipated receiving it.

My air of conscious exultation, when first ushered into the room, where sat Alexina with her friend, Mrs. F——, must, I am sure, have appeared to the last degree coxcomical and absurd. It soon gave place to more selfish and bitter feelings, on beholding again, and with no symptoms of severity on her lovely countenance, the creature I was about tacitly to relinquish for life. Mrs. F—— rose to leave the room; and, though fearful the emotion I should excite might render her presence desirable, I could not, for the life of me, interfere to detain her.

"I fear, Mrs. Montolieu," said I, in great agitation, "I am much later than you might justly have had reason to expect, but the business which detained me was of a nature"—

"Oh, no apology is necessary, Colonel Donovan," said she, with the unaffected modesty and gentleness which characterized her whole deportment. "I must have little confidence indeed in the flattering sentiments expressed in your letter of yesterday, to suppose you would voluntarily defer ascertaining mine. I can only assure you"—

"Assure me of nothing, my dear madam," interrupted I, "if you would have me keep my senses, and go through my duty as a man of honor should do. Forget that anything has passed between us—that I ever had the presumption to aspire to your hand."

I really believe this humble, long-depressed child of misfortune thought me suddenly deranged, so like bitter mockery did my expressions appear.

"I am not mad, indeed," said I, reading her thoughts, "though I have had much to make me so this morning; but only the bewildered herald of a very astonishing, and, let me add, delightful discovery relative to yourself."

"To me!" she repeated, with an accent of unbounded surprise. "I thought, till yesterday, nothing could occur to break the tenor of my monotonous existence." Here a soft blush tinged her pale cheek; and it went to my very heart to see that the sweet soul was mortified by my want of curiosity to know how she had felt yesterday, and was feeling to-day.

"Alexina!" said I, for the first time in my life feeling the brotherly right so to call her; "if I could avail myself of your unsuspecting innocence, I should be a villain. Yesterday you thought yourself, and I thought you, alone in the world; and on that supposition, what we might both have done is now as if it had never been. You are no longer—thanks be to a merciful Providence!—a friendless orphan. You have a father, the sole comfort of whose declining age is the vague, and till this day almost relinquished hope, of folding you once more in his arms."

She grew very pale—trembled violently, but, to my infinite relief, did not faint quite away. There was water on the table beside her drawings; I sprinkled some of it

on her face, and she soon revived; for the swoon of joy carries its own cordial with it.

When the pious effusions of a full heart to the Father of the fatherless had given place to less sacred emotions, her first words were: "You will assist me in making up to this dear father, for our long, long separation, will you not? But perhaps," added she, more gravely, the pride of woman taking alarm at my continued silence, "perhaps there is something in my father's character and circumstances which may have produced a change in your intentions. If so"—and her blush was no longer one of conscious timidity.

"There is, indeed, everything in your father's situation to make me retract my rash proposal of yesterday. When it was made, I felt a lover's exquisite sympathy for beauty in misfortune, and a pride in placing competence at least within her reach. You are the daughter and heiress of a proud Russian noble; and Jack Donovan has only to say, 'God bless you both together!' and try to forget his short dream of happiness amid a life of duty and vicissitude."

"I too have duties, Colonel Donovan," answered she, her calm serenity not in the least impaired by the brilliant prospect I had set before her; "that, to my father, I trust I shall never forget; and oh, what delightful arrears of love I shall have to bestow on—I fear from your sad silence—my sole remaining parent! But circumstances, melancholy enough, Heaven knows! have given me early independence; and I should deserve to be spurned by my new-found parent, could his rank or fortune for one moment make me forget your conduct when I had neither. Read that note, which, in distrust of my nerves for a personal interview, I wrote last night, to be delivered to you

this morning. The sentiments it contains might have gathered added strength and energy from what I have now heard of our relative position; but I wish you to see them as they emanated from the unconscious fullness of a grateful heart. Take them as my unalterable answer. Were my father capable of sacrificing his child's honor and happiness to pride or ambition, I might tearfully request you to lend her to him for the remnant of a closing existence; but it would be to return, strengthened by filial duty, to other and perhaps dearer ties. Donovan, I am yours irrevocably—bear me witness, my vows are sealed before their confirmation can possibly expose me to the charge of disobedience."

I had only time for incoherent expressions of admiration for this noble girl, and resolution to abide by her father's determination; when, as I had arranged with Nicolai, the old steward, a carriage drove up to the door, out of which I saw him step first, and proffer his assistance to a fine, noble-looking wreck of a man, who, enfeebled by infirmity and emotion, could scarcely ascend the staircase. I went to detain him a moment below, while I, in two words, explained the matter to Mrs. F—— and to my sister Sophy, who, burning to know the result of my proposals, had invited herself to pass the day in Baker street.

Their sudden acquaintance with these delightful tidings gave to both of them an appearance of such equal agitation with their fair friend, that nothing short of parental instinct could have enabled him to distinguish her. When the fine old man entered, his white hair flowing on either side of his woe-worn countenance, all involuntarily rose. He seemed bewildered by the presence of so many females, and in danger of sinking under the scene. Sophy, who happened to be nearest the door, having made a

hasty movement to save him from falling, he gazed, for a moment, steadfastly in her face, then shook his head, and, pushing her not ungently aside, made another step or two forward. It was to receive in his arms and heart his own Alexina, whom, in the first transports of recognition, he called by the name of her long-lost English mother. We left the parent and child to their own unutterable emotions, and indemnified ourselves by sharing the transports of old Nicolai, who, after kissing with passionate devotion the hand of his master's daughter, withdrew, and gave us the details of their long separation and its cause.

They were much too long and complicated to be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that the capricious tyranny of Paul, and his wayward antipathy to everything even remotely connected with England, involved Count Fedoroff in sudden and apparently hopeless disgrace, and a banishment to Siberia ; amid the first shock of which the unfortunate mother, before accompanying her husband, embraced with avidity the opportunity afforded by the hurried flight of her countrymen from St. Petersburgh, to send her only child, a puny, tender infant, wholly unfit for the horror of a Siberian journey, to seek an asylum in England. An ample supply of money and jewels, sufficient to defray her education for years, accompanied the infant; but as the whole transaction—the affair of a few brief, feverish moments of maternal alarm—was conducted by Madame Fedoroff after her husband's arrest, and while deprived of communication with him, the distressing circumstances of their reunion prevented his being immediately informed of the name of the merchant to whom his child was to be consigned; and before he aroused himself to make the alas! indispensable inquiry, his poor wife's reason had given way under the united evils of exile and bereave-

ment. For years after his recall from banishment, did Count Federoff wander with his harmless and interesting maniac, in vain quest alike of restoring intellect and tidings of their child. Not the slightest clue or trace could ever be elicited from the poor countess, till, on her deathbed, a few months ago, she had, in such a lucid interval as frequently precedes dissolution, distinctly pronounced in the hearing of Nicolai, the name of Livingstone, connecting it, though incoherently, with that of Alexina.

The judicious old man, fearing to raise, on such slender ground, false hopes in his aged and grief-worn master, wrote, without communicating his intentions to any one, the mysterious billet which it was my fate to decipher; but, after waiting for some time its result, in intolerable suspense, he heard, with delight, the poor Count resolve on a voyage to England, and felt renewed hope in the purpose of personal investigations.

Their result has been already mentioned, and it only remains for me to tell, in a few words, the brief sequel of my soldier's tale. Count Fedoroff had seen too much of the power of sorrow to rob the eye of meaning, and the cheek of bloom, to allow its worm to prey twice upon a daughter' heart. Had a peasant gained her affections in her days of friendless obscurity, I verily believe the chastened spirit of the good old man would have hailed him with grateful approbation. He was not, therefore, disposed to exclude from his heart a soldier of ancient family and unblemished reputation. When I next saw Alexina's letter of acceptance, which, precious as it was, I had insisted on replacing, before her father's entrance, in her almost insensible hand, it bore, in addition to her dear signature, the trembling ratification of a parent.

What a contrast between Alexina's former nuptials, with

their extorted consent and half reluctant celebration, their "cold marriage tables" and "funeral-baked" meats, so strangely interwoven, and our blissful union some months after, surrounded by friends, purchased and endeared by years of dignified suffering!

There was the old Count, his frame invigorated, and his affections renovated; his faithful domestic, reflecting his master's every feeling, and partaking his every joy; F—— and his kind-hearted wife, my darling Sophy, and last, not least, Lucy and her husband; for, as the picture could no longer go to the West Indies, at least under my auspices, the mountain came to Mahomet. I managed Harry Percival's exchange into Willoughby's place, and while he was wooing and winning his West India flame, while "all Barbadoes' bells did ring," those of St. George's, Hanover Square, rung out their merriest peals, in honor of Jack Donovan and his little Russian widow.

Count Fedoroff ended his life in Britain; and his daughter made with the nearest male heir an arrangement, by which she exchanged slaves and snow at the Pole for cash and comfort in England.

WINTER.

BY MRS. E. P. H.

Still here? old Winter! thou tarriest long
In this hill-girt valley of ours;
And dost frighten away all the birds of song,
And retard the early flowers.
Thy cold, pale smile, and thy chilling breath
Have stiffened each purling rill;
Each roof is decked with an icy wreath;
Yet Winter! we like thee still.

Thy merry bells and sounds of mirth,
Of frolic, and noise, and glee;
Thy bright fires on the cheerful hearth,
All have their charms for me.
And when thy shrill voice is heard in the blast,
And the sleet and snow-flakes come,
We list to the storm as it circles past,
And prize our own dear home.

Thy locks are white, old Frost-king, now;
The morning dews are congealed,
And glitter like gems above thy brow,
And thy beauty is all revealed.
But tread not too near the green robe of Spring,
Or thy purity will decay;
And her sunny smiles fresh joys will bring,
When thou shalt have passed away.

Winter Recollections.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

PROSPECT HILL.

BY THE EDITRESS.

When age, with its chill pulsations, is creeping over the spirit that was once warm and buoyant; or when the heart, though young in years, has been estranged from the pleasures of earth, and the sad countenance tells of inward suffering; when we dare not think of the present, or anticipate the future; it is natural, if not beneficial, at such seasons, to turn to memory's bright pages, and visit in imagination those spots to which we have been most endeared in by-gone days. For a while, the mind luxuriates in temporary forgetfulness of the sad change; we breathe again the same pure atmosphere; see the same smiling faces; recognize the lofty trees whose verdant branches afforded a charming retirement; and even the little floweret, almost unheeded, yields its fragrance. One of those charming places is now before my mind's eye.

A few paces out of one of those large cities which border upon the majestic Hudson, is an eminence known to those who reside in that vicinity by the name of "Prospect Hill." And well indeed it deserves that name; for a spectator from its summit may behold a part of five States in the distance; while nearer, the dense city, with its domes and spires, may be seen at a glance; and the noble river, bearing gallant barks upon its bosom, resembles a broad white ribbon, till, with a sudden bend behind the mountain, it disappears from view. The habitations

of numerous wealthy and respectable Dutch inhabitants are scattered upon the east and south sides; and, save near the top, the hill is covered with beautiful and venerable trees, among which the cedar is eminently conspicuous. I speak of it as it *was*, when with youthful friends I ascended it to behold the first rays of the morning sun, as he appeared in splendor above the horizon. Time may have laid his rude hand upon it since, and despoiled it of its native wildness and romantic beauty; but methinks it should have been sacred, and *man* should not impiously have sought to improve that which the Creator had so nicely finished. When I last visited it, after an absence of some years, it was in company with several beloved relatives and friends, who gazed upon the charming prospect with enthusiastic delight, but most of whom are now taking their last earthly sleep within the precincts of the cold tomb. Even then the hand of the spoiler had commenced his depredations, and threatened to level the fine forest trees to the ground. No wonder that the poor red man, after being driven from his wild home by an insatiate rival, weeps at the change, when by stealth he revisits the scenes of his childhood. The wigwam is gone; *that* might be rebuilt; but the thick grove where he had chased the wild deer from his retreat—the luxuriant vine, beneath which he had received the love-pledge of his dark-eyed maid—and even the hallowed oak, which marked the rude grave of his chieftain father, and the wild rose, whose branches overspread the last resting-place of his queenly mother—all, all have disappeared before the axe of the white man. He gazes on the scene of such fearful desolation; wipes the unbidden tear, which may not be seen except by the Great Spirit; and silently, but with speed, retraces his footsteps to the far West, to await renewed pursuit. Hu-

manity must sympathize with the persecuted Indians; though their skins are tinged with a deeper, richer hue than ours, they may not be inferior in the scale of existence, if afforded opportunities to cultivate those talents and fine feelings which it is evident they possess.

Long before the popular seminary, which stands in dignified retirement upon the northern side of Prospect Hill, was erected, Moreena, the bright "Morning Star" of her tribe, glided fearlessly about her father's wigwam, near that lovely spot, or paddled her light canoe upon the glassy surface of the Hudson. The countenance of her sire was at times dark and terrible, for the pale-faces had already trespassed upon his wild domains; and three miles eastward had cleared a few acres and constructed two dwellings, after their own fashion. Yet the features of Wish-la-ya were not always repulsive. When caressed by the playful Moreena, or gazing upon his bosom companion, the gentle Soonsetah, his eye beamed with love and tenderness, and their home was the seat of domestic felicity.

One day, while the mother and daughter were employed in weaving gay-colored quills in fanciful figures upon moccasins, to trade with their intruding neighbors, the former, anxiously scanning her companion's countenance, said—

"Why wears my daughter the sad face of the warrior-chieftain? Cannot Soonsetah, the 'Sunny Eye,' light her to happiness?"

"Moreena loves her mother, but"—

"Ha! has the young Mohawk turned from the Morning Star, and left her in loneliness to sigh in the hut of Wish-la-ya?"

"Monadnoc is good; his dark eye looks on me with af-

fection. In war he is terrible, but not so when he smokes the calumet of peace, or lays the panther at thy daughter's feet."

Then taking from its hiding-place a splendid broach, and giving it to her mother, she informed her that on the previous day, while pursuing the gold-fish in her birch canoe, and gathering the pond-lilies which grew in profusion, two white men appeared on the bank, one of whom accosted her rudely, but the other—whom she had met before—in silver tones asked her acceptance of the brilliant ornament, and desired her to remember that all the white men were not her enemies; and promised if she would forsake her native wilds to unite with civilized society, he would insure her happiness.

The countenance of the mother fell.

"Would the pale-face deprive us of *thee* too, my beloved? Is it not enough that he take our hunting-grounds and destroy our warriors? Sad will be the home of Wish-la-ya and Soonsetah if the Morning Star shine not in their dwelling."

"She will not leave thee, my mother! The Sunny Eye and the Morning Star shall make light the dwelling of the chief, and he shall be happy. Soon the brave Monadnoc will join us; he shall counsel Moreena about the gift of the white man."

At this moment the father entered, bearing upon his shoulders a fine deer, which he had just killed; and having thrown it down he seated himself in a dark corner, as wont to do when his heart was oppressed. For a long time not a word was uttered, for the other inmates felt that there was a fearful struggle in the breast of the red man. At length Soonsetah timidly asked—

"Is Wish-la-ya wearied from the chase? Let him re-

pose on this soft buffalo skin, dressed with fresh flowers, and we will watch his slumbers."

No reply.

"Has my father no smile for Moreena?" asked his daughter, gently putting her arms about his neck.

"Alas, my child! they would take thee from me. The fierce hawk would take the gentle dove to his nest, and devour her. Ask me no more."

The cause of the Indian's grief may be explained. In his hunting excursion he had encountered young Roe, the giver of the broach, who, charmed with the beauty of the dark maid, asked her in marriage of the stern father. He replied:

"Can the pale-face love her as her kindred do? Can he defend her when the war-whoop sounds through the forest, and when the enemy is near? Or when the catamount leaps from his lair, will he tear it asunder for her safety? No; his blood is white; his heart weak; let him choose a maiden from his own nation. Moreena stays with her tribe till she is given to the red chieftain."

After much had been said, it was decided that when the next sun had attained the meridian, each accompanied by a friend, should try his skill with his own weapon, and stand as a mark for the other. If Wish-la-ya was wounded, Roe was to claim the hand of his daughter; should the reverse prove the case, the offer was never to be renewed.

Long and lonely was that night spent in silent anguish by the trio. At length the day dawned, and Moreena, unobserved, departed to ascend the hill, and enjoy the balmy fragrance of the morning air. Glowing in native beauty, her glossy black hair parted above the forehead and falling gracefully upon her shoulders, bound only by

a wreath of evergreens and beads tastefully entwined, which had been placed there the day before; her dress simple, displaying her arms, which were ornamented with beads of divers colors; she stood forth a fine subject for the artist.

"Why lingers Monadnoc? has he sounded the war-whoop, and gone forth with the tomahawk? The moon has waxed and waned, yet he comes not."

"Is the bright Morning Star already here, to shine upon the tired warrior?" and the youth was in an instant before her, and his offerings at her feet. "Monadnoc offers his gifts; will the daughter of the Sunny Eye accept them? He comes to win his bride. Will Moreena leave the home of her father, and sit in the wigwam of her husband, where the vine grows over it, and the purple clusters are seen among the thick leaves?"

The reddening cheek and downcast eye gave assent, clearly as the words in return. But why listen to the tale of love, or pry into the secrets of the heart?

Before they parted, the young chief, stretching his arms toward the extended prospect, said, "Seest thou, my love, the wide hunting-grounds of the red man, far as the eye can look? The time will be when the pale-face shall call it all his own, and no foot-place shall be found for the poor Indian; but Hobomok, who dwells beyond the great waters, shall take the good red man home to his green fields, where the tomahawk shall be buried deep; and he shall smoke with the Great Spirit."

Prophetic words! Short was the period before they were fulfilled.

The hour arrived when the prowess of men was to decide the destiny of the innocent Indian girl. They met; the signal was given; an arrow from the trusty bow

winged its way to the heart of the unfortunate young Englishman, at the same moment that a ball from his fusee was directed to the Indian chief. Soonsetah, rushing forward to save her husband, received the fatal charge, and, in an instant, the Sunny Eye was closed forever! Let us drop a curtain over the scene.

Wish-la-ya buried his preserver beneath the branches of a young elm, a short distance from his now dark dwelling; and accompanied by his daughter and the young chief, wandered West, where the white man's axe was not heard.

Though the same place be still used as a sacred receptacle for the dead by the present inhabitants of the soil, yet the lone elm, which was spared many years for its beauty, is no longer found; and the bones which rested beneath it have long since mouldered into kindred dust. Perhaps persons residing in that vicinity may have observed, at certain seasons of the year, a thick mist rising from the earth in that burial-place, and gradually condensing, till, with a little aid from fancy, the form of a tall female is seen, with outstretched arms, which soon expands and is dissipated in air. A superstitious mind might suppose it to be the spirit of Soonsetah, rising to declare vengeance against the persecutors of her race.

Such are the changes of this world. A few short years and Prospect Hill will have lost its present beauty, and our nation, like that of the aborigines, shall be known no more.

BURIAL OF THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY MRS. E. A. CURTISS HULCE.

Come, list! I'll tell thee of a burial scene;
'Tis an old tale thou'lt say—for life is dark,
And earth hath many mourners; fold the screen
Close o'er the burdened heart; they may not mark
Who at the revel speed in pleasure-freighted bark.

She died in youth; ah, many thus do die!
Her smooth brown hair, like hue where sunlight lingers,
Low o'er her temples fell, and a blue eye
Soft as for angels made, death's icy fingers
Sealed the star-hope of home, the all-caressed,
The soul-illumined face, a lip that ever blessed.

Death came with stealthy pace, with rose-leaf wreathed;
See'st thou yon river's sheen, in laurel sheathed?
(Brother, thou know'st it well—that mountain strand
Clasping the streams wild edge, with lofty band;)
One lustrous autumn since, there did we guide
Yon mould'ring skiff, wont o'er its blue to glide,
And on the forest's many-colored brow
Forth then she gazed where I am gazing now.
Leaves rainbow-hued strewn o'er the pathway lie,
Oh what a gorgeous shroud the earth puts on to die!

My wonted walks bring back her gentle glee;
My daily paths must spirit-tokens be;
Oh, sister of my soul, could I have died for thee!

She died—afar they bore her to her home;
Through the long day the black-veiled hearse moved on
Solemn and slow, nor do they greeting come
With crowded long array, as oft is done
When pomp and state are sepulchred; that band
Wend silent up the vale to their own hearthside's land.

A low white cottage, and a silver lake
Blue glistening thro' green leaves and care-reared flowers,
And misty hills just on the vision break,
While near a mount, with a rich forest towers;
And peasant, neighbor, friend, gathered at day's last light,
Faces that feign not grief, bent o'er the hearse that night.

Thus was borne back, begirt with tear and pall,
One who went forth some waning moons ago
With hope: Death wore his loveliest look, but all
Too deep the holy calm for aught below;
A solemn beauty, and too hushed for sleep,
That chills the gazer's veins, but makes him weep.
Thenceforth that home grief's shadow resteth o'er,
To wake to that glad step—ah, never more!
Stilled now that heart-toned voice, that through the strife,
The dubious struggle of disease with life,
With whispered cadence in the last damp chill
Lent to o'erwatching love a radiance still,
And 'mid the faintness of life's ebbing sand,
Her low-breathed murmur of the happier land:
A funeral torch, that crimson, fearful glow,

Death's omen, burning on a face of snow;
Lighting the downward steps that to his dwelling go!
Hence she went forth when summer blossoms die,
With lightly said farewell, yet lingering eye;
They bore her back when bird-songs filled the day,
And o'er her piled the sod with the young buds of May.

I stood beside the grave, the rain-drops fell
On the fresh opened turf heavy and fast,
And on the bier a few crushed flowerets tell
Of her within; the first light earth o'ercast
They pause, solemn the priest said o'er the "dust to dust,"
And thus they gave to earth the beauteous one in trust.

And then those mourners parted; white-haired sire,
Brother and sister, mother, sorrow-stricken,
One to her mountain-home; and all aspire
More humbly now to tread the path to heaven;
Ah, blest—if there they meet, all wayward sin forgiven.

A TALE OF THE WOODS.

BY W. G.

> "Each lonely spot was hallowed then—the oak,
> That o'er the village altar hung, would tell
> Strange hidden things; the old remembered well,
> How from its gloom a spirit often spoke."—*Percival.*

To the mind disposed to be contemplative, there is something extremely fascinating in the silence of nature—the deep, sweet, and unbroken repose of creation. There are some individuals who cannot enjoy existence unless it is passed amidst the crowded streets and never-ceasing din and bustle of the city. Frightened at themselves, they shun thought, and spend their days in a state of feverish and continued excitement, without ever enjoying the pleasure which a spring in the country affords—a pleasure which seems to proceed directly from the hand of Him who bestowed existence. With great truth it has been remarked, that man is the creature of circumstances; and while we cling with fond delight to the spot that gave us birth, and remember with undefined rapture the scenes of our youthful days, and believe the country in which we may happen to reside to be the only one that feels not the curse of Heaven—by the kind decree of Providence, the inhabitant of every other land, and every clime, feels the same hallowed attachment to the spot which chance has made his home.

Thirty years ago, my parents, with some other families

from one of the New England States—that prolific hive, which has sent forth so many swarms to people the West—passed the white settlements on the Mohawk, and plunged into the vast forests which, with a few trifling exceptions, covered the western district of New York. I was young, and unacquainted with the cares and toils which are attendant on the pioneers of civilization—everything was new and charming—and the continued succession of novelties, to a young and ardent mind, contributed to lessen the hardships we encountered on our journey and arrival. We fixed our home in the midst of the country of the Six Nations, in the county of Onondaga; other emigrants followed our steps; the blue smoke began to ascend from the sea of woods, the primeval forests began to disappear, and the native proprietors of the region saw with astonishment that their territory had passed into other hands, and that they would soon be driven to follow their game in a distant region. To me, the first few years I spent in those wilds were the fairest and brightest I have ever known; the cultivated field, the populous city, for me can never have the charm which my young bosom then felt; and were I permitted to select any portion of my life, as one I would wish to live over again, it would be those days when, heedless of the future, I reclined myself beneath some giant of the forest, read Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, or a tale of still sweeter and dearer import in the eyes of one of nature's purest, loveliest creations, the young and innocent Caroline Williams. But Caroline has long since gone to heaven. Sweet flower! she was too bright, and pure, and fair for earth, and, in kindness, was early transplanted to a more congenial clime and holier sky.

Near the place where my parents—and hers too, for we

were in the same neighborhood—had located themselves, was a spot which a mind less disposed than my own to think favorably of nature, whether in her wildest or her most placid and beautiful dress, must have admired; this spot was a small lake, of a mile or two in circumference, situated in a deep glen—a place the most secluded and quiet imaginable, and perhaps a mile from my father's house. Lying in a deep valley, the rocks in some places arose dark and perpendicularly from the water's edge to a great height; while, in others, the transparent sheet slumbered on white sand, or smooth and rounded pebbles. The tall hemlocks, with their dark green tops seeming to lean against the blue skies, covered the high banks and the sloping shores; and their massy trunks, reflected from the surface of the lake, appeared like sentinels, which nature had placed on the rocky margin, to guard the place from unhallowed intrusion. But the most singular and striking feature of the place was the peculiar hue of the waters, which invariably, to the spectator, was a most beautiful green, lighter or darker as the sunshine or the the cloud rested upon it; and from which circumstance the natives, who had so long roamed unmolested on its margin in pursuit of the red deer which loved to lave in its waters, had conferred upon it the name of Green Lake. Though the hue was unquestionably owing to the never-fading verdure with which it was surrounded, still it was none the less striking; and when you emerged from the deep gloom of the forest, and stood on one of the high cliffs which overhung the lake—when you saw the wooded shores inverted in the unruffled mirror, and reflected with such perfect distinctness, that even the wild roses which blossomed on the margin seemed floating on the pellucid wave, and the red flowers of the maple and the

white clusters of the boxwood appeared within reach—when the lake itself had all the soft richness and vivid greenness which belong to the meadow—when the last low rays of a September sun have converted it into velvet—when the white clouds which floated in the blue sky had the appearance of snow-wreaths drifting slowly over its surface—it was impossible not to feel and admire its beauty. And then it was so still and serene: frequently, indeed, the soft winds, as they came sighing through the gently-waving branches, would wake the little ripples on the surface, and set them sparkling and glittering in all the splendor of green and gold; yet the guardians of its margin prevented its being waked to billowy agitation.

Here, far away from the world, I spent many of my youthful days; and never, no, never shall I forget those hours when, in company with my lovely and loved Caroline, we walked on the shores of the lake, or, seated on some moss-covered rock, permitted the hours to pass unheeded; while the innocent girl, with blushing cheek and eyes, which the dews of young affection moistened, listened to the simple and artless tale of love. Then, I could scarcely fancy a heaven of purer happiness than I at such hours enjoyed; and earth—away with the thought! it was profanation—thrones and sceptres would not have weighed a feather against that paradise and the lovely Caroline. Passionately fond of music as I was, if I wished it, I had only to listen to the sweet, melting tones of a voice which, with all the tenderness that love alone can inspire, sang some simple favorite melody; and as the sounds gradually died away, it needed no fanciful imagination to people each jutting rock and wooded cliff with spiritual beings, who caught up the melody and sent it back with increasing softness and lightly echoing sweetness. And

the tall forests, when at such hours the winds swept over them, did not they make music? I do not hesitate to say, that the man who can hear the first approach of the breeze as it moves onward, waving the leafy branches—now rising, now sinking, now sighing through the pointed tops of the pine or hemlock—and not feel that the spirit of harmony is abroad, has not a particle of music in his soul. Then, too, there was the gentle cooing of the wild pigeon—the saddened, plaintive notes of the wood-dove—the merry, joyous tones of the beautiful black-bird and the thrush—and when twilight came on, the wood-robin sent its sweet melodies from the depth of the thicket—and echo wafted the soothing and delicious sounds, in many a delightful undulation, over the smooth waters. Frequently, while enjoying this happy retreat, the red deer would come to lave herself in the lake, and, followed by her spotted fawn, would sport for hours in wild playfulness on the pebbled margin; and the buck, with his branching antlers and proud bearing, would bound by us, scarcely deigning to notice the intruders on his domain.

Caroline and myself were one day sitting on our favorite moss-covered rock, which was shaded from the intense heat of a summer sun by the thick foliage of some majestic trees, and viewing the lake, which, placid as the bosom of innocence, was in all its beauty spread before us. The head of the lovely girl was reclining on my shoulder—her speaking eyes frequently met mine, and in them I read the most delightful proof of her unaltered affection and love. From this trance of happiness we were roused by footsteps, and turning, saw Pianottimo, a chief of the Senecas, standing near us. He had for some time been hunting in that neighborhood, and was well known to us, consequently no alarm was caused by his sudden appearance;

and placing his rifle against a hemlock at some little distance, he approached us with a smile, offered me his hand, and, after the usual salutations, stretched himself on the bank near us, and, as he conversed, looked alternately at us and at the lake below. Pianottimo was a tall, dignified-looking person, about fifty years of age, firmly attached to the habits and dress of the Indians, while at the same time he was the undeviating friend of the whites, and was considered as a person of more than ordinary acuteness and sagacity. He could converse in English, and although it was in a broken manner, yet he chose it, when he wished to make himself understood by the whites, in preference to the signs to which many of the natives confined themselves. A light fleecy cloud was, when he came up to us, drifting over the heavens—it grew thicker, and a smart shower of rain fell, pattering on the dry leaves, and breaking, with its large drops, the surface of the lake into ten thousand eddying circles. Beneath the thick branches of a huge hemlock we were safe from the effects of the shower; and when it ceased, and with sullen roar was passing off to the east, Caroline and myself again walked to the cliff, where Pianottimo was still reclining.

The lake, when we stood on the bank by the side of the chief, exhibited an appearance as new as it was beautiful. Small wreaths of white mist were slowly rising from its surface, light as the fleeting gossamer, and scarcely leaving the water before they vanished into thin air.

"We shall have more showers," said the chief, in his broken English; "when the fog rises not to the tree-tops, the clouds are not all past."

From our knowledge of the skill which observation confers upon the Indian in determining the coming events of that kind, I had no reason to doubt his correctness now,

and proposed to Caroline that we should return to our homes. This design was interrupted by Pianottimo.

"See you that on the high rock yonder?" said he, pointing to a precipitous cliff on the other side of the lake.

"I see nothing," I answered, "but the mist which is leaving the lake and creeping up the side of the rock."

"That is not mist," he answered, emphatically; "see you not that now it is motionless—that, when it has reached the top of the rock, it stirs not. What we see, is there by permission of the Great Spirit; it bodes no good to us; better would it have been, had we not seen it!"

"It is nothing but the effect of that little spring which trickles down the rocks, and up the current of which the fog is climbing," I replied, laughing; though the countenance of the chief showed that he fancied he saw in the occurrence matter far too serious for mirth.

"Many years ago," said Pianottimo, "Oroma, a young chief of the Delawares, was hunting in the grounds of the Oneidas—for the tomahawk had been buried between the Six Nations and the Delawares—when he saw and loved the young Euroka, the daughter of Cannadea, a powerful chief of the Oneidas. Euroka was fair as the morning—tall and graceful as the whitewood—her dark hair hung around her shoulders like the moss of the cypress—her eyes were sparkling as the stars in the heaven of Manitou—and her breath was sweet as the wind which, in the months of spring, blows over the thick blossoming tufts of the maple, and is scented with the fragrance of the wild rose. He told the Oneida maiden his tale of love; and, pleased as the timid dove, when she hears in the thick wood the first notes of her faithful partner, Euroka listened. They were never tired of each other's company; together they visited this place, and stood on that rock, upon which

what you call the mists of the lake are now settled. Love shuns the world, and in this solitude Oroma was all the young daughter of the chieftain wished." As Pianottimo said these words, he turned his dark and expressive eyes upon us; and as I pressed Caroline's hand, the blush that covered her beautiful features showed that the chief had spoken the truth.

The sachem continued his narrative: "They were conversing as you were, when this day I first saw you. Oroma was arranging some strings of wampum in the flowing hair of his favorite girl; and, pleased, she was examining a beautiful pair of moccasins which he had procured for her. Her bright eyes were telling of the love that filled her innocent bosom, when there was a sudden report of a rifle; and Oroma, staggering a few feet towards his rifle, which was lying on the ground at a little distance from him, made an ineffectual effort to grasp it, but it was too late; and though Euroka flew to his aid, he reeled, and fell from the precipice. To the consternation of the terror-struck and confounded maiden, with the ferocity of a tiger the malicious and vindictive Connequoit, the powerful Iroquois who had in vain sought the love of the Oneida maiden, rushed from the wood, and, seizing her in his arms, was bearing her rapidly towards the thicket. Despair, when she saw the shadowy forms of a number of his followers waiting to execute his orders, and carry her beyond the hope of rescue, restored her to the exercise of her powers, and she demanded to be released.

"'Never,' said the Iroquois; 'you are mine now, and you shall remain so; nor can the great Manitou himself prevent it.'

"His boast was vain—her resolution was taken, and with a sudden effort she sprang from the arms of Con-

nequoit, and with the swiftness of an arrow darted to the cliff. A precipice near the water's edge had broken the fall of Oroma, and life still remained. Light as the red deer, Euroka leaped the dangerous descent, at the moment the enraged Iroquois came up, and clasping the dying Delaware in her arms, plunged from the rock into the dark green wave. Deep they sunk, and after the waves had closed over them, a few bubbles that rose to the surface alone pointed out the spot where the faithful lovers had sunk—to rise no more.

"Stung with madness at the escape of his victim in such an unexpected manner, the Iroquois chief ordered his followers to endeavor to save her; but while he remained motionless on the verge, they saw it was impossible to reach the water without making the same desperate plunge that she had done, and the attempt was relinquished as hopeless. The great Manitou was pleased with the affection and constancy of the lovers, and permits their spirits to roam where they please in this land they loved so well; but long experience has proved, that those who behold their shadowy forms as they revisit the scenes of their youth and love, will never again see the leaves fall from the trees, or cover the thick branches with their waving green."

So much had our attention been engrossed by the little history of the Oneida maiden, and which was so intimately associated with the scenery around us, that we had forgotten our intention of returning; and I was proceeding to gain some further information from the chief with regard to what he considered the supernatural appearance before us, when our attention was suddenly recalled by a quick and loud peal of thunder, and turning, I perceived that a dark and gloomy mass was already filling the

western horizon, and had begun to cast its deep shadows over the lake; and that, from the threatening appearances, a severe storm might be expected.

"Shall we endeavor to reach our houses before the storm overtakes us?" I inquired, as I took Caroline's arm.

"Certainly; though I fear we have lingered too long," replied Caroline, as she cast a hurried glance at the heavens.

"If an Indian might be permitted to advise," said Pianottimo, "I would say, take shelter under this rocky bank until the storm is over. The forest is not a place of safety when the thunders of the Great Spirit are abroad: you will not reach your home; and I fear that evil is before you."

"Shall we take the advice of our friend, and remain with him?" I asked of the trembling Caroline.

"No," was the answer; "and let us not lose a moment in returning;" and bidding the chief adieu, we plunged into the forest.

We had not proceeded far, before I saw that the tempest was rapidly approaching, and the quick bursts of the thunder and the vivid flashing of the lightning plainly indicated its violence. Caroline was unusually agitated—pale and almost breathless, she urged me forward, while she hung upon my arm, unable to support herself. At last the deepening and increasing roar, only broken by the thunder—the cloud of leaves torn from their branches, and driven onward by the coming blast—the tumultuous screaming and hurried flight of the birds of prey, as they hasted to a place of shelter—all told that the fury of the tempest would soon be upon us. Large drops of rain, mingled with scattering hailstones, came driving through the tree-tops, which were already bending before the furious winds. The gloom was profound, and rendered more ter-

rific by the vividness of the lightning, which with sulphureous flashes lighted up the dark recesses of the forest. To advance was rendered impracticable by the violence of the wind; and the crash of the falling trees, if we remained, threatened us with instant destruction. The question was, however, decided by Caroline, who declared her inability to proceed; and selecting a large linden, which from its size promised to resist the impetuosity of the tornado as well as afford a comparative shelter, I placed her behind it in such a manner that she was in some degree sheltered from the rain, which was pouring through the branches in drifting torrents. Wrapping her in an outer garment was the last that I remembered for some hours—to me there was a blank in existence—and when I recovered my reason, the first object I saw was Pianottimo standing over me, with a countenance in which grief and joy alternately prevailed, or were so strangely blended in his dark features that I shall never forget the impression they made. The storm had passed—the sun, low in the west, was setting fair and bright—that delicious and peculiar fragrance, which fills the air when a forest has fallen before the axe of the woodman or the fury of a tornado, existed in all its richness; but when I attempted to move, I found myself utterly unable; the least effort produced the most excruciating agony, and the whole surface of my body, on the slightest motion, felt as though it had been burned to a cinder.

The chief raised me up. "Tell me," said I, "what has become of Caroline?"

He answered nothing, but pointed with his finger downward. I looked, and, good heavens, what a spectacle!—Caroline was lying on the ground—her face pale and stamped with the hand of death—her clothes partly con-

sumed, and her arm, which was lying on her bosom, livid and burned. I instantly comprehended the whole—I saw the rifted and shattered tree, and felt that the fire of heaven had consumed the dross of her mortality, and freed in a moment, and without pain, the immortal and ethereal spirit. I sunk to the earth by her side, kissed her cold lips, which but a few hours before had glowed with the warmth of pure and kindred affection, and in the bitterness of the moment, cursed the fate that had left me behind.

Pianottimo saw my grief, and, in the peculiar manner of a native chief, attempted to fortify my mind.

"Men meet and overcome the evils of life," said he, as he took my hand; "but women and boys murmur and sink under them."

I felt his reproof, and rose. The chief assisted me in walking about a little distance, during which he informed me, that, as soon as the storm ceased, he set out after us, convinced, from the rapidity with which it rose, that we must have been overtaken by it, and found that his presentiment of evil had been too fatally verified.

"Will you be my friend now, and assist me in removing Caroline to our home?" I inquired of the chief, when I found that a little exercise had removed the painful sensations I first experienced, and given me strength to walk.

"Pianottimo has always been the friend of the white man," he replied; "and were he not, the Great Spirit has taught him to help even an enemy when in distress—much more, one who has always been his friend."

So saying, he raised the lifeless Caroline in his arms; and while I followed him with much difficulty and many pauses through the fallen timber, we at last reached my father's house, where we had for a long time been expected, with an anxiety which parents only can feel.

The young, the loved, the innocent and the beautiful Caroline was committed to the earth; but I found it impossible to remain where my happiness had suffered such an irreparable and fatal blow; and I, with the consent of my parents, left that place and the country, for Europe. Twenty years did not obliterate the recollections of Caroline from my heart; and when I returned to the United States, and had visited my parents, who had returned to their native State, with much the feelings which fill the mind of the pilgrim to the sacred shrine of Mecca I sought out the place where one so dear to me slept her peaceful sleep.

The willow I had planted, marked the hallowed spot where Caroline reposed, and I again watered it with my tears; but how changed were all things around! I felt like a stranger in a strange land; the desolating hand of man had been over the face of nature, and the forest had disappeared; and it was not without a feeling of regret that I saw the majestic trees, which had shaded my favorite retreat on the margin of the beautiful lake, floating, a fit emblem of the prostration of my hopes, on the wave they had once so proudly shadowed and so securely guarded, and which had so often reflected to the blue sky the deep-green foliage which, like my happiness, had passed away forever.

NIGHT.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. ROBERTS.

'Tis holy night—the stars are out
  Upon their watches far on high;
The moon's slight shell upon the edge
  Of the horizon's verge doth lie,
Looking a fair "good night" to me,
Who watch her course thus silently.

'Tis holy night—the moon hath gone
  With timid steps to seek her lord;
The sun her master is, and she
  Ever with loving sweet accord,
Through night and day doth follow him,
Lest her pale lamp should grow more dim.

'Tis holy night—God grant that I
  A lesson from its page may borrow;
Just like the moon, through night and day,
  Through present joy and coming sorrow,
May I, with meek and lowly heart,
  Follow *my* Lord with trusting love,
Keeping an eye undimmed and clear
  Upon His glory far above;
Knowing, like her, more and more dim
My light, and life, if far from Him.

MY CARD-BASKET.

BY THE EDITRESS.

KIND reader, have you ever enjoyed the luxury of spending an hour alone in examining the contents of a neglected card-basket? If not, you have lost an hour of pleasure. The heart receives a fresh impulse; kind and gentle feelings creep over the spirit, and bear it away from present cares, as "lang syne" comes before us with vivid reality. Who does not like to indulge occasionally in reminiscences of the past, even back to the hours of childhood? Strange that we are so constituted as to allow events of a late date to pass from the mind; while early occurrences, even of threescore years' standing, are before the mental eye in all their freshness. The smiles, caresses, and corrections of loving parents; the old homestead, where our tiny feet wandered for the early wild flowers; the solemn church, where a loved father delivered his embassy from the Most High to an attentive congregation; the village church-yard, where the earthly remains of an angel sister were laid to rest; the pleasant school-house, where the young idea was first developed; the huge flat rock under the wide-spreading chestnut tree—a favorite resort for reading and study; all present themselves to view, and for a moment cause us to forget that years of trial and sorrow have intervened between that time and the present.

But to return to my subject.

Know then, indulgent reader, that I (allow me to use the first person singular) have a card-basket; not one of those small, elegant, and expensive articles that adorn the centre-tables of the aristocratic; but one of ample dimensions—perhaps some twelve inches in diameter—once octagonal, now circular, in consequence of the pressure of its contents; still, however, displaying the variety of sea-shells and sea-weed which were designed to ornament the pieces of Bristol-board, edged with gold paper and laced with blue ribbon, of which it is composed.

This basket, capacious as it is, has long been overladen; and this morning (as every neat housewife should) I sought to improve its appearance by removing the dust, and arranging the numerous cards, invitations, &c., thinking to burn up the soiled, and retain those which were still beautiful or fair.

Business was commenced by emptying the papers in a mass upon the piano. Curiosity induced me to examine each one. Here was a dilemma—even the soiled were precious; many, aye, most of the cards were names of beloved pupils, (for I have been some years a teacher;) those endeared to me by many ties; those who I fondly believe loved me truly in return. Indeed, I always considered myself peculiarly fortunate in having the best scholars in the world; those who were agreeable, amiable, and affectionate. Seldom did anything occur to mar the kind feeling that existed between teachers and pupils, while, for seven years, I was connected with a certain literary institution at D——; and if occasionally a refractory spirit appeared among our sisterhood, harmony was soon restored by our judicious and distinguished principal. Estimable and lamented S——! A tear starts at the recol-

lection of one so deservedly loved, so universally regretted! But we trust thy pure spirit looks down from a brighter world approvingly, and perhaps hovers near, to hallow the spot where thy successors toil on in thy footsteps.

His name is treasured as a precious relic, inscribed by his own hand in a volume of poems, a valued keepsake.

Sorrowfully we turn to our card-basket.

First comes an invitation to a wedding, in a neatly embossed envelope, with a silver seal. The bride was a young and accomplished friend, a pupil and assistant. That must be retained.

The next is a card, "P. S. P., United States' Consul, Bombay, India." The best of cousins; laid to rest in the coral caves of the deep, green sea, near that port. May we meet in heaven!

"G. A. P." A brother of the above. Methinks I see his happy face, and hear his ever-cheerful voice, though now upon the weary way to the land of gold.

A visiting card of a distinguished lady.

Ditto, of an honorable gentleman and his lady.

Ditto, from a resident in Alabama.

Note from a dear friend—all to be preserved with care.

Numerous cards of invitation to weddings, soirées, and parties. These to be laid aside for pleasant recollections, and references.

Here are some scores of cards from my scholars, neatly enclosed in envelopes, and tied with blue or white ribbon. The covers being soiled, I will remove them, that the cards may be bright and new. Some rude hand has broken off this blue ribbon, leaving a tight knot. No matter—I can tear the envelope. "L. A. T." A talented girl; now a

wife and mother in the far West—doubtless diffusing light and happiness around her.

"H. M. C.," with an inscription of love upon the back of the card. Sweet child! She is an angel now.

"L. M. C." Upon the reverse is written, "July 20, '40. When other years, dear teacher, shall have removed from my brow the mists that now gather around it, as oft as my mind would dwell upon some cherished theme, be assured it will picture the recollection of my early friend and instructress."

"H. R. H." Edged with black; an emblem of mourning for a dear mother.

"A. H. I'll think of thee, dear teacher, as oft as memory fond shall chance to call to mind the recollections of some happier hours."

"C. G." A loved and loving one—called to a world of spirits.

"H. M. De G." Sweet girl! and justly beloved for every amiable quality. She too has gone before us.

"C. T." A talented writer.

"J. M. T.," "Little Jule," as she was called, to distinguish her from a cousin of a similar name. How I love to think of her blue eyes, and rich golden tresses, and pleasant smiles!

"B. A. E." My soul sickens when I call to mind the untimely death of this excellent young lady. There is no sickness like that of the heart—hers was broken!

But lest I tire your patience, gentle reader, I will hasten on, and place numbers in the basket, without giving names; contenting myself with copying a few sentences from them. Oh! how these affectionate inscriptions act upon the heart, and bring to mind the pleasures, as well as toils of the school-room!

"Amicum recordere."

"Remember me."

"Absent—not forgotten."

—"Trifles in themselves
Are, to the feeling heart, of greater worth
Than India's richest gems."

"Touched by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear;
A flower, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper, still become most dear."

"For my dearest teacher."

"A spell to call back by-gone times."

"In distant lands if I may be,
Or on my native shore,
But one request I make of thee,
Remember me—I ask no more."

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

"Oh, knowest thou why, to distance riven,
When friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power?"

"Accept this as a token of friendship and love."

"Pensez à moi, ma chere ami."

"Te mihi in memoria habeo."

"Forget me not."

"May I never forget the kindness of my dear preceptress."

"Hath not thy voice been here among us heard,
And that deep soul of gentleness and power?
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dews to shower?
Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned."

"Ever dear to my heart shall thy memory be,
And bright be thy days, from adversity free."

"Remember me when thou dost sigh,
And softly bend the knee,
To offer up thy prayer on high,
While kindred spirits hover nigh,
Oh, then remember me!"

These are but few of the many contained in my notable card-basket. I find I have none to spare—even though some are not as fair and beautiful as in earlier days. All are dear to me. Each card has a language of its own; speaking to the heart of the teacher kindness, affection, love. The modest, attentive, and quiet listener to the lecture or recitation; the bolder, more energetic and inquiring spirit, aspiring for information and truth; the mirthful glance, or mischievous whisper, are vividly impressed at the glance of the name. More than once has the tear fallen during the examination of these treasures; but the pleasure I derive from this secret communion, as it were, with the absent of by-gone days, outweighs the pain. Should this story meet the eyes of any who recognize a portrait, and they are desirous of seeing the original card, they can be accommodated by patiently diving to the bottom of my cherished card-basket.

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Fireside Verses

FIRESIDE VERSES.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

The gladsome hearth—the gladsome hearth,
Whose social thoughts flow free,
Through all the shifting scenes of life,
The fond heart turns to thee.

The cheerful hearth—the cheerful hearth,
Where childhood's happy voice
Gladdens the twilight hour of rest,
And bids each home rejoice.

The holy hearth—the holy hearth,
Around whose sacred flame,
Each household church doth daily bow
To plead a Saviour's name.

The blessed hearth—the blessed hearth,
By hearts encircled round,
Whose rule of life, and on whose lips
The law of love is found.

The saddened hearth—the saddened hearth,
Whose sweetest sounds are stilled,
The vacant seat, the tone subdued,
The eye with tears oft filled.

The quenched hearth—the quenched hearth,
Whose flame will yet arise,
Will yet impart its cheerful glow,
To welcome strangers' eyes.

Thus human hearths—thus human hearths,
Their daily records tell,
Of human hopes, extinct, o'erthrown,
Which seem unquenchable.

There is an home—an endless home,
To it we fondly turn;
Where buried hopes immortal made,
With purer flame shall burn.

FLIRTATION.

"What tender things was Weston whispering in your 'charmed ear' last evening, my demure coz? I really felt very like an intruder, as I entered the arbor in search of you—anything but being a third person in such"—Mary Ann Dorr stopped speaking suddenly, as, to her surprise, she saw her cousin colored deeply, "cheek, brow, neck and bosom," and fix her eyes on the ground, with an expression of deep embarrassment. There was an appearance of distress mingled with her emotion, which at once stemmed the tide of raillery with which she had accosted her. Passing her arm fondly about her neck, she continued, half reproachfully, "I did not think, Helen, that you would have concealed from me your feelings on this subject; me, who you know to be interested like yourself in all your concerns—but I see how it is, Weston has won that good heart of thine; do not deny it, Helen—only be sure it is an even bargain."

"I believe I *have* received an equivalent, cousin, I believe that—Edmund does love me—at least, if I may judge from his manner, it certainly has long expressed the truest affection. Perhaps it is vanity in me; but I have thought he was attached to me ever since"—She hesitated, overpowered with that shame which every delicate woman feels at owning a preference for which she is not sure of an open, decided, honorable return. With her burning brow covered in her hands, and her whole attitude expressive of the most painful and humiliating confusion, she awaited her cousin's calm reply.

To her it would be a sentence; so highly did she respect her judgment and delicacy, and so fearlessly did she trust her heart in her hands.

Helen was not a vain girl, neither was she peculiarly susceptible; but her heart was warm and affectionate, and her gratitude for attentions was so intense, that she was ever in danger of feeling too deeply, too devotedly. A painful sense of her inferior claims to personal attractions contributed, perhaps, to enhance this sentiment—for Helen was never deemed *beautiful*, even by her most partial friends. To those who knew well her ardent and generous disposition, her lofty and pure heart, her cultivated and refined intellect, her rich, beautiful imagination, she ever appeared lovely; but to strangers, her countenance was even uncomely. A scar on her temple gave her face a forbidding expression, and years of delicate health had prevented her dark complexion from being enlivened with the rich glow that gives so much beauty to the brunette. When animated by conversation, or agitated with emotion, you would forget that she was not beautiful, so beaming was her face, so expressive and intelligent her large hazel eyes; but as emotion subsided, her features rested in an expression placid, but repelling.

Mary Ann Dorr knew her perfectly, she thought—but, as often happens, the inner feelings of the heart are more apparent to a stranger eye, than to the unsuspecting one of intimate friendship. There was not a gossip in the town who did not assert the positive engagement of Miss Helen to young Squire Weston, and not an eye or a heart which did not truly interpret the smile and the blush that overspread Helen's face at any allusion to him, save that of the watchful friend with whom

she resided, and who deemed herself fully aware of the terms on which they stood, and did not hesitate to contradict the assertion of any undue interest between the parties. Now that she did understand Helen's feelings, she was surprised and distressed.

"I do not wonder, dear Helen, that your good heart is affected by Weston's worth and devoted attention to you; you would not be woman were it otherwise; but I will not, cannot believe it is irrevocably given, until it is openly and honorably claimed. No, my friend—*keep your heart.* Why has not Weston avowed his preference in plain manly terms, and sought you as a high-minded man ought and would do?"

"Dear Mary Ann, what can I do? I cannot, would not for worlds allow Edmund to think I am waiting for him to offer his hand; I cannot treat him coldly, it would be indelicate—it is impossible."

"No, true, you cannot; the conquest must be in your own soul. Let your manner to him continue as usual; but, as you value your peace of mind, restrain your feelings; regard his professions as idle; do not think of them. It is more necessary than you can imagine, that your affections should be under your own guidance and regulation; necessary not only to your peace, but even to your purity of mind. Perhaps my ideas on the subject of love are singular, dear Helen; but I have never considered that heart as very valuable, which is so susceptible as to take an impression from every seal of beauty and manliness it may happen to meet, till its most delicate sympathies, and most beautiful, hidden devotedness, are frittered away by the very variety of the action of that heart. The confession, that we love, cannot be *repeatedly* and *variously* made, even in the chambers of our own souls, without in-

juring the price and purity of the confession; and to a delicate and reflecting mind, how far deeper and holier is that 'hid treasure' of affection, which wells up from the guarded fountains of years, than the babbling, shining rill, that smiles in the sun, and spends itself in the smile. Pardon my sermon, Helen—and, as I live, here comes the youth himself."

Edmund Weston entered the apartment with a smile and a bow to the cousins; and a very fascinating smile and bow they were. His fine countenance was flushed with exercise, and, passing round, he seated himself by Helen, and threw a handful of roses into her lap. There was something so elegant, so graceful, so altogether what is called "taking" in his manner, that Mary Ann wondered at her own stupidity in not having foreseen the consequences of an exposure to such fascinations. Weston was one of those gifted beings who are peculiarly susceptible of all the noble and beautiful in the moral and natural world; who draw intense delight from the hue of a flower, the beaming of a soft star-light, whom an expression of friendly interest has power to thrill with pleasure; in short, one whose enjoyments were too deep and ardent to be called by the usual names that represent them; his friendships were loves; his vexation was deep grief; wounded feeling was an agony. With a mind highly cultivated, a fancy delicate, changing, and glittering as a sunbeam, a store of valuable information on any and every subject, it is not strange that Helen found in his society peculiar charms. When I add, that in his manner to females there was a devotedness, an earnestness the most flattering to the sex, though at the same time the most misleading; and that this devotedness had been for the last three months addressed wholly to Helen; who will

censure her for believing herself preferred before all other women, or for giving herself up to the delight which the idea afforded her?

Weston loved Helen's society certainly; he thought her superior to any female he had ever known; he fully appreciated the beauty of her mind; and, in conversing with her, he felt a sympathy, an union of feeling and tastes, which he had never felt before. I am even inclined to think that, for the time, he fancied he loved her; for Weston was "an honorable man;" honorable in the view of his friends and acquaintances, and, what was of more importance, in his own. Had any one told him, in so many words, that he was winning Helen's love without designing a return, he would not have believed it of himself; but the gratification of vanity, in seeing himself an object of interest to a high-hearted and enthusiastic being, could not be resisted; and then, there was the opiate—"she will never remember it; she is too sensible, too independent, too much accustomed to such attentions to think of them" —that lulled the remorseless feelings which would sometimes seize him, after witnessing the blush and sigh that followed some fervent demonstration of his own regard, and which he could not help seeing was not the calm beaming of friendship. Weston was not blinded; he saw the pleasure with which his society was greeted, above that of a circle of very endeared friends; he could not but see her tastes assimilating themselves to his; he saw her loving the things *he* loved, and correcting herself of what *he* deemed faulty in her character. Yet he continued to pay her all those silent and minute attentions which steal the heart surely and unconsciously, and trusted to a *firmness* in Helen's heart, as her safeguard, which he was fatally undermining.

I have digressed thus much, in order, if possible, to give some idea of Weston's real feelings and intentions. His is not a solitary instance; there are many such men cherished in society, nay, who believe themselves worthy, and who would shrink from the imputation of a dishonorable act as from death. Perhaps, had Weston known the full extent of the mischief his idle vanity had wrought, he would have regretted it deeply, and censured himself severely; but he never did know it.

I left him seated with the cousins. Mary Ann left them for some household duty, and Weston was trifling with some beautiful moss-roses, binding them among the chesnut curls that hung profusely about Helen's brow, and saying some very poetical things on the subject of flowers in general, and moss-roses in particular. Helen was fond of flowers, as all women should be; and she repeated those lines of a gifted poet, beginning, "The angel of the flowers one day," with much animation.

"There is a story that lingers in my memory but faintly, which grew out of the custom of affixing ideas to flowers. I believe it is in Berkeley's Romance of Gaudentio di Lucca. The Mazzoronians, with a simplicity worthy the early days, used the rose as an emblem of love. A bud accepted, encouraged the dawning of affection in those single-hearted beings; a half-blown rose was the token of a deeper and dearer feeling; and the acceptance of a full-blown rose was considered as binding as the most solemn engagement. I do not know that there was ever a violation of this simple and beautiful compact. The story is one of deep interest, full of fanciful beauty and touching pathos. I will bring it to you, if you will allow me."

As Weston spoke, he disengaged one of the half-blown roses from the cluster, and bending on one knee, with an

air of mock gallantry, laughingly offered it to Helen. Nothing could have been easier to an indifferent person, than an acceptance of the proffer, and a sportive rejoinder; but Helen's mind was full of the conversation that had just passed between herself and her cousin, and her heart rose to her lips in tumultuous emotion. With a suddenness that alarmed Weston, she flung the rose far from her, and rising hastily, and pressing both her hands on her temples, that throbbed to bursting, she sought the silence of her own apartment.

Helen had a proud, though an affectionate heart; and the suspicion, which for the first time pressed upon her, that she was trifled with, pierced her to the soul. In an agony of wounded feeling and delicacy she passed the night. With the bitter sorrow that comes from the feeling of slighted love, she mingled the degrading thought, that she had given that love unsought; for in the first paroxysm of disappointed affection she reproached only herself.

"It is my own fault. I ought to have received his kindnesses as they were meant. I ought to have seen that they were merely friendship—I—I only am to blame."

It was Helen's generous nature spoke; she chose rather to criminate her own imprudence than injure another in thought. I do not acquit her of weakness. Could her heart have been seen in that bitter struggle, many a weak and wrong thought might have been discovered; but they were subdued, and the humbled spirit rose calm and pure from the trial.

Helen knew too well the frailty of our best resolves, to trust hers to circumstance or impulse. She separated herself from the friends she loved so much, and removed

from the dangerous influence of Weston's attractions. The parting pressure of the hand, so fervent, so speaking; the earnest and imploring glance with which he begged her sometimes to think of him, as he should ever of her; all these and a train of similar thoughts were resolutely banished from her mind, for Helen knew that memory was as deceitful and dangerous as it was delightful, and she was bent on the conquest of herself. In the comparative isolation of her present situation, she found many moments which she would gladly have given to the indulgence of remembered pleasures; many twilights recalled those when one very dear walked quietly by her side, or breathed thoughts of deep beauty in her attentive ear. His voice mingled with the tones of her piano; his pencil traced characters of peculiar grace on the paper before her; he had so entwined his image with every event, every circumstance that was delightful in retrospection, that she sometimes almost despaired of effecting her object.

A year passed, and she was again with her friend. Perhaps her countenance was less animated than in former days, as her person was evidently wasted by mental suffering; yet the cheerful smile was ever ready for her friends, and if there was an effort, it was not evident.

"And so Rose Elwyn has arrived at last. I had almost despaired of seeing her, she has so long delayed her visit; she will probably be with us to-night, and I understand she is accompanied by Edmund Weston, as bridegroom elect."

As Mary Ann made this forced remark, she did not look at Helen, who sat quietly netting by her side, and who made no sort of reply. Curiosity at length overcame her delicacy, and she raised her eyes to Helen's face. Pale

as ashes, she sat like a statue, her eyes fixed steadfastly on Mary Ann, as if she would read her soul.

"Dearest Helen, you are ill! let me do something for you; let me give you something," cried her cousin, now seriously alarmed—but Helen did not move or speak—she smiled at last, but such a smile—so sad, so full of woe! At length, deep-drawn sighs and repeated sobs announced returning consciousness, and a heavy gush of tears gave relief to her overcharged spirit; it was the last evidence of weakness, and this was of the frame rather than of the soul.

Imagination has never pictured a lovelier being than Rose Elwyn. Her tiny and graceful form scarce veiled the more beautiful spirit, and in the deep blue of her large melancholy eyes there was a world of thought and heart. Her voice was melody itself, and though she spoke but little, what she said was always full of sweetness and gentleness. The tint on her cheek was not so deep as the blush-rose, and it was ever coming and going with the changes of her soul. A beautiful being she was to gaze on; to worship as the embodying of beauty; and to weep over, as one gazed, that so fair a form was so evidently vanishing from earth. As Helen looked on her, she did not marvel that Weston's whole heart was given to her; and though she felt a crushing of the spirit as she saw the well-known fascinating smile, and heard the soft tones of a well-remembered voice, the hovering form whose anxious affection anticipated the slightest wish; when she saw all this bestowed on another, and felt his altered manner to herself, she quelled the rising of resentment, she buried deeper the memory of wrong. They do not know the heart of woman, who believe Helen had, or ever could, argue herself into indifference for Weston. Hers was a better feeling. She had disciplined her spirit to look

calmly on his union with another; to promote it, if in her power; she had overcome the pride of an injured woman, and the principle on which she acted forbade her to punish the offender.

Weston was thoroughly deceived by the calm and friendly manner in which Helen interested herself in the prospects of the lovers; if the feeling of remorse had ever visited his bosom for the deception he had practised on her mind, it was completely banished.

"She could not do thus, if she had ever loved me," he thought; but he knew not a female heart.

Rose Elwyn was portionless, and though Weston's fortune was sufficient for his own support, or even competent for that of an active and diligent *helpmeet*, it was not to be thought of in the present case. Rose was a beautiful and frail plant, that needed continual cherishing and watching, and could not brook the rain-cloud or the gust. With some personal sacrifices, Helen was able to place independence in the grateful hand of Rose: by the death of her only near relative she had been possessed of a handsome property, and enough was left for her own limited desires. When all obstacles were removed to the union of her friends; when she had seen the eloquent face of Weston glowing with delight, and the touching beauty of Rose gratefully beaming with feeling, and knew and felt that it was her own work, she blessed Heaven that she had been able to "overcome evil with good."

The sweet blossom which Weston had gathered and placed in his bosom, drooped in the sun of happiness; the dew of affection could not reach it; it bent in fragrance to the earth; and in one short year from the hour that Rose Elwyn had left the village a blooming bride, she was laid to her rest.

Many years have now passed, and Helen is no longer young; a plain muslin cap covers the ringlets which now are not glossy or dark; and the large brilliant eyes have become so dependent as to seek aid in a manner the most unfavorable to good looks. You may see about the mouth a chastened expression that betokens an habitual struggle with sorrow, but the forehead remains bland and fair as youth. The active exercise of Christian duty, the habit of making others happy, has imparted to her countenance "a something than beauty dearer;" a softness, a benevolence which, in her happy days, she had not. Many hearts has she made glad, many lips has she wreathed with smiles, many grateful beings look to her as the means of their felicity. True, she is an old maid—true, she sometimes sighs, as she enters the dwellings of domestic love, and witnesses the beautiful charities which grow out of those relations only; but she does not repine; and the tear of regret that glitters for a moment on her pale cheek, is succeeded by the upward glance of gratitude.

I have never asked Helen why she did not accept the hand that Weston offered her some twenty years since; the sentiment that impelled her, for perhaps it could hardly be called a *reason*, will find an echo in many hearts.

LISTEN!

BY MISS CAROLINE E. ROBERTS.

Listen! dost love the voice
Of wild bird on the air,
As up he soars—the merry heart
Rejoicing everywhere?
Dost love to hear the sound
Of water's "silver feet,"
Tripping o'er pebbles round and smooth,
To music low and sweet?
The streamlet's careless tone
As he goes singing by,
'Mid flowers that, peeping o'er the banks,
Their own bright faces spy?

Listen! dost love to hear,
At twilight's blessed hour,
Tones of the lute steal o'er thy soul,
With their resistless power?
Dost love the *human* sound
Of children at their play,
The merry laugh, the gleesome shout,
Telling of life's young day?
Voices of friends around
The consecrated hearth,
The pleasant word, the kind response,
The chastened, quiet mirth?

Listen! dost love to hear,
  At holy hush of even,
Voices of dear, departed ones,
  Now dwelling up in heaven?
Thy father's tone of love,
  Thy mother's gentle word,
Come back to thee, in later years,
  The same that childhood heard.
Listen! to cheer thy heart
  These angel voices come,
Whispering, Onward is thy path,
  And upward is thy home.

REMINISCENCES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY A SOLDIER OF SEVENTY-SIX.

In the beginning of the autumn of 1776, a few days after General Washington had conducted his army to the heights of Harlem, and to the vicinity of Kingsbridge, and the British troops commanded by General Howe had taken possession of New York, several of their soldiers' wives were observed to collect together in a large frame building, near Whitehall-dock, previously designated the "Livingston storehouse." These women, for the purpose of dressing their provisions, procured from an adjacent yard a number of pine boards, the ends of which they placed in the chimney, while their opposite points rested upon the cedar floor of the apartment; to this the fire rapidly communicated, when the careless gipsies had made an end of their feast, and had withdrawn from the heated and smoky atmosphere within, to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze without. The cry of fire was heard soon after, and fearfully reiterated from every quarter of the city; and the day being hot and dry, the flames ran through the building with the rapidity of lightning, enveloping in a few moments the whole of the structure, through the top of which the fire was at first seen to arise in a single splendid column, with its immense summit curling in fantastic wreaths, amid the clouds of smoke; but instanta-

neously changing its appearance, and spreading into a vast sheet of flame, it presented an object at the same time of terror and admiration. The firemen, ever alert, were readily summoned by the ringing of bells and other signs of alarm, as anxious as were their haughty invaders to subdue the destructive element before them, which moved in the sun's rays with the subtlety of a serpent, whose sudden evolutions can be perceived only by the vividness of its colors.

The king's officers, uncertain in whom to confide, or rather regarding in each individual citizen a rebel at heart, became suspicious of the firemen, and seemed to dread a counteracting exertion on their part; under which persuasion they frantically hurried them from place to place, and urged them with oaths and imprecations to do their duty, which the poor fellows had not then even thought of abandoning; and while they were making the greatest exertions in their power at one post, and ere they had time to quench the fire there, they were driven to another by their impetuous commanders, who retarded their endeavors by ruthlessly beating them with their swords; and, in some instances, it has been said, pushed them into the flames. Others of the citizens, perceiving the danger of their comrades, fled in alarm from the scene of terror and confusion, and sought refuge from their enraged pursuers. While the discordant cry of "Punish the rebels!" mingled with the shrieks of the affrighted women and children, and with the deep and reiterated call of fire! the gathering flames, wafted by a strong southerly breeze, and unchecked by a proper course, had rapidly advanced up the whole extent of Broadway, communicating with the buildings on both sides, even to the very heart of the city, and threatening its total destruction.

An idea that the liberty party had determined on destroying the town had taken such possession of the minds of the British troops, that in the height of their irritation they threatened death to every man who should be found abroad in the streets, upon whom a shadow of doubt could fall touching his loyalty to the king.

In the course of this tumultuous scene a noted and active tory, by the name of ——, to make an open display of his true and sworn allegiance, sallied forth into the streets, with his drawn sabre in his hand, muttering "downfall and death to all rebellious subjects." In his gallant career he happened to encounter a company of rude and exasperated soldiers, who knew nothing of his political virtue, and disbelieving his earnest asseverations of fidelity and attachment to their cause, they charged him with an intention of destroying the fire-buckets. "Down with the rebel and incendiary!" they cried, and in an instant the poor wretch was smitten to the earth, where he rolled, writhing at their feet, and expired covered with wounds and bruises. They then dragged his lifeless body to the upper end of the city, *i. e.*, in Pearl, near Cherry-street, and suspended it by the feet from the sign-post of the Hand and Hammer, where it remained for the space of a day, a fearful example to the timid well-wishers, as well as to the secret enemies of the king.

Meanwhile the fire, threatening its worst, had gained an alarming height. Of the western part of the city the church of St. Paul and one dwelling only stood uninjured; all else were burned to the open fields, presenting a scene of noise and devastation, amid clouds of smoke and dust. But to attempt the giving a just description of the dismay of the citizens, and the exasperation of the British soldiery, would task the powers of a Paulding or a Cooper.

As soon as the fire was extinguished, and the tumult and the noise had abated, all was restored to order in the city, under a government of a severe military discipline and civil regulation. The old fortifications and the breast-works of the city, at which the Americans had so recently toiled, with strongly excited feelings and with severe industry, were now regularly and well manned, and were soon rendered strong and complete, and placed in the best possible state of defense, while the banner of St. George floated proudly over the most advantageous post of the country. The enemy, thus situated, had little to fear from the disheartened army under General Washington, to which the horrors and fatigues of war were new and dispiriting, many having fled in terror to their families and homes, totally unused to, and therefore holding in disregard, all military discipline.

General Howe occupied the finest house in the city, adjacent to the Battery, and fronting the Bowling-green; this was also the head-quarters of Sir Henry Clinton, at a later period of the war.

Many changes were made in the public buildings as well as in the private dwellings of New-York, which were both disagreeable and torturing, as it regarded the feelings of the citizens.

The places of public worship, that were not of the Episcopal order, were converted into hospitals, prisons, or guard-houses, which caused great offense and bitter heart-burnings among the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers. But this was a pill which they were all obliged to swallow, although it caused many a wry face and suppressed murmur; and when a crest-fallen dissenter happened to pass the sacred portal, at which he had been accustomed to enter to unburden himself before his Creator, it was

ever and anon with raised hands and eyes, or with a shrug and a suddenly averted face! To have breathed a word indicative of his regrets or resentments would have been highly impolitic, for if overheard by a jealous adversary it might have exposed him to severe punishment, or to imminent danger.

The old jail, as it is now called, was under the conduct of Marshal Cunningham, who was then the provost, and into it he was wont to crowd the unfortunate rebels who fell into his iron grasp.

Cunningham was a man strong and athletic in his make, and upwards of six feet in height; his complexion was florid, but his countenance was harsh, and its expression at times odious in the extreme; yet he could smile with his boon companions over a bottle, and be jocose, pass his jokes, though coarse and vulgar, and be merry, more particularly when he had made up his mind to the accomplishment of some dreadful enormity, which he had meditated against his half-starved prisoners. Oh! could the old walls of that prison-house but speak the secrets of the past, what horrid deeds would they not reveal! What scenes of mortal agonies! Death from pestilence, famine, and poison! But I must turn from this, the reflection is too dreadful, and continue my recital.

General Howe had regulated and arranged all things in the city according to his own pleasure; had attended with humane care to the comforts of his soldiers, and had provided his officers with good quarters, where, indeed, they were often received too well, and with too studious a care, by the fairer inmates, and greeted by them with too kind a welcome. The campaign being closed a few weeks after, and the winter setting in, these gentlemen had much leisure to reflect on the measures of the war,

its future battles, and, moreover, on the certain success of their arms; for among them were the noble, the haughty, the proud, and the brave, who had never been taught the lessons of submission. Nor did the war or its fortunes alone occupy their minds; they had other and more agreeable avocations, their pleasures and their pastimes.

Their favorite amusement seems to have been the drama, which they studied with taste and care, and which they brought at length to great perfection. Its various characters were personated by the most elegant and refined gentlemen of the army, among whom the unfortunate Andre used frequently to bear a part, and receive distinguished applause.

Such being the pursuits of the officers of the British army, who were caressed by the fair, admired wherever they moved, boldly presuming that victory over our land would be an easy task, a thing at any time within their reach; is it to be wondered that the time and opportunity should have been allowed to pass away, wherein a consummation such as that might have been effected? That months should have rolled on, unheeded by men who were made too happy to seek or wish a change?

The conquest of General Gates over Burgoyne, that brave soldier and accomplished scholar, may well be considered as the dawn of American glory; for until that period of the war, the English, accustomed to triumph wherever they carried their arms, had never for a moment doubted their own invincibility; and their daily papers, the "Royal Gazette," the "New York Mercury," &c., had hitherto been the constant vehicles through which misrepresentations and slurs were cast against the continental leader, and the army under his command. Hence the British soldiers, all, from the highest to the lowest

grade, looked with contempt upon the foe which they had come to conquer.

For some weeks previous to the battle of Saratoga, all regular communication between that place and New York was prevented by the vigilance of that part of the American army which lay encamped in the Highlands; therefore, notwithstanding that the English in the city were quite certain of the final result of the undertaking, which was to annihilate the continental army, still they were anxious to learn the particulars of the action, and the time moved with heavy step that brought no messenger. Crowds each day collected round those fountains of intelligence, the printing-offices, in pleasing expectation of the good tidings, but nothing could be obtained; and though they were confident of victory, yet hope, long suspended, had become almost painful. One morning, at an early hour, an old Scotchwoman, in simple attire, appeared at the office of the Royal Gazette, and requested to see Mr. Rivington, the editor, who was by no means so tardy in obeying the summons as modern gentlemen often are when they have learned the degree and condition of those who wait upon them. It was sufficient that an aged person and a female waited his coming.

"Good morrow, madam," said the polite editor, pleasantly, "how do you find yourself? I trust your early rising will do you no harm."

"I am verra weel, an' I thank ye for speering. A quiet morrow to ye, sir. An' I wad na hae disturbed ye noo, but that I am auld, an' weary too, for I hae travelled a lang way, wi' na ither conveyance than these twa feet, ye see, an' which hae dune me muckle service these fourscore gude years, but nae sae sure noo for stumblin' a bit."

"Pray sit down and rest yourself, while you relate

your errand," said Mr. Rivington, as he reached her a chair.

"Na, I thank ye kindly; I am stiff to rise when ance I'm doon; but wull ye assist, sir, to get a permit that I may gang my ways in quietness; forbye, 'tis a lang journey fra Albany hither, an' a' in sae short a time."

"From Albany, say you? Oh! and what of Burgoyne, dear madam?"

"He is safe there, he is safe there, hinny; an' these twa een saw him verra weel, an' I thank ye."

"Are you sure of it? Are you quite certain that you saw the general there? In Albany?"

"Oh, just as sure as onything. I saw him ance before; an' I suld ken him weel amang a thousand, for his is na the look that ane wad forget in a while, he is sae braw an' bonny."

"Burgoyne in Albany! that's news, indeed!" And the delighted editor ran about the room in ecstasy, clapped his hands joyfully together, and at last caught the old woman in his arms, and kissed her with as much fervency as if she were a Hebe; then, without waiting for his hat, he hastened to head-quarters with the news, that the noble officer there might participate in his feelings.

The old woman stood for a moment aghast, looking after Mr. Rivington, for whose senses she began to entertain strong doubts; and she had just seated herself, to ruminate at her leisure upon the violence of the malady under which she supposed him to labor, when the identical madman suddenly re-entered the room, half out of breath, and snatching his hat and cane, he drew the old woman's arm within his own, and said—

"You must accompany me to head-quarters, my dear madam, for such are the orders of the commander-in-chief,

who is desirous of hearing from your own lips the glorious news."

An entire conviction of the truth now, for the first time, darted into the mind of the aged traveller; and she saw clearly that she had occasioned some terrible mistake, by not being more explicit in her relation, yet she feared to undeceive her gallant attendant, and wisely determined, after a little reflection, that she would simply answer the questions which might be put to her by the officers; but that, as she did not mean to withhold the truth, so on the other hand, she would not manifest it unnecessarily.

They soon reached head-quarters, which were thronged with officers; and seldom before had there assembled so many delighted countenances. The old woman was greeted kindly, as she was conducted through the crowd to the commander-in-chief, who shook her hand most cordially, and said—

"Then, my good woman, you saw General Burgoyne in Albany, did you?"

"Aye, sir, that did I."

"You saw him yourself, you say?"

"Yes, sir; yes, I did."

"A thousand thanks for the information, and here are three guineas to purchase you a tartan plaidie for the coming winter."

"I maun e'en tak' it, then," said she, pressing the pieces in her palm; "but I am na sae sure that I suld neither, for it is waur than taking charity;" and she offered to return them, but General Howe prevented her doing so, by quietly closing her fingers upon the gold, to which they seemed to adhere naturally enough, and with a friendly squeeze he dismissed her.

Mr. Rivington followed her out of the house, and kindly

directed her to where she might get a permit to move through the city at her pleasure. Having obtained this she left the police-office,* and made the best of her way to her friends' house, in the upper part of the city. To them she related her recent adventure, and the mistake she had occasioned. The story was too good to be smothered; and, in less than ten minutes, it was repeated, with the usual exaggerations, to at least thirty persons, from whose mouths it spread like a whirlwind.

It was not long, as may well be supposed, ere the report had reached head-quarters; and the officers, vexed to the heart at being so deceived by an old woman's tale, and irritated beyond measure at the news of the capture of Burgoyne and his army, sent a file of soldiers to bring the aged culprit before them, and when she appeared, they put several questions to her rather harshly, and demanded why she had not told them that Burgoyne was a prisoner!

"Ye didna ask me that," she replied, simply, courtesying the while; upon which they indignantly ordered her away.

Among the various recreations which were chosen by the British officers at that day to while away their leisure hours, or to beguile the tedium of thought, the game of *fives* became a favorite amusement, in consequence of the example of Sir Henry Clinton, who, at one period, devoted half his time to that exercise. Indeed, so completely was he engaged in the laudable employment, that at length the older, or more thinking of the soldiers under his command, tired and disgusted with the idle life they were

* A room in the old city-hall, in which, previously to the war, the mayor's court was held, was dedicated to that purpose.

obliged to lead, began to murmur seriously, and to throw out hints which, though indirect, might by rebounding strike the ear for which they were intended. This went on for a while, but met with little or no attention—for when the plebeian counsels, the patrician but closes his ear more closely.

An inclosure at the corner of Broadway and John-street was dedicated to this game, and here the commander-in-chief, in company with a select party of officers, was accustomed to come and amuse himself for some hours on every fine day. One afternoon, when he had extended his sports to an unusually late hour, and, animated by his success and the plaudits of his companions, had forgotten all other engagements, an arrow, with a billet-doux attached to it, alighted amid the gay group, and was suddenly snatched up by one of the younger officers, who, having glanced his eye over it, handed it respectfully to the adjutant-general. André laughed as he perused the paper. This drew the attention of Sir Henry Clinton, who approached with a smile, and leaned familiarly over the shoulder of André, discovered the cause of his merriment by reading the following queries and replies:

"What is General Washington about? Strengthening his fastnesses in the Highlands; and, vigilant of time, he devotes each moment to the furtherance of the cause which he has espoused. What has the Marquis de Lafayette gone after? To procure succor and resources from France for his rebellious brethren here. What is De Esteign engaged in? Carrying his conquests from island to island in the British West Indies. What is Paul Jones after? He is, with his squadron, cruising off Scarborough-head for the Baltic fleet. Well—and what is Sir Henry Clinton doing? *Playing at fives!*"

The commander-in-chief colored with vexation, while he attempted to make a jest of the pointed rebuke; and drawing the arm of André within his own, he left the inclosure and walked away towards head-quarters; leaving the rest of the party to make themselves merry at his expense.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. E. A. CURTISS HULCE.

Old-fashioned flowers! old-fashioned flowers!
Such as I loved in childhood's hours;
A butterfly across my track
Brings all my school-day loiterings back;
The wayside, where I used to see,
The blossoms of the alder tree.

What fairy chains hath Nature cast
To link the spirit to the past!
A bird's song on a summer's day
Speeds lightning thought far years away;
That spot where we, the lake beside,
Threw pebbles in its glassy tide,
And marked the wid'ning circles break,
Like many a dream of Fancy's make.

Exotics of the sickly room,
Fashion and Art may nurse their bloom;
Than Dahlia or than Fleur-de-lis—
O, give old-fashioned flowers for me;
The Button with its sapphire blue;
The Marigold of topaz hue;
The queenly Rose hath mastery yet,
And the turf-loving Violet,

With velvet leaf of Tyrian dye,
And bending mien that shuns the eye;
These that have memories allied,
The path along the old hill-side;
The meadow offerings—childhood's claim—
That recks not of their Linnæan fame.

Ah! since those early flowers we found,
Gray Time hath sped his wonted round,
Hope and fruition—cares and tears,
Linked to the coming scroll of years,
A shadow of the weary strife,
The passion fever dream of life.
Some lines of silver now are laid
Among the locks of raven braid;
And from us, some are gone to rest—
Death for his trophies sought the best!
The soft blue eye—the placid brow—
Rest in the church-yard corner now:
Peace with them be! we soon shall go
To sleep those flowery sods below,
With treasures garnered in the dust,
Till earth and sea yield up their trust.
They come no more, their blighted race
Hath made the world a mournful place,
Whom Earth in her green bosom holds;
They call us to the land of souls.

Then cherish as the kindliest ties
The spirit's varied sympathies;
Nor doubt that He these gifts who lent
Hath each on Mercy's errand sent;

And links of love in earlier hours
Lie buried in old-fashioned flowers.
The midnight heaven—that starry sea—
Hath whispers from thy God to thee;
And He who man from Eden hurled,
Spared flowers to grace a guilty world.

WINTER RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE EDITRESS.

In the winter of 18— was a deep fall of snow, long to be remembered by the gay inhabitants of New York city. For weeks, some of the narrow streets were rendered impassable by the great accumulations there; but not so were the wider and more fashionable avenues. Brilliant vehicles containing more brilliant ladies, whose bright eyes and joyous faces might be seen peeping between furs and feathers, and the merry musical bells played by the richly caparisoned horses, passed each other in such rapid succession that the wary foot-passenger could scarcely cross the street, except at the peril of his life. The little chimney-sweep, enveloped in his sooty blanket, occasionally sang, "Oh, ho! sweep, oh, ho!" but seemed to forget his labors in the rare sport of snowballing his fellows. The jolly milkman, with his glistening cans, crowded his way to the doors of his customers; the teamster, with his fine load of hickory wood, now and then halted to clap his numb hands briskly, in order to restore warmth and vigor. The heavy omnibus forced its way through the overflowing streets; and the persevering carman nimbly passed between the obstacles, with a skill which practice alone could confer. Shovel and spade were in requisition to clear the door steps and sidewalks

of their snowy treasures; and fortunate was the passer-by who heard the warning admonition of "*Stan unner!*" in time to escape a deluge of sleet and snow from the heavily laden roof. All seemed mirth, and joy, and activity.

But *was* all indeed activity, and joy, and mirth? Were there no sad, aching hearts; none suffering from disease, poverty, and neglect, in that great metropolis? Alas! how many, unknowing and unknown, were draining the cup of wretchedness to the dregs! How little reck the rich and joyous of the unseen misery which may be found in almost every street! Little would they suppose that the very circumstances which add so much to the enjoyment of the wealthy, will exercise a contrary influence over the poor and miserable. Let us turn from the gay and brilliant, to an opposite picture; more useful, perhaps, to our better feelings, if not so pleasant.

In a respectable-looking street running north from Canal, and parallel with Broadway, might be seen a two-story brick building with a closely curtained window, where some of the broken panes were carefully replaced with white paper; an indication that some poverty-stricken soul, who had seen better days, was languishing in sickness there. 'Twas the middle of January, and for some time the cold had been intense until the previous day—when in common phrase, "the weather had moderated," and a violent snow-storm succeeded, which continued through the following night. Morning came, and the dark and threatening skies bore striking contrast to the snow-clad roofs and pavements. The very few trees and shrubs which were permitted to beautify the streets in summer, were laden with snow-gems, and bending beneath their weight. The window to which we have alluded was

nearly half hidden—the bright snow having drifted in the area, lay undisturbed and unstained.

Within that cold and comfortless room a middle-aged lady was lying upon a bed, which was one of the few useful articles of furniture there. Beside her, two daughters had sought refuge from the inclement air of the room.

Not thus destitute had always been this lady and her daughters. In early life she was an heiress, beautiful and accomplished; and at the age of twenty, with the consent of her parents, gave her heart and hand to William Tracy, a junior partner in her father's mercantile establishment. For a while they were prosperous and happy—fortune smiled, and three lovely children heightened their joys. But some unfortunate speculations deeply involved the concern, and rendered it necessary that Mr. Tracy should make a voyage to the Indies. With many sad forebodings he departed—hoping to return in three years to his family. Meantime, at home misfortune succeeded misfortune, until a total failure was the result; and soon after Mrs. Tracy was called to close the eyes of her beloved parents. A heavier blow awaited her: news arrived that the ship in which her husband sailed, had foundered, and every soul perished. She was left destitute. Her talents, and those of her daughter Lucy, who, at the time our story commences, was about sixteen years of age, were usefully employed, and served to support them. But grief weighed down a constitution naturally frail, and she found her resources rapidly diminishing. Edward, a promising boy of thirteen, at his own request was bound to a printer; Ellen, three years younger, long the pupil of her sister, devoted herself wholly to the care of her sick mother. Lucy most assiduously plied her needle in ornamental work, which, at that time commanded a great

price; but, alas! the rich forget to repay the labors of the poor; or rather, as they know no want themselves, they cannot appreciate the wants of others. Will not this sin be visited upon those thus neglectful?

But to return to our snow-bound basement.

"Oh, Lucy!" said the mother, in a voice enfeebled by suffering; "has the day dawned at last? This has been a long, *long* night—and so cold too. Give me a drink, daughter!"

Lucy hastened for a cup of water from the shelf, and finding it frozen, sought to pass out to obtain some; but her strength was unable to make her way through the snow. Taking some of it in her hand, however, she moistened her mother's lips, and received a blessing.

After a pause, Mrs. Tracy said—

"My daughter—my dear Lucy! I shall soon be released from the trials of this cold-hearted world; while you, and my little Ellen, and your noble-hearted brother will be left orphans, with none to care for you but our Heavenly Father. May you be the objects of His especial kindness, and love and serve Him forever!"

Ellen awoke; and in that cold, desolate, and cheerless room—no food—no fire—nor warmth but that of loving hearts, a prayer went forth on high—not of lip-service, but a fervent outpouring of the pious soul.

The sisters rose from their bended knees; Ellen repeating, "'Give us this day our daily bread!' and, oh! comfort my mother!"

How strong the ties of filial love! And firmer still those links are rivetted when all other joys are gone. Adversity, stern monitor, oft brings to light the hidden virtues of the human heart; and brightly shone those virtues in this darkened home. They chafed their mother's

temples, thus seeking to impart warmth, health, and hope; nor once complained of cold and hunger.

At length Lucy said, "Shall I leave you with Ellen a few minutes, dear mother? I wish to go round again to see Mrs. Lawrence, in Beekman street. Perhaps she will let me have some money."

"It is in vain, my daughter. The rich have few sympathies for the poor. I fear she will think your frequent calls troublesome. You know you were there yesterday."

"Yes, mother; but she was reading then, and could not be disturbed, and bade me call this morning. And I am stronger now."

"Then go, my dearest, and may Heaven protect you! There only is my hope."

With less fortitude than she would have her mother suppose, the delicate, though energetic girl, having put on a hood and shawl, prepared to go out, but with faint hopes of success. Were she the only one interested, she would rather have died than place herself in a position to be again repulsed. But the lives of a mother and sister were at stake, and what sacrifice would she not make for them! And tremblingly she bent her footsteps towards No. —, Beekman street. Weak, chilled, and sick at heart, she ascended the steps, but paused at the threshold ere she ventured to pull the bell. "If I should not succeed?" thought she; "but I will remember my trust;" and she passed in as the servant opened the door.

"La! miss, why do you come so early? Mistress has not breakfasted yet; it isn't nine o'clock. But sit down in the hall if you like, and I will tell her you are here."

The offer was most gladly accepted, for her limbs refused longer to sustain her; and as soon as she was alone, the tears gushed forth to relieve her wounded spirit. Soon

the door of the back room was opened, and a person approached to pass out of the house, but stopped on perceiving her, and said, "Young lady, do you wish to see Mrs. L——?"

"If you please, sir?"

"Well, walk in this room; she will soon be here. You are cold; pray be seated near the grate."

The voice of kindness, except from her own family, had long been a stranger to her; and stirring up the deep fountains of her heart, again sent the tears from her eyes profusely.

"Have I distressed you?" he inquired.

"Oh no, sir; excuse me, I was thinking of my mother"—

At this moment the servant entered, saying Mrs. L—— was engaged, and wished her to call again. Mr. L——, seeing her agonized look, hastily said, "Perhaps I can attend to the business as well as my wife, if you will let me know what it is."

"Oh, sir! may Heaven bless you for your great kindness! My mother is sick, perhaps dying from want; we have neither provisions nor fuel—and I came to ask Mrs. L—— for the payment of a small sum of money for embroidering her cape last summer. Believe me, sir, I would not have troubled her, but from absolute necessity."

"Indeed! what is the amount?"

"Twenty shillings, sir. I wrought it at half-price."

"Is five dollars the usual price for embroidering a cape?"

"It is, sir, for that style, when there is so much work upon it."

"Why, then, did you do it for half-price?"

"Because Mrs. L—— said she would give that, and could pay no more; and at that time I had no other work. Ask her, if you please, sir, and she will tell you so."

"It is unnecessary at present, especially as she is engaged. Here are five dollars, the worth of your work, to which you are justly entitled; and some compensation is surely due you for having waited thus long. Good morning."

"Oh, my mother! your hope was in your God! Blessed be his name for ever!" murmured Lucy, as she rose to depart.

A third person had been sitting unobserved in the recess of a window, apparently absorbed with a book; but he hastily closed it, and throwing on his cloak, followed her at a little distance. Mr. L——, also, prompted by curiosity, or a holier feeling, walked on to observe her movements; and both found it necessary to quicken their pace to keep sight of the young girl, so rapidly did filial love and anxiety hurry her forward. The stranger paused, and from the opposite side of the street saw her descend to the area of her basement room; but Mr. L—— walked down soon after, and rapping at the door, was admitted. What was his amazement to see the pallid face of the mother leaning upon the bosom of little Ellen, and the room so cold, so comfortless! Lucy hastened to inform her sick parent of their good fortune, and immediately left to buy bread.

Mr. L—— asked Ellen if she had eaten anything that day.

"No, sir."

"Nor yesterday?"

"No, sir."

"Had you no bread?"

"We had some the day before?"

The eyes of Mr. L—— filled with tears, and turning away, he hastily ascended the steps, and walked rapidly on. Little had he expected to find such extreme poverty and suffering, and his heart yearned to relieve the distressed. Though not rich, he was a merchant of good standing, and though he seldom gave the common beggar, was not backward to relieve the deserving poor. He felt the importance of the trust which the Creator had confided to his care; and by acts of kindness, as well as of charity, caused many a sorrowing heart to sing for joy. "Some fuel must first be obtained," thought he; "though the deep snow may prevent any from being carried through the streets this morning, I may find some at the wood-yards. Fortunately, however, near the corner of Broadway and Canal street, he obtained sight of a load of wood. Learning it was not sold, he asked the price, and taking the money from his wallet, was placing it in the hand of the teamster, and requesting him to drive to the basement he had just left, when the stranger who had breakfasted at his house came up, and presenting a well-filled purse, claimed the right to pay for the wood himself—having great wealth, and at present no one to share it with him. The generous Mr. L——, his countenance glowing with benevolence and his eyes still tearful, declined his purse, and desired his friend, Mr. T——, to send a physician there without delay; proposing that both should call together, to ascertain what was necessary for the comfort of the desolate family.

Dr. W——, of C—— street, a man eminent in his profession, as well as for his Christian virtues, was soon seated by the bedside, counting the pulse of the invalid, and seek-

ing to ascertain her disease and its cause. A bright fire blazed cheerfully upon the hearth; the remains of a white loaf were upon a stand, covered with a clean cloth; Ellen beside her mother; and Lucy preparing to make a little broth for the invalid. Dr. W—— lengthened his call, contrary to the general practice of city physicians, at length prescribed an anodyne, and rose to depart, saying he would call again soon.

"Will my mother recover?" faltered Lucy, after he had passed out of the room.

"With care, I think she will. Her nervous system is prostrated. Anxiety, fatigue and want of nourishing food have reduced her thus. Be careful of her diet; give her a little of the broth when it is prepared, and keep her mind as calm as possible."

After the door was closed, Ellen said—

"Dear mother, God has given us *more* than our daily bread; and see, how cheerful our room looks! If you were well we should be quite happy. Are you not better, dear mother!"

"Yes, my Ellen, I believe I am. I feel calm and quiet now; and but for my dear children, I could die peaceful and happy. I hope for rest beyond the grave."

She slept—peaceful as the infant on its mother's bosom.

Let us turn to the house of Mr. Lawrence.

"Emily," said he to his wife upon entering, "what young girl was that who was waiting in the cold hall, to speak with you this morning?"

"Oh! a girl who did some sewing for me last summer. She is very troublesome, calling here so frequently, and for such a little sum too."

"Why not pay at once, when anything is due, and remove the necessity of being troublesome."

"I hardly know, myself. I believe it was not convenient at first."

"How much did you owe her?"

"Only twenty shillings. She embroidered a cape for me."

"Was not the work worth more?"

"Yes; she was anxious for employment, and offered to do it at half price."

"To say nothing of taking advantage of her necessity, did it never occur to your mind that you were doing great injustice by withholding her pay so long? What if a sick mother and little sister were dependent upon her exertions, and the three were almost perishing from want?"

"Oh, that could not be the case, or she would have told me; besides, you know there is provision made for the poor. They need not suffer. But I will pay her the next time she calls."

"I have done that already upon her representation of her mother's illness. And now, Emily, will you put on your cloak and bonnet, and walk out with me a short distance? The air is fine, and our new friend, Tracy, will accompany us. He is very sad, you perceive, having as yet had no tidings of his family. To-morrow he leaves for Philadelphia, to continue his almost hopeless search."

The invitation accepted, the three were soon going down Beekman street to Broadway, thence to Canal.

"What a bright and beautiful day, though cold! The clouds have passed away, and the bright snow dazzles the eyes. But where are we going? not down those steps, surely?"

"Follow me," said her husband; and tapping lightly at the door was admitted.

"She still sleeps," said Lucy; and she placed some

chairs, which had been sent her a short time before by an unknown friend. A table had also been added to their scanty furniture; and a well-filled basket of delicate provisions placed there by some benevolent hand.

"Lucy!" said Mrs. L. "Is it possible!" and whispered, "Is your mother ill?"

"She is very, *very* sick!" was the reply.

"How long has she been thus?"

"She has been failing since last summer, but only a few days so poorly."

"Oh, why did you not tell me of this, Lucy? I might have been of great service to her. But I trust it is not yet too late."

"Is this heaven, dear William?" murmured the sleeping invalid.

The stranger started, and for the first time looked upon that pale, attenuated face. A stifled groan escaped him as he gently placed his chair beside the bed, and fixed his eyes upon her.

A few minutes of silence, and she awoke.

"Are you here, Lucy? I have had a delicious dream. Why did I wake so soon? I was exhausted with fatigue and alone—all alone—and your dear, lost father came, and called me his own Marion. He embraced me, and carried me in his arms to a bower of roses we had reared together in happier days. My children were sporting round me; and looking up among the flowers, I saw bright faces gazing upon us. My father and my mother were of the number; they smiled, and said, 'Happy, happy group!' And a loud, sweet strain of heavenly music awoke me!"

"My own Marion!" said the stranger; and Tracy pressed the cheek of his wife, after an absence of nine years. "Thank God for his mercies! I have found my

loved ones. Lucy! Ellen! come to a father's arms! Where is Edward?"

The bright boy was descending the steps to inquire about his mother, when he soon felt himself folded to a proud father's bosom.

* * * * *

Mrs. L—— returned home a wiser woman, and by a life of active benevolence sought to retrieve the follies of the past. Her errors had been more of the head than of the heart; and this visible change endeared her still more to the best of husbands. They seemed to see the hand of Providence in all things, and blessed the hour when business brought William Tracy to their house, a stranger; where, notwithstanding their ignorance of even the name of the sewing girl, they had been instrumental in restoring him to the bosom of his family, and laid the basis of enduring friendship.

* * * * *

Spring came with its mild breath and early flowers. Its hallowed influence, with the aid of joy and plenty, brought the glow of returning health to the cheek of Mrs. Tracy. The attentions of a devoted husband—his description of events in India; of his hair-breadth escape from a watery grave; of his arrival from sea at Mr. L——'s so opportunely, in search of his family—left no time for weary hours. The smiles and caresses of their children, growing up in the path of virtue, and possessing those high Christian principles which were the rule of action with their parents, left no earthly wish unsatisfied; and if the spirits of the departed are permitted to hover round the loved of earth, we may well suppose those bright faces beam among the flowers, exclaiming, "Happy, happy group!"

FRAGMENT—THE OFFERING.

BY MRS. E. P. H.

They journeyed on,
The fair young boy beside his aged sire ;
Perchance he turned aside to quench his thirst
At the bright sparkling rill, or stooped to pick
The sweet wild-flowers that grew upon its bank ;
Perchance a butterfly, with gilded wings,
Might cross his path, and bid him catch the prize !
Sweet innocent ! methinks e'en now I see thee,
With noble brow, like my own sainted boy ;
Such silken, clustering curls as angels wear,
Just parted by a tender mother's hand,
To press affection's kiss more surely there.
Go on—thy God is with thee !
Pensive still,
But with a holy calm within his breast,
The "Father of the Faithful" wends his way
Beside the "Child of Promise." Dearer far
Than life, that artless one ; the pride and joy
And comfort of his age : but faith was strong
In God. A spirit-wing fanned his pale brow
And cleared all doubt away, strength'ning his heart.
Thrice had the morning sun gilded the plains,
And shed his cheering beams on hill and vale,
Since they had left the hallowed home of love,

When, lo! Moriah bursts upon their sight—
The place of sacrifice! Alone they went,
The father and the son, upon the mount,
Builded the altar there, and placed the wood.
"Father! all now is ready, but the lamb!
Where is the lamb, my father, for the offering?"
What pangs with lightning speed oppressed that heart!
"My son, God will provide himself a lamb!"
Soon bound upon the wood was that fair boy.
A moment more, and the uplifted knife
Had drunk the life-blood of the young and pure
And sent his soul on angel wings to heaven,
When lo! a voice—"Stay, Abraham, stay thy hand!
The fear of God is with thee; thou hast not
Withheld thy son, thine only son, from me!"
God did provide a lamb for a burnt-offering!
Type of the Lamb who died to save mankind;
And gave such blessing as ne'er man received,
To that fond, faithful parent; for in him
Should all the nations of the earth be blest!

* * * * *

Glowed not their hearts with gratitude to Heaven,
And holy love, while journeying homeward
From Jehovah-jireh? And who may tell
The holy, sacred joy that wrapt each soul,
As to her breast the mother clasped her boy,
And with his father knelt in thanks to God!

A VISIT TO MOUNT HOPE,

IN THE CITY OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

BY MISS C. E. ROBERTS.

I HAVE visited many of the large cities of our extensive Union, but never was more agreeably surprised than when I first saw the beautiful city of Rochester, in the State of New York. Perhaps it was because I had never heard its beauties descanted upon, though I had often listened to accounts of its rapid growth and fast increasing population; but of its local charms I had heard but little, though I fancy they are rarely equalled.

But I do not mean here to enlarge upon the Genesee River, which threads its way amid as beautiful a landscape as the eye ever rested upon—nor those falls, of which so much has been written, whose sheets of snow-white foam descend in a cataract of nearly a hundred feet—nor of the mill-seats, each with its own stream of rushing water—nor of the not less picturesque lower falls, which, if seen from that most enchanting of all roads, "Buel's Avenue," look like hills of moving snow amid the verdant scene—the River Genesee, like liquid crystal, runs along on one side of you, and high walls of rock upon the other side, in some parts covered with rich verdure, and luxuriant wild flowers, and again bare and dark, with water trickling down its sides, and softening the hard stone, and crumbling it

away—the steep green banks of the opposite shore, with their long descents of rude steps—the pleasant-looking cottages, (what would not look pleasant from such a spot!) no, beautiful as all this may be, I cannot now enlarge upon it; but it is of Mount Hope, the city of the dead, of which I would write.

What an appropriate name for a cemetery! It speaks of immortality, rather than mortality. How cheering the sound to bereaved Christians who lay some beloved friend beneath the sod, in the full assurance she will rise again—"We have laid her in Mount Hope!" Oh, should not all our grave-yards, instead of being dull and gloomy receptacles of the dead, be made pleasant gardens, and have "Mount Hope" inscribed over the gates of these silent cities! With how much less of reluctance should we enter these hallowed precincts; and yet of how comparatively late date has been the change! A few years since where was pleasant Mount Auburn—the Greenwood Cemetery—Mount Hope?

It was a lovely afternoon, early in July, as our party drove through the rural city of Rochester, to visit Mount Hope. It is a pleasant drive—the children were delighted with all they saw. I always enjoy the society of children upon a journey, their expressions of delight are so from the heart—nature comes to them so pleasantly, as it came to myself lang-syne, and I fancy it is myself again, full of hope and youth. We noticed one beautiful cottage as we passed—beautiful more from its home among trees, and fine shrubs, and rare exotics about the pretty piazza, and vines whose tendrils twined gracefully round the white pillars.

"Those plants are the delight and care of a little invalid," said my friend; "she devotes her time and attention

to them constantly when she is able to be round ; she has a room in the cottage devoted to them, and very pleasant companions does she find them, when stretched upon her couch of suffering. She prides herself upon her roses, which she rears in great health and beauty, and her chief delight is in transplanting these children of her love to Mount Hope ; and one of the sweetest spots in that garden of the dead, is where her father and little brothers sleep. She has bordered a grave for herself and mother; and says when God sees fit to call her soul to himself, her poor body, which has been such a painful load in life, will have a pleasant nook among roses in the grave-yard." Alas! like herself, how much of watchfulness and care do these sweet plants need! The sunlight of love must cheer them alike, and the kindly dews of affection refresh them ; at last they die, but the plants "drop without decrepitude and pain into the tomb," while her feeble body wears itself away in suffering—and again they will both "break forth in glory."

But I am digressing—here we are at Mount Hope. Indeed it is a most lovely spot—nature in her own wild state, and art with all her refinements. The pretty pond of clear, bright water, "like a set gem," at the foot of the hill, reflects the blue sky and green borders with a peculiar clearness; the winding road leads up the hill, and into dells ; green bordered lots with roses planted round them, which shed their rich perfume over pleasant graves—deep dells where nature, with her own hand, has planted trees, and low brush, and wild flowers—rustic steps leading down into these shady nooks, where stand, in quiet places, simple white grave-stones, as if guarding the peaceful slumberers.

But the most lovely part of the ground, perhaps, is a

deep hollow, whether natural or artificial I do not know, but a series of labyrinthine walks lead to the small circular grass-plat at the bottom, bordered with flowers; looking up from this spot, the grave-stones upon the terraces, one above another, look like sentinels holding watch over priceless treasures. From the summit of Mount Hope, Lake Ontario is seen stretching afar off, though it is forty miles distant from Rochester. From the observatory in this point a most rich and highly diversified prospect is to be seen.

We wandered about this beautiful place for hours—children full of life and health stooping to read the names on little grave-stones, or spelling from some tall monument letters that they could scarcely decipher; with so vague and indistinct an idea of the change that cometh upon all.

Beautiful, beautiful Mount Hope who would not be willing to rest at last within thy pleasant borders? The birds here sing unharmed in their native trees, and the little squirrel bounds unmolested over the low graves—here the wild flowers live their life of beauty and fade away—the trees cast their many-colored leaves upon thy bosom, and decorate themselves again in the sweet spring-time with their accustomed garments—the snow of winter, like a silvery mantle, covers thee—the soft winds blow over thee. Oh, may we hope that all who rest within thy quiet borders, may rise in spotless and glorified bodies to join the host of the redeemed in heaven!

A Sabbath-like stillness reigns around—the children have strayed from our side; and as they approach, one says in a low sad tone to the other, "Why, Mary! I did not know your mother had so many dead children!" "Not dead children, little Charles; all *living unto God.*" They all lived long enough to hear of a Saviour's dying love; and

each little sleeper knew the evil of sin, and the need of a pardon. These dear ones (the oldest the grave-stone tells you was but ten years old) have all died trusting in a Saviour's mercy, and I trust are now among those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. "Oh, I often think," she continued, "how fearful must be the anguish of a parent who lays an unrepentant child within the grave!"

Long and deeply did I muse upon the lesson. Would I be happier if I laid an unrepentant child in Mount Hope, than if he slept in the dreary ocean bed? Could I hope his body would rise a glorified and spiritual body at the last day? Would the beauty of the spot, the blooming flowers, the bird's song, the white stone, take aught from the sting of death? Would it not seem sweeter to bury a believing and Christian friend in the dreariest spot compared to it? But the beauty of such spots as Mount Hope has a soothing, and I trust a beneficial effect upon the heart—the grave itself is not so clad in terrors—the tomb, the shroud, the dark abode are forgotten, among sunny nooks and bright flowers, and how imperceptibly a peace is diffused over the heart! We love to come and watch about our treasure, whose earthly form sleeps in a garden of roses; and we are led onward and upward to contemplate the glorious kingdom where those who sleep in Christ, live again in glory.

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, (says St. Paul;) in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." God grant that at the last great day we "may all come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general

assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the judge of all; and the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant." If we hope to come unto such an inheritance, "let us pray for grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably, in reverence and godly fear."

MY BIRD.

BY FANNY FORESTER, (MRS. E. C. JUDSON.)

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded all so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly o'er her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh, God! thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with an immortal wing,
To me, to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life that I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear—
The future with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager turn arise;
Hear, oh, my soul, our earnest prayer!
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel-plumage there.

FATAL LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DORING.

At a village in France, two strangers were driven by a storm to seek shelter in the house of a huntsman named Martin. Here the flame of an unequal love was suddenly lighted up between the fair Aloyse and one of the strangers, of whose dignity the country maiden was entirely ignorant. She accidentally discovered that the object of her heart's adoration was threatened with serious danger, and that his apparent friend, Colonel Montejo was his concealed enemy. To divert his guests the huntsman gave a rural *fête*. Madame Gageot, his sister, went to Nevers, to tell all her acquaintances about the agreeable strangers, and to invite some of Aloyse's friends to pass the evening with them, that she might show her young favorite with what tact she managed these matters. The provincial girls, seated under some spreading trees, resembled a wreath of blooming flowers, which exhibited every pale and deeper tint of spring and summer's blossoms. Madame Gageot presided at a large table covered with fruits and confections. Montejo, under pretense of sudden indisposition, retired precipitately into the house. His companion, who, by his gayety and engaging manners, had quickly wound himself into the hearts of the youthful party, hastily followed him, but almost as quickly returned, bearing a small casket. He opened it, and, after a short speech, he presented a gift to each of the blushing girls, saying, as he passed from one to the other, it was a remembrancer of

that happy evening. He placed a sparkling gem in the hair of one, put a brilliant ring upon the finger of another, and fastened a gold comb in the auburn ringlets of a third; and before they had time to recover from their surprise, or reject his offered gifts, they sparkled with the jewels with which he had so profusely ornamented them; and the last rays of the setting sun, which had hitherto in this happy spot shone only upon flowers, now fell upon these brilliant gems, and added a dazzling lustre to the wreath. Struck with astonishment, Madame Gageot and Aloyse gazed upon the scene. Madame, who was deeply read in fairy lore, believed that she beheld some enchanter before her. Aloyse grew pale with a variety of sensations, as she looked upon the munificent stranger. Who could this youth be, who, with such laughing and careless indifference, threw from him what appeared to her to be immeasurable riches? She did not wish to be treated in the same manner as her companions had been. He passed by her with his sparkling gifts; and, when he had gone the round of the circle, he set the casket upon the ground, bent down to a bed of flowers, took from it a violet, and gave it to the gratified Aloyse. "I well knew," he whispered, "that I dared not so approach you, Aloyse. Flowers only are fit for flowers; the daughter of nature loves nature alone. Ah! Aloyse, this violet will be happy, even in withering upon your bosom; but longer, much longer than its short existence may my remembrance dwell in your heart!" Aloyse felt her heart sink within her; she received the flower with a trembling hand, and glanced anxiously around, apprehending that he might have been overheard; but her companions were too deeply engaged to attend to her. They were all busily occupied in comparing their jewels, laughing, jesting;

and were so superlatively happy, that they could scarcely wait with composure for the appointed hour of separating, so impatient were they to return home to exhibit their gifts, and astonish their parents with the extraordinary tale. At length the hour of departure arrived, and they bade a grateful good night to their entertainers and the generous stranger; and with light steps they hurried home, holding fast their precious gems.

This incident made a great noise in the village. The girls were closely questioned by their parents, and they spoke so much of the stranger, that people did not know what to think of the matter. They were examined again and again, and they only repeated that they had received costly presents from a singularly handsome young man, but that his companion had scarcely remained long enough to throw a glance upon them. The gems were examined by a lapidary, and declared to be of great value; and, as there were amongst the girls' parents some of the magistrates, and even the mayor himself, the interesting enigma quickly began to take a somewhat different character.

Aloyse had, for some time past, been in the habit of daily visiting a poor old woman, who would scarcely have been able to support a feeble and suffering existence, had she not been supported and consoled by Aloyse's tender and benevolent cares. She devotedly loved her young benefactress, and her little cottage always seemed to be lighted up when Aloyse made her appearance in it, for she was like a ministering angel to her. The morning after the little festival, Aloyse set out to visit, as usual, her poor old friend, simply clad, and with her half-withered violet in her bosom. When she entered, Margaret fixed her eyes upon her with a look of so much anxiety, that she tenderly inquired if she wished for any-

thing. "Nothing, my sweet child," she replied, "while you are with me. I desire only a crown of glory to deck thy pure brow. What now disquiets me is a dream I have had, in which you bore a part. I thought you were threatened by some danger to which I could give no name. You bent down to seize a sparkling jewel which was rolling toward an abyss; you grasped it, and as you pressed it to your bosom, it pierced you to the heart. I saw you afterwards in a magnificent chamber, where everything shone with gold, but the gold cast a pale, ghastly shade upon your cheek; and when I observed you more closely, your bright and lovely color was no longer there —your eyes were closed—you belonged no more to the living." Aloyse shuddered at these words; and thoughts of the jewels of the preceding day sank deeply into her heart. She felt the wound; but her grief was mingled with so much sweetness, that she could not know it to be a consuming poison.

Montejo was employed by Cardinal Mazarine and the Jesuits to remove the young prince, in order to pave the way to the throne of Spain for another candidate; and it was on a journey to Toulon that these adventures ensued. At this time the king of Spain died, and the ambassadors were on their way to Paris with his will and the Spanish crown, to lay them at the feet of the new monarch. They were to pass by the residence of Martin; and Montejo now began to fear that his companion—who was Philip of Anjou—would not fall into the snares contrived for his ruin. On her way home from her charitable visit, she overheard the particulars of the atrocious scheme. She remained for an hour immovable, and lost in deep thought. Now she clearly felt that an invincible barrier lay on her path, and that a deep and impassable gulf separated her

from happiness. She was now awakened to all the depth of her love; and an inexpressible anguish mingled itself with her tenderness, for it was evident that some horrible fate was impending over her lover. At this fearful thought she sprang from the ground, and, while she rapidly pursued her way homewards, endeavored to think what it was her duty to do. "Away," she thought, "he must not go; I must find out some way of detaining him; he is safe with us." She desired the mayor to prevent the strangers from escaping. "I accuse them," she said, "of having stolen those jewels." A thunderbolt could not have occasioned greater astonishment and consternation than these words. She repeated the accusation in a firmer tone. Montejo threw upon her a look of the deepest malignity, while Philip gazed at her in the utmost surprise. Martin dropped the glass of water which he was about to raise to his lips, and Madame Gageot surveyed her from head to foot with angry eyes. Upon this charge they were stopped. She watched Philip during the night like a guardian angel; and Montejo, enraged at her interposition, wounded her with his dagger, and disappeared. Philip scarcely observed the villain's flight, for all his attention was fixed upon the beautiful, bleeding girl at his feet. He raised her up, and held her in his arms; then placed her upon a seat, uncovered her shoulder, tore a handkerchief in two, and stanched the blood. He bent over her, endeavored to revive her, parted her ringlets from her pale brow, and supported her sinking head. For an hour she thus lay in silent bliss, her cheek resting upon that gentle, princely hand. "Oh, sir!" she murmured in a soft, low voice, "why was I not wounded to death? why am I not permitted to make thee the only sacrifice that was in my power?" He entreated

her to be calm, and they now came to mutual explanations. She related everything she had heard in the forest; and the more he heard, the more indignant he became.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "I indeed believe that he would have betrayed me. He obtained my friendship and confidence only to lead me more certainly to destruction. Austria, or perhaps Spain itself, has sent him to me."

As the envoys from Spain were hourly expected in this part of France, Philip resolved to make himself known to them, and accompany them to Paris. With faltering steps Aloyse now approached the door of his apartment. She paused; she stretched out her arms toward him. "Philip!" said her pale trembling lips—"Philip! once only in this life—we meet no more—once only—." She could not finish, but he understood her. He pressed her ardently to his bosom; for one short moment she rested in his embrace, then tore herself away, rushed down the steps, and threw herself upon her couch.

On the arrival of the ambassadors, Philip prepared to depart with them. While they were occupied in dispatching expresses to Madrid and elsewhere, he retired into the thicket, and motioned to Martin and Aloyse to follow him. He took a kind farewell of the former, and begged him to come and see him in Paris. "But what shall I say to thee?" continued he, turning to Aloyse, "thou gentle, unhappy one! Shall I ever repay thee thy sacrifice and thy tears? Oh, may thy heart soon regain its tranquillity, for we part forever in this world!" She replied not, but, with deep sobs, pressed his hand to her heart. He embraced her once more, and laying her on her father's breast, rushed from the spot. After his departure she wept bitterly. Martin bent tenderly over her, and

softly named Philip. "Oh, my father!" she vehemently exclaimed—"I own my affection for him: I shall love him forever; he has taken my life with him. Yet be not uneasy, dear father; I shall be composed. Fulfil your promise, and let us set out for Paris instantly."

Louis had already accepted for his grandson the crown of Spain, and the ambassadors were appointed to a solemn audience. The French nobles were assembled. A number of men of rank from the young Bourbon's different dominions, even from distant America, arranged themselves round Louis's still empty throne. The ladies of the court were also present, and at their head was the admired, the envied Madame de Maintenon. In the background were many persons of the middle rank, spectators of this magnificent scene, and amongst these were Madame Gageot and Aloyse. The door of the royal cabinet was now flung-open, and Louis stepped proudly forth, leading his grandson by the hand, with the air and majesty of the master of the world. Beautiful as the son of a god, led by the hand of Jupiter, walked Philip by his side. He was attired in the Spanish costume, sparkling with jewels. The royal mantle flowed gracefully from his shoulder, the sword of Castile glittered at his side, and the feathers of Arragon waved from the diadem that bound his youthful brow. "Spaniards, behold your king!" said Louis, as he looked with paternal pride upon his grandson, whom he presented to them. The ceremony was nearly concluded, when Philip's eye fell upon a pale, dying countenance, that looked as if it had risen from the dead to gaze upon him. The color suddenly fled from his cheek; for it was Aloyse's sweet, mournful glance he had encountered, and it was impossible for him to conceal his emotions. His hand trembled in that of

Louis, who said, in a low voice, "Dost thou tremble, king of Spain?"

Philip departed for Spain; and about a year afterwards Aloyse went one evening, as usual, to visit old Margaret. "My child," said she, as she looked upon the pale, death-like countenance of her forlorn young friend, "have I not been right with my dream? Oh, that you had never known this death-bringing jewel!"

"Good mother," replied Aloyse, "do not thus grieve over me; I am not unhappy."

But Margaret remarked such an extraordinary weakness about her, that she determined, although against her wishes, to accompany her on her way home. When they came to the forest, Aloyse felt herself overpowered by great weakness and indisposition, about the place where she had overheard Montejo's treachery. "It was here," said she, in a low, stifled voice; "I recollect a particular tree; it lies there still. Let us sit down upon it, good mother." Aloyse seated herself beside Margaret, and laid her head upon her friend's shoulder. The setting sun gilded the leaves with his dying rays. "See," whispered Aloyse, "the sun goes down in Spain; but," she continued, "in his America it rises again, and in his heaven it shines forever!" These were her last words. She died in Margaret's arms.

SONG.

TO A LADY.

BY MRS. E. A. CURTISS HULCE.

Ah no! he is not coming,
He'll not be here to-night;
Smooth not thy raven tresses,
Glance not thine eye so bright.
Yet doubt not that he loves thee
With true devotion still,
Though man hath sterner duties
Than wait on woman's will.

I know that woman's pathway
Is strewn with autumn flowers,
Save in her beauty's zenith,
Her summer's golden hours;
Yet autumn days are laden
With fruits which spring hath not,
And with leaves, whose rainbow gorgeousness,
Makes the rose-bud's all forgot.

And when thy babe is sleeping,
And thou art worn and sad
With watching for his footstep
Who makes thy home so glad;
When the light of faith is burning
Dimly at its mortal shrine,
Turn where incense tears are heeded,
Richer drops have gushed than thine!

Crimson drops at Gethsemana,
Holy tears at Lazarus' tomb,
Cana's bridal, Nain's burial,
And Jerusalem's wept doom,
Show man's humblest hours of sorrow,
As of joy, were felt by Him,
And if with thee when life's brightest,
He'll be with thee when 'tis dim.

And let me, gentle lady,
One whisper to thee tell,
Make not an earthly idol—
Love thou "wisely"—not "too well;"
For thy heart of burning passion
May be broken in its trust,
And a woe awaits the worship
Of so frail a thing as dust!

I have seen the grave's green bosom
Fold the fairest to its breast,
And I know by many a token
They were idols to the rest;
I have shared in this vain worship,
For my locks are blanched, you see,
And these bitter heart-revealings
Treasure as a shield to thee!

FRAGMENTS OF MY EARLY LIFE.

I WAS ever an unfortunate child, and the very first lesson which the nurse endeavored to instill into me, was, that it was the intention of nature to make me the sport of misfortune. Rude and unkind as that prophecy was, it has since been accurately verified in every step which I have taken, and in every avenue which I have traced. Often when I look back and dwell upon the various freaks I have encountered, I have fervently wished that some vivid Cervantes would spring into being, and call forth human sympathy by a faithful picture of my many untoward plights.

My misfortunes date their origin at the cradle, and they have scrupulously and diligently followed me up to the time I undertake to tell them. Were I to descend to trifles, I can safely aver

> "I never had a slice of bread
> Particularly nice and wide,
> But fell upon the sanded floor,
> And *always* on the buttered side."

When a school-boy, if there was any rig to be played off, I was sure to be the subject upon which the experiment might be duly tried; if anything went in opposition to the notions of decorum entertained by our instructor, I always had the honor of standing in the attitude of a "general martyr" for the rest; and when I did cringe and writhe under the weighty vibrations of the ferule, it never failed to elicit unbounded applause from my school-

fellows, and afforded the most appropriate occasion for merriment. While I would wring my whole body from the intensity of the pain, they would wring theirs from the intensity of laughter.

So it was, and whatever is predestined must come to pass; it was a merry song, and I made it a point to laugh as heartily as the rest, as soon as the body had regained its wonted placidity. At length I attained my fourteenth year—wise enough in my own estimation, yet too deep in the mire of human ignorance. Unqualified as I was, I became a freshman in one of our colleges, and (chide me not when I say it!) the feeling was scarcely less than ethereal in which I was enwrapped, when, after a tedious and anxious examination, my name was read over as entitled to admission. If my emotions before were heavenly, what tongue could describe them, when the venerable president, enshrouded in his silken gown, descended from his apparent throne, and addressed me thus: "*Juvene! admitto vos honori hujus collegiis; lege et intellege, sed cave ludis.*" My heart responded thanks, and my voice whispered gratitude.

A step once taken, is difficult often to be retraced. It was then, after deep and mature reflection—after a brown study, in which for weeks I had been involved, that I injudiciously determined to make good by sport what I lacked in learning; so that, by the time the first quarter had made its evolution, I was quite an adept in inventing means by which I could glide over corrosive time. In this respect I was by no means singular, for I am willing to be qualified to the fact, that if ever "imps" enjoyed a liberal education, they graduated in 182–. "Hale fellows well met" we were, and "deviltry" was the order of the day. At one time we would silence the vociferousness

of a tutor by an explosion of artillery at his room door; at another, disturb the somniferous exploits of a professor by frequent and multifarious breaches of peace. On the whole, nothing was left undone which should *not* have been done, and nothing was done that *ought* to have been. It was a cold night in December, that my classmates were in secret and solemn conclave assembled. It was an affecting time, and the length of physiognomy which might there have been encountered, plainly told that some affair of moment occupied the bosom of each member of the assembly. Silence then reigned with all its solemnity, and not a discordant voice intruded itself towards obstructing the passage of the following preamble and resolutions:

"*Whereas*, it is incumbent upon us, by the duties of our collegiate course, to assemble in the chapel two full hours before daylight; and whereas, also, the intensity of cold experienced by that operation is beyond endurance, therefore—

"*Resolved*, that the sudden transition from the temperature of a bed-room to the icy atmosphere of a chapel, tends grievously to refrigerate the heated state of our bodies.

"*Resolved*, in order to protract this untimely mode of rising, that a committee of two be appointed, (delegated as plenipotentiaries,) to wait upon the *bell*, and devise ways and means for its *perfect* silence.

"*Resolved*, as the notes of said *bell* are somewhat harsh and grating to the ear, that the aforementioned committee be authorized to examine its tongue, and, if possible, entirely pluck out the unruly member."

As usual, I had the honor of being one of that committee; for if any thankless vacancy was ever to be filled,

my name was sure to soil the blank—demurring to the contrary, notwithstanding. Strictly in compliance with the letter of my credentials, I called upon the sublime and lofty disturber of the students' repose, and having nicely and scientifically inspected its organ of sound, with the all-penetrating eye of an M. D., I concluded that amputation, or rather extraction, was alarmingly necessary. With my instruments, comprising files and a hammer, I made the requisite incisions, when with a peculiar Vulcanic knock and twist, the tongue fell into the hands of my overjoyed companion. "A handsome operation," whispered my friend.

"Admirable," responded I, with a due portion of gravity. "Now for inverting the bell, and applying a pail of water to its mouth."

This procedure, on account of its alderman-like appearance, was an undertaking of no every-day occurrence; but we accomplished it by dint of perseverance, after a struggle, unequalled, except by the Spartan band at the strait of Thermopylæ. While occupied in this responsible and elevated situation, I could not help imagining myself another philanthropic Howard, fathoming the depth of misery, and dispensing aid to the needy—students need sleep—*ergo*, they are needy. But one pail of water was as a drop in the bucket, or, rather, in the bell; so by repeated efforts at persuasion, I at length succeeded in convincing my brother committee-man that it was absolutely necessary towards the fulfilment of our instructions, that we should add two more. In five minutes after, you might have seen the committee, each with a bucket in his hand, clambering a ladder directly under the bell. Having reached the summit of our labors, the inverted organ of sound speedily received the liquid portion—this done,

the committee begged leave to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Thus far we had been peculiarly fortunate, and I was descending from the belfry, laughing in my sleeve at having made my prophetic nurse a liar, when lo! and behold! the bell, losing its poise, dashed its whole contents upon my devoted head. This was no time for comment; discovery was like to ensue; so, making the best of an unsuccessful speculation, I skulked off unseen. A few moments after this unlucky event might be seen entering room No. 32, a complete walking icicle—there was no imitation, the whole was reality.

But we had not to submit to a perfect failure, for the very next morning found us all snugly reposing beneath our blankets, the bell-clapper having been *bulletined* among the missing. Respecting my future collegiate course it is sufficient to say, that nothing material transpired, except that I met with a solitary "suspension," two "rusticatations," of six weeks each, and the eloquent and interesting perusal of four "confessions," merely for the diversion of the faculty and students; not to say any thing of seven or eight, (I do not recollect those things accurately, although they made a very beneficial impression on me at the time,) candid admonitions and a number of feeling and gentle intimations that unless my conduct was quite different in future, I might anticipate an opportunity of commencing a profession before my classmates. However, things resulted most brilliantly, since having been caught in an affair which was rather "counter" to the tune of college regulations, I was suffered to graduate three months previous to my classmates, bearing in my pocket a diploma, headed with capitals horribly black.

The meaning of this premature expression of approba-

tion on the part of the faculty was to me a problem I could not solve. What I had done, which entitled me to this honor, I could not for the soul of me divine. On my arrival home, I set myself immediately about inditing an epistle to the good old venerable president, acknowledging to him candidly the many and great obligations under which he had laid me by this signal mark of his esteem, in advancing merit and retarding stupidity; at the same time, also, condoling with him by reason of the backwardness of my classmates, who, like me, and with me, might have graduated, had they been possessed of intellects sufficiently capacious. And when in the postscript I blessed the pure old saint, the tears rolled down my cheeks so large, that the memory of some of our oldest inhabitants cannot produce a parallel. And now, kind readers, be good enough to regard distance, for you are at this very moment holding intercourse with one who came within *three* months of being "dubbed" a liberally educated man; and although the phantom honor of a bachelor's degree does not happen to hang to my name, yet I comprise almost as much intelligence as if I had attained the "valedictory" as an award. As above hinted, with the legible and black-lettered diploma in my coat pocket, I launched upon the world, and, in short, made a commencement of the voluminous and highly interesting study of the legal profession. To me, everything was the same, and in my view, books, (no matter of what they treated,) "were born," (in the language of that great republican effort,) "free and equal." Since small matters never interfered in dampening my calculations, I encountered, not only without a sigh, but even with a savage audacity, the gloomy reminiscences of that monster Blackstone.

To read, was to me no herculean labor, but to under-

stand was quite a different occupation Upon the perusal of the very first page, I put down my foot with a fixed determination not to allow my studies to draw in the slightest degree upon my intellect; or if they should, to protest the draft at sight. This determination I manfully maintained, notwithstanding I read every passage from cover to cover, and when I had finished, I could say with emphasis, *I had read Blackstone,* but of what it treated I left for others to answer, who were more skilled in legal lore. Next followed Dunlap, then Johnson, and when I had digested his digest, then I digested his reports. Then came Cowan, next Gil Blas; then the Statutes; then Rob Roy; then Jacobs' Law Dictionary; Eaton on Mineralogy; Henry on Chemistry; Edwards on Divinity; and then followed in the train Peregrine Pickle, and after all, notwithstanding I had endeavored to sweeten the sour doses of law, I nevertheless found I had extracted none of their valuable juices. I mixed light reading with heavy reading, hoping for favorable results, but I found the "general issue" to be, that oil, vinegar, and honey would never unite. I studied with a great man, as great in body as in mind; and it required no criterion eye to read what was passing inwardly in his mind respecting my future brilliancy. In fact, (taking me aside one day,) he remarked—"I have some serious misgivings with regard to your eminence, for, waving all symptoms of compliment, I should be very much surprised should you hereafter rival Lord Eldon; but as miracles are by no means rare in latter days, such an occurrence might take place. Do not, however, understand me, (I entreat you,) to say that I anticipate any such result, (far be it from me to mislead,) but on the contrary, should you turn out to be a *middling* pettifogger, (and this expression was accompanied by a

supercilious curl of the lip,) you will, let me assure you, derange every idea I have ever formed on the subject." Having brought to a conclusion this rodomontade attack upon my vanity, I gave him a hearty squeeze of the hand and left him in disgust; inwardly confounding him for being so purblind as not to discover in me some pledge of future success. However, having concluded to ponder well his salutary hints, I sounded a retreat from the legal profession. I adopted the idea of turning my attention towards procuring a partner for life, and then comfortably retiring from the busy and unprofitable gaze of the world.

Here, indeed, a pretty face saved me. For while many of my laborious and learned companions plodded on through life, always industrious, always correct in their deportment, and always poor, I married an heiress who fell in love with me from my personal charms; and in spite of my idleness and my hatred of Blackstone, I am now a lawyer of more business than most of my compatriots.

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The Inebriate

THE INEBRIATE.

There is woe in the gleam of the sparkling cup,
A subtle spell in its wild flashing light;
It scorches the heart with a burning breath,
And casts o'er each joy a dark mildew blight.

But there's hope for the fall'n, then be not despairing;
Arise in the might of stern Virtue's control;
Make trial at once, thy God will sustain thee,
Should waves of temptation encircle thy soul.

O, listen, inebriate, to one who would win thee!
Shake off the fetters which gallingly bind;
Rouse to thy manhood, let not the oppressor,
With shackles of iron, chain down thy free mind.

Yield to the pale-browed, sad pleader beside thee,
Let the vows of thy marriage hour steal to thy heart,
O sign but the Pledge, and the bright bow of promise
Shall illumine thy pathway, nor ever depart.

C. K. K.

Williamsburgh, July 7th, 1849.

THE LOST KITE.

BY MISS GOULD.

"My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite!
Oh! when I saw the steady flight
With which she gained her lofty height,
How could I know, that, letting go
That naughty string would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
To pass forever out of sight!

"A purple cloud was sailing by,
With silver borders, o'er the sky;
I thought it seemed to come so nigh,
I'd let my kite go up and light
Upon its fringe so soft and bright,
To see how noble, high, and proud
She'd look while riding on a cloud!

"As near her shining mark she drew,
I clapped my hands—the line slipped through
My silly fingers—and she flew
Away! away! in airy play,
Right over where the water lay!
She veered, and fluttered, swung, and gave
A plunge! then vanished in the wave!

"I never more shall want to look
On that false cloud, or on the brook;
Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took
My dearest joy, thus to destroy
The pastime of your happy boy!
My kite! my kite! how sad to think
She soared so high, so soon to sink!"

"Be this," the mother said, and smiled,
"A lesson to you, simple child!
And when by fancies vain and wild
As that which cost the kite that's lost,
Thy busy brain again is crossed,
Of shining vapor then beware,
Nor place thy joys on fickle air!

"I have a darling treasure, too,
That sometimes would, by slipping through
My guardian hands, the way pursue,
From which more tight than thou thy kite,
I hold my jewel, new and bright;
Lest he should stray without a guide,
To drown my hopes in sorrow's tide!"

ALICE.

BY PROTEUS.

She arrived at the school on a holiday afternoon, towards the close of spring, when all the scholars were out in the neighboring fields, except Frank and myself. We were seated under the great elm in the dooryard, engaged in our favorite game, in which each alternately endeavored to surpass the other by reading a greater number of lines in Virgil without breaking the measure, when the carriage drove up, and Alice Prior alighted. We spent the remainder of the day in introducing the new-comer to all the objects of interest within and around the seminary; and from that time forth, for two years, we three were inseparable companions whenever school regulations did not preclude our intercourse. It was the happiest period of my life. I loved the gentle orphan as a brother may love a favorite sister; but farther than this, I dared not give way to my feelings, being aware of the previous attachment of the cousins. At length I was recalled to the city to superintend my father's mercantile affairs, as his partner. Frank and I corresponded for many months, until at length becoming more and more engrossed in the business of the busy world, I neglected to answer his letters altogether. In his last he informed me of the death of his parents, that Alice had been adopted by a natural uncle, a Mr. Morton, who was childless, and reported to be among the wealthiest

of the metropolis, and that his collegiate course was almost completed. I made inquiries for Alice soon after, but not being able to ascertain her place of residence, her remembrance gradually passed from my mind, and I thought no more of the country belle for three whole years, till one night I met her at a large party. I knew her at the first glance, but the artless school-girl had grown into the accomplished woman. She had just been led to the piano by her adopted father as I recognized her. Scarcely had she struck a dozen notes, before the numerous groups throughout the spacious and thronged saloon became still, and ere the first stanza was ended, I fancied myself in some vast hall where music and statuary had united their fascination, so motionless were the listeners, so charming the strain. There was more of melody than power in her voice, which, with the touching expression she gave to the sentiment, made its way directly to the heart. She sang a few more popular airs, and then resigned her seat.

"Can this be Alice Prior?" whispered I, audibly, as she passed me, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, who was conducting her to a little knot of friends.

"It is even so," returned a familiar voice at my elbow.

I looked round and beheld a tall figure leaning against a pilaster just on my right. I recognized the features of Frank Werner. I grasped his hand, and in a moment we were boys again. We retired to a distant corner of the room, and there ran over the prominent events in the history of our lives since we parted at boarding-school. Among other particulars, he acquainted me with an engagement between himself and cousin, previous to her removal to the metropolis; of their subsequent correspondence while he was yet at college; "which lasted but a few months," continued he, with emotion, "before she became

remiss in answering my letters, till at length I heard from her no longer. By and by I came to the city to pursue my professional studies; but my feelings had been too deeply wounded by her silence to seek an interview. We met, however, occasionally, as the sphere of my acquaintance enlarged, but she had forgotten me, and she was no longer the unsophisticated being for whom we contrived so many gratifications in our school-boy days. Adopted, nay, idolized by a man of large fortune, transplanted into the fascinating scenes of metropolitan gayety and splendor, and enchanted by all the pleasures which wealth and beauty can summon, she has learned to forget, or to look back with disdain on those simple delights amid which she was nurtured. She has breathed the malaria of flattery, till her young heart has been tainted with its poison. She has learned that she is an object of admiration. She has learned that she is heir to a splendid inheritance, and the consciousness of independence is but another name for pride. No expense has been spared to perfect her in the fashionable accomplishments of the day, and these with her elegant person and prospective dowry, have drawn around her a crowd of admirers. I too still observe her, but it is at a distance; I stand aloof and gaze at her as at some glorious and unapproachable being, from the mastery of whose presence it is impossible to break away. We meet comparatively often, for I cannot bring myself to shun the opportunity of seeing her, though she passes me unnoticed, or notices me but with indifference."

"Assuredly, my friend," said I, "there is a fortune in love, and therefore to repine at the awards of the blind goddess is of no avail. In the disappointments of affection, as in all others of the heart, stoicism is the true philosophy. Come, come, Frank, away with this boyish mel-

ancholy—cheer up, and remember that though this passage in your life be gloomy and desolate, it may be the highway to scenes of light and beauty which await your future progress."

"It is useless to philosophize," replied Werner. "Reason, I own, shows us true beacons by which we might safely direct our course; but, Love sits at the helm of the heart, and"—

"Should be thrown overboard for a blind pilot," interrupted I, "whenever he trifles with his trust, amid breakers and quicksands."

Before he had time to reply, a friend beckoned me to her from a distant part of the room. The lady who had summoned me was one of the gay circle in which Alice was seated, and after a little time I was introduced to the latter. She had not forgotten me; but whenever, in the course of conversation, I reverted to past scenes, she became silent, and even apparently disconcerted. At first I did not notice her embarrassment, so pleasing was it to speak of the associations awakened by her presence; but I soon discovered my error, and remarked to myself that there is no surer way of forfeiting the good graces of those who have risen to consequence from the humble walks of life, than to remind them of their first estate. Pride, like the eagle, looks upward, and finds no gratification in surveying the low perch from which it plumed its wing for eminence.

"Who is that student-looking unknown, whom you left in the corner yonder?" asked one of the group. "He looks as pale and melancholy as a discarded lover."

All eyes were directed towards Frank, whose face was partly turned towards the window, through which the full moon was beaming.

"That's my friend, Dr. Werner," I returned. "I believe you formerly knew him, Miss Prior."

"Indifferently," she replied, with nonchalance.

"He affected to be your beau at school, I have been informed," observed another of the party. "His country gallantry must have been really amusing."

"He my beau!" cried Alice, extending her fore-finger with a scornful smile; "that tall mountaineer my beau, indeed!" and she laughed outright.

The gesture and the contemptuous smile did not escape the notice of their object. I looked at the haughty girl, and our eyes met. A blush passed over her features, but it was instantly followed by an expression of careless gayety; and tossing a billet to me, she said—

"Here, Mr. Morgan, this is for you; you used to be an admirer of sonnets, and of course you will be greatly obliged to me for so valuable a present. Your friend handed it to me this evening, by mistake, I presume."

"Read it, do, do!" cried half a dozen voices at once.

"No, no, indeed," interrupted Alice; "you *must* spare me—I am positive I should not survive such an infliction."

Werner turned away in confusion, and withdrew from the apartment, stung to the quick.

The group was soon after dispersed in a cotillion, and as my feelings were warmly excited in my friend's behalf, I took the opportunity of being alone to see what he had written as a valedictory to his cousin. The following were the lines:

Farewell—the spell is broken
That held me in its thrall;
Farewell—the word is spoken
My lips shall ne'er recall!
And though we oft may meet, perchance,
And mingle in the stirring dance

With pleasure's idle-hearted;
We shall not meet as we have met,
Ere hope's first morning-star had set,
Nor part as we have parted.

I loved thee, and must love thee still
In memory of the past,
Amid whate'er of earthly ill
My future lot be cast!
For in my boyhood's sunny prime,
When brightly from the urn of time
Life's golden moments fell,
Thou wert a peri to my eyes,
Sent from Love's own sweet paradise
In my young heart to dwell.

Ay, curl that cherub lip in scorn,
And give to wit the rein;
And barb that tongue with sarcasm born
From thy proud heart's disdain,
In mockery of one who erst
Was ever foremost of the first
To guard thy maiden fame—
One who, with quick adventurous hand,
Had braved the proudest of the land,
That lightly named thy name.

And yet if thou canst borrow,
In beauty's mirthful pride,
Delight from friendship's sorrow,
Smile on, I will not chide.
Yet ah, methinks it were more kind,
More fraught with woman's feeling mind,
To hide derision's fang
From one who even now would dare
More than life's brittle thread could bear,
Ere thou shouldst feel a pang.

Farewell, may naught of sadness
Thy coming hours befall:
But thine to meet with gladness
And gentle looks from all—
And mine to wend my way alone,
Whether with thorns or roses strewn,
I care not—fate shall tell—
Soul-nerved with stoic pride to bear
Calmly the cold world's wintriest air,
And ev'n thine own—farewell.

I was suddenly roused from the reverie into which the perusal of the stanzas had thrown me, by a shriek which broke from near the centre of the apartment, and hurrying towards the spot, I beheld Alice, pale and insensible, in the arms of the gentleman with whom she had been dancing. One of the large chandeliers had broken from its fastenings by the jar of the cotillions, and the whole weight of the massy ornament had fallen obliquely upon the neck and shoulder of the beautiful girl. The external injury was scarcely perceptible, and after a little time she was so far recovered as to be enabled to ride home. An experienced surgeon was summoned, and when I called, a few days after, to learn the state of her health, her father informed me that her case had been pronounced hopeless! A large and deep-seated aneurism had made its appearance in such a situation that an operation was deemed impracticable. As I left the house, my promise to Frank occurred to me, and I took my way to his office. I found him in rather a melancholy mood, surrounded with books and anatomical drawings, and deeply engaged in study. After a little conversation on topics connected with past scenes, I asked him if he had seen his cousin since her late accident.

"No," he replied, "has anything of consequence befallen her?"

I gave him the particulars of her misfortune. At first he would not believe me, but when convinced that I was in earnest, he dropped his head upon his hand and remained silent for several minutes. At length he asked—

"Did you say that Dr. —— despaired of her recovery?"

"So her father assured me."

"Then I will see her," resumed he, after a little pause. "I have had no inconsiderable experience in the treatment of such injuries."

"He took from a drawer a case of instruments; and having satisfied himself that they were in perfect order, we set off together for Mr. Morton's.

We found the old gentleman walking the room in an agony of grief. As soon as he became a little calm, I introduced my companion as a young surgeon of eminence, whom I had taken the liberty to call in, thinking that possibly his experience might prove of some benefit to the sufferer.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Morton; "but I fear that all our efforts will end in disappointment."

"While there is life there is hope," observed Frank, encouragingly, as they entered the apartment of the invalid.

After a short absence they returned.

"And what think you, doctor?" whispered the old gentleman, as soon as he had closed the door.

"I think—nay, I *know* that she can be saved," was the firm reply.

"Saved! How?"

"By a painful and most perilous operation."

"And who will perform it," asked I, "since Dr. —— has refused?"

"There is one," replied Werner, "who will attempt it, if his seniors lack courage."

At this moment the door opened, and Dr. ——, the surgeon in attendance, entered.

"Ah, Dr. Werner, I am very glad to meet you—I have just driven round to your office to bring you here; but some one has anticipated me."

"He has seen her, doctor," said the father, "and bids me take comfort in the prospect of her recovery."

"What!" exclaimed Dr. ——, addressing Werner, "will you attempt to take up that artery, seated as it is in the very neighborhood of the heart?"

"With your approval and assistance, sir," was the reply.

The fact was, Werner had been the favorite pupil of Dr. ——, who had formed so high an opinion of his professional abilities from the science and skill he had displayed on several occasions while yet a student, that he almost looked upon him as his superior, even at that period, and always consulted him in all dangerous emergencies.

"But," continued Dr. ——, "how can you expect my approval in this case, when I remind you that the operation you have in view has never been attempted but once, and then by the first surgeon in Europe, in whose hands it completely failed. I stood by him at the time, and witnessed the painful reluctance with which he abandoned it, after a long-continued and most anxious effort."

"Sir," replied the young surgeon, respectfully, "I have twice successfully reduced a similar aneurism, and with your support can do it again."

"Then will I stand by you," said Dr. ——, and retired to make the necessary preparations. Before he withdrew, however, Frank said to him—

"Be kind enough, doctor, not to mention my name to the patient, if you please; I have a special reason for the request; and, pray, throw a handkerchief over her face, for the countenance of a suffering female unmans me."

The arrangements were soon completed, and we were admitted to the apartment of the invalid. The patient had on a white undress, and was seated in a low easy-chair, with her head reclining on Dr. ——'s shoulder. Her neck and the upper margin of her bosom were uncovered, exposing a large pulsating tumor which seemed on the very point of yielding to the vital current that circled beneath. Her father stood by, holding her hand, with a countenance in which hope, fear, and sorrow were most touchingly depicted. I glanced instinctively and with an absorbing feeling of apprehension towards the young surgeon, as he prepared himself for the fearful operation with a composure so marked, that it seemed to border on apathy. He was paler than usual, but then I could not detect the slightest quivering of a muscle—he was perfectly firm and self-collected. Every lineament of his face showed the mastery of mind over the strong passions which *must* be subjected during the performance of his dangerous task, and accordingly there was no more emotion to be detected in the bearing of that manly frame, than if it had been chiselled from the insensible marble. As he bent down, however, and with one stroke of the knife made a deep and free incision along that beautiful bust, which was followed by a convulsive tremor and a suppressed groan of the sufferer, I thought I heard him catch his breath for once, spasmodically; but no other sign of discomposure escaped him.

"Father, dear father," cried the poor girl, "clasp my

hand closer—closer still—I can't feel you—so—so—that will do."

Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and he turned away his face from the scene. Even Dr. ——, veteran as he was, respired with difficulty. But the adventurous operator kept steadily on, dextrously winding deeper and deeper amidst nerves, veins, and arteries, with a skill, on the perfect integrity of which depended the life of the lovely being in whose fate he was so warmly interested—his progress rendered doubly obscure by the effusion of blood, and doubly dangerous from the unnatural situation of the surrounding parts—until at length, by a masterly effort, he succeeded in securing the deep-laid and ruptured vessel. The dressings were soon adjusted, and leaving Dr. —— and the father to replace the patient in bed, we retired to the drawing-room. Frank threw himself on the sofa, exhausted by the smothered and almost insupportable excitement of the scene through which he had just passed.

"Some air," said he, faintly; "I feel ill—very ill. There is a strange sense of dizziness in my head, and of suffocation here," he continued, laying his hand on his breast, "which almost overcomes me."

I threw up the window, and the cool air, with a glass of wine, partially restored him. Dr. —— now entered, his benevolent countenance beaming with such an expression of admiration as a fond parent exhibits on the triumph of a favorite child.

"Well, well, my son," he exclaimed, "I will no longer be proud of my surgical abilities. Hitherto I have thought there was nothing practicable within the compass of my art which I could not perform; but you have taught me a new lesson, and I own my mistake."

I will not attempt to describe the mingled expressions of gratitude and respect with which the father greeted the saviour of his child. He took him affectionately by the hand, he solicited the favor of his friendship, and amid thanks and benedictions, begged him to mention any sum —even to the extent of half his fortune—as a remuneration for the obligation he had conferred.

"The consciousness of having performed my duty, and secured the regard of such men as yourself and Dr.——," returned the young surgeon, "were an ample reward for my services. But of this we will speak at some future day. In the mean time, as I am obliged to leave town to-morrow, you will be kind enough to dispense with any further assistance on my part—the welfare of your daughter could not be entrusted to safer hands than those of Dr.——."

Before the expiration of a month, Alice was restored to perfect health. About this time, one afternoon, the servant brought in a note from Mr. Morton to Werner, requesting him to call at his house as early as he could make it convenient. He did so. The old gentleman met him with all the kindness of their last interview.

"I have sent for you, doctor, partly because I had a selfish wish to see you myself, and partly because my daughter desires to thank you personally for the continuance of that life for whose preservation, under Providence, she is indebted to yourself alone. Walk into the parlor, and she will be with you presently."

The door opened soon after, and Alice entered. Her cheeks had not yet recovered their usual color, yet never, perhaps, before had she appeared so beautiful as at that moment. During her convalescence she had been made acquainted with the danger from which she had just es-

caped, and the name of the injured individual whose skill had conducted her safely through that fearful crisis. There is no better moralist than sickness. The spirit of pride, mirth, and ambition are rebuked and exorcised from the bedside of disease. This was the case with the poor girl during her recent illness. The fascinating illusions of the gay world, which had for years dazzled her too credulous imagination, had given place to the sober realities of the sick chamber. Removed from the excitement of that thoughtless world, she had an opportunity for reflection. Memory had been busy with the images, the endearments of the past. The friends of her early orphanage—the kindness she had experienced at their hands—the vows and the visions of her first attachment, had all passed again and again before her mind, mingled with the consciousness of ingratitude and broken faith; and she now presented herself before her slighted lover, humiliated and self-condemned. Frank rose to receive her. The poor girl hid her face with her hands, while the tears gushed out from her jewelled fingers.

He led her to the sofa and seated himself beside her. After a momentary silence, he said—

"Spare me, cousin Alice, I entreat you. Though there have been times when I have prayed to see you shed such tears, yet now that those prayers are answered, I cannot see you weep."

"Ah, Werner, forbid not the sacrifice of sincere contrition—it is the fittest requital I can make for the wrongs you have suffered from my unkindness, and the one which remorse would wring from my heart, though it should struggle to resist the impulse of its better nature."

"There is no longer need of such a sacrifice. Fortune has already more than requited me for the trials of which

you speak, by affording me the opportunity and the willing power to serve you when you had ceased to remember me."

"Ample has been your revenge," sighed the disconsolate girl. "Yet, can you forgive me?"

"I can—I do," exclaimed Frank. "Your temptations to err were such as might have shaken a stronger mind. I was poor, friendless, unknown; you were rich, accomplished, and admired. Let us deem this a sufficient palliation for the neglect which perhaps I have merited."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips—it was wet with the dews of repentant love.

"These tears," said he, tenderly, "shall be the lethé in which I will drown every unpleasing remembrance. Come, dear Alice, let us to your father. He professes to be greatly obliged to me. With your permission, I will teach him how he may cancel the obligation."

"I have told him all—your brotherly solicitude in my behalf—our plighted affection—together with my bitter ingratitude and estrangement—all this I have told him."

"And my answer was," said the old gentleman, who, having entered a moment previous, had caught the last few words of Alice, "my answer was, doctor, that though *you* have a perfect claim on her heart and hand, you have no right to remove her from her present home, and thereby leave me childless and solitary. I cannot live without her; and as you, doubtless, like all true lovers, are in the same unfortunate predicament, I see no other way than for you to consent—and the sooner the better—to become one of my own little family!"

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang,
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled, the eyes that wild
In flashes shone, soft eyes upon;
Where! oh, where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale of sister frail,
The plot that worked a brother's hurt;
Where, oh, where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes—the rich man's fears—
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, when they were living, wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men that knew not them,
Their lands were tilled, their graves were filled;
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone, as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

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My Cousin Lucy and the Village Teacher

MY COUSIN LUCY AND THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

BY JAMES HALL.

It has been well said, that memory never loses an impression that has once been made upon it. The lines may be obscured for a time, as an inscription is defaced by rust, but they are never obliterated ; they may be buried under a crowd of other recollections, but there are times when these roll away as the mist rises from the valley, and the whole picture stands disclosed in its original integrity. Impressions made in childhood are the most vivid; years may pass and other remembrances be gathered in, but those that lie deepest are longest retained, and most fondly cherished. Other events touch the heart and pass off without leaving a trace, but these strike in, engraft themselves and become a part of our nature. Such, at least, has been my experience. I have lived a busy, and I trust not an useless life ; I have seen much of the world ; my feelings and passions have been excited, and my attention powerfully fixed by events of deep interest ; but none stand recorded in the same bold, indelible characters, as those which mark some of the remembrances of my childhood.

Not far from my father's residence there was a schoolhouse. It was a small log building, such as we often see in new countries, and stood in a grove on an eminence near the road. Whether chance, or taste, or convenience,

dictated the choice of the spot, I cannot tell; but it always struck me as being not only well adapted to its purpose, but remarkably picturesque. The grove contained not more than an acre or two of ground, but the trees were large spreading oaks, that I have seldom seen surpassed in size or beauty; for every observer of nature will agree with me, that trees, even of the same species, differ in appearance as widely as human beings. In every grove the vegetation has some distinguishing characteristic, just as all the inhabitants of a village have some trait in common. The trees are stinted or luxuriant, spreading or tall, majestic or beautiful; or else they are vulgar, commonplace trees, as devoid of interest as the unmeaning people whom we meet with every day. I never see a great oak standing by the roadside without observing its peculiarities. Some are round and portly, some tall and spindling; some aspire and others grovel; one has a gracefully rounded outline, and another a rugged irregular shape. Here you may behold one waving its head with a courtly bend; and there you may see another tossing its great arms up and down like some angular, long-limbed, gigantic body. Trees, too, have their diseases, their accidents, and their adventures. They are torn by the winds, shattered by the lightning and nipped by the frost; and while some of them have in their youth the aspect of sallow and dyspeptic invalids, others flourish in a green old age; and whether standing singly in the field, or crowded together in a forest, whether embraced by ivy, clothed with moss, or hung with mistletoe, they always attract attention by the peculiarities which they derive from these and other incidents.

Our school-house oaks were of the majestic kind. They had braved the elements for at least a century, and

seemed to be still in the vigor of life. Their great, dark trunks were covered with moss, and their immense branches, interlocking far above the ground, shadowed it with a canopy, that not a sunbeam could penetrate. The soil was trodden hard and smooth by the school-boys, and covered with a short greensward, over which the wind swept so freely as to carry away all the fallen leaves.

Here we played, and wrestled, and ran races; here in hot weather, the master, forsaking the school-house, disposed his noisy pupils in groups among the trees; here the rustic orator harangued his patriotic fellow-citizens on the Anniversary of Independence; and here the itinerant preacher addressed the neighbors on the Sabbath. On occasions like the latter, our grove became as gay as a parterre. The bonnets, and ribbons, and calicoes were as numerous and many-colored as the flowers of the field. The farmers and their families generally came to the preaching on horseback; and it was a fortunate animal that bore a lighter burden than two adults and a brace of children. The young women rode behind their brothers or sweethearts, or, in default of such attendants, mounted sociably in pairs, the best rider taking the saddle and holding the reins, as smart girls are always willing enough to do. It was a goodly sight to see the horses hitched to the trees in every direction, showing off their sleek hides and well-combed manes to the best advantage; and decked with new saddles, and gaudy saddle-cloths, and fine riding-skirts, that were never exposed to the weather or the eye except on Sundays and holidays. Then the people, before the sermon began, sitting in groups, or strolling in little companies, looked so gay and so happy, that Sunday seemed to be to them, not merely a day of rest, but of thanksgiving and enjoyment. When they col-

lected round the preacher, sitting silent and motionless, with their heads uncovered and thrown back in devout attention, the scene acquired a graver and deeper interest I have never witnessed that spectacle on a calm, sunny day, without a sensation of thrilling pleasure; and often as I have seen it, the impression that it made continued ever fresh and beautiful. There was a mingled cheerfulness and solemnity in this sight, that attached itself to the spot, and I have afterwards felt in the midst of my studies or sports on school-days, a soothing calmness creeping over me, a feeling that the place was hallowed, like that which we experience when strolling in a grave-yard, or lingering in the aisle of a church.

My memory clings to this spot, as a scene of the most vivid pains and pleasures of my childhood. I pass over the detail of all the sufferings that I endured from the brutality of ignorant and tyrannical teachers; perhaps I was more sensitive than other children; but be that as it may, it is certain that although I was fond of learning, and docile in my disposition, I imbibed very early in life a cordial hatred for the whole race of schoolmasters. But I loved my books and my companions; I loved to play at ball, and run races; and I loved the school-house grove, with its tall oaks and verdant lawn. I used to linger on a neighboring hill, to look on that graceful swell, and those fine trees, and to wonder why I thought the landscape so attractive. Those who recollect their sensations on first entering a theatre, or reading a novel, can form some idea of my feelings. That first play, and first novel, remain through life impressed upon the imagination, as standards with which all similar objects are compared; and it was thus that the most interesting spot that attracted

my young fancy, became to me the *beau ideal* of rural and romantic beauty.

There was another charm connected with this spot, the secret of which I will now disclose to the reader, although for many years I hardly dared acknowledge it to myself. My cousin Lucy was my school companion, and I never think of that green hill without seeing her slender form gliding among its shades, with the same calm blue eye, and meek countenance, and soft smile, that she wore when we were children. I hardly know why I loved Lucy better than anybody else, for she was several years my senior, and never was my playfellow. I romped and laughed with the other girls, and played them all sorts of tricks; but I never hid her bonnet, or pinned her sleeve to that of her next neighbor. From her childhood she was sedate and womanly; her deportment was always delicate and dignified; there was a something about her that repelled familiarity, while the winning softness of her manners invited love and respect. When I came near to Lucy I was no longer a wild, mischievous boy, but was elevated into a better and more rational being, by the desire that I felt to please and serve her.

We had a succession of schoolmasters, the most of whom were illiterate men, who remained with us but a few months. At last there came one of higher pretensions than the rest. He was a young man of liberal education, who brought with him the highest testimonials of his character and attainments. He strolled into the neighborhood on foot, and so great was his modesty, that it was some time before anybody discovered his acquirements, or suspected the object of his visit. At length he proposed, with some diffidence, to fill the vacant situation of teacher; and having produced his credentials, was readily admitted

to that thankless office. He was altogether a different man from any of his predecessors. His temper was even, his heart kind, his manners easy, and he had the rare talent of commanding respect and communicating knowledge, without the appearance of an effort. He was as bashful as a girl, and as artless a being as ever lived. Everybody liked him; his good sense, his cheerfulness, his inoffensive manners and industrious habits made him the favorite of young and old.

It was customary in those days for the schoolmaster to board with his patrons, each one entertaining him for a week at a time, in rotation; an arrangement which, while it divided the burden of his subsistence equally, enabled the whole neighborhood to become personally acquainted with the pedagogue. When the latter happened to be a dull, prosing dog, scantily supplied with good manners and good fellowship, the week of his reception wore heavily away, the table was less plentifully spread than usual, and the whiskey-jug was sure to have suffered some disaster on the day previous to his arrival. The head of the family indulged himself on such occasions in liberal remarks upon the idleness and effeminacy of learning; and the good wife, by frequent allusions to the scarcity of provisions, and the high price of schooling, gave the unfortunate teacher to understand that he was considered a mere incubus upon the body politic, a Mr. Nobody, who was only tolerated, and fed, and allowed to sit in the chimney corner, for the purpose of keeping the children out of mischief. But if the schoolmaster was a pleasant fellow, one who read the newspapers, and played the fiddle, and told a good story, the week of his visitation brought holiday times and high doings to the farmer's hospitable fireside. Then the good man heard the news, the girls heard the

violin, and the mistress of the house found a patient auditor to the recital of all the misadventures which had befallen the family within the scope of her memory. Then the boys wore their holiday clothes every day; the hospitable board groaned under a load of good things, and the cheerful family enjoyed seven long days of good humor and good eating.

Of all schoolmasters, Mr. Alexis, the gentleman above alluded to, was the most popular one that ever darkened the door of a farm-house. In his time the "schoolmaster's week" was a week of festival. He not only read the news, and played the fiddle, but could sing a good song, and recite the veracious biography of a hundred real ghosts. He could explain all the hard words in the Testament, all the outlandish names in the newspapers, and all the strange hieroglyphics which are mischievously set down in the almanac to puzzle the brains of simple country folks. Then he was affable and talkative; with all this he was good-humored, and what perhaps was more effective than all the rest, he was good-looking. With such qualifications he was always a welcome visitor, and I can well remember the stir that his coming occasioned in my father's house. On the preceding Saturday there was an universal scrubbing; the floors, the windows, the chairs, the pewter plates, the milk-pails, and the children, were all scrubbed. The dimity curtains that lay snugly packed away in the great press, sprinkled with lavender and rose leaves, were now brought forth and hung over the parlor windows; and the snow-white counterpanes that were kept for great occasions, were ostentatiously spread upon the beds. The yard was swept, and the great weeds that had been suffered to grow unmolested, were plucked up; and the whole messuage,

outhouses, tenements, and appurtenances, made to look as fine and as smart as the nature of the case would admit. Then such baking, and brewing, and cooking! The great oven teemed with huge loaves and rich pastry; yielding forth from its vast mouth, puddings, and pies, and tarts enough to have foundered a whole board of aldermen. The fatted calf was killed, the brightest ornaments of the pig-sty and poultry-yard were devoted to the knife; and the best blood of the farm was freely spilled to furnish forth delicate viands, with which to pamper the appetite of that important and popular character, the schoolmaster.

I am often singular in my opinions, for I do not consider myself bound to believe anything, merely because everybody else believes it. As to the schoolmaster, I disliked him from the very first; and when everybody else praised him I was silent. I had an inherent antipathy against all pedagogues. I viewed them as our natural enemies; a race created to scourge and terrify children; and for the person in question I entertained a special and particular aversion. This was the more singular as I was by nature confiding and placable, and never indulged a malignant feeling towards any other human being. He treated me with kindness, instructed me with unwearied patience, and I verily believe, would have found the road to my heart, had I not suspected that he was searching out the way that led to my cousin Lucy's. I was always jealous of her, because the disparity of our ages placed her at a distance which almost extinguished hope, and because she always treated me as a boy and a relation; and either never did, or never would, see that I cherished feelings towards her infinitely more tender than any that the mere ties of consanguinity could have awakened. A boy in

love becomes cunning beyond his years. Unable to enter the lists as a candidate, and obliged to look on in silence, he becomes the secret and vigilant enemy of his unconscious rival. I was continually watching the schoolmaster and my cousin Lucy; and not a glance, nor a blush, nor a touch of the hand escaped my jealous eye. An indifferent observer would have seen nothing in their intercourse to excite the slightest suspicion; an enamored boy, who had loved devotedly from the first dawn of intelligence, read volumes of meaning in every act and look. The conduct of both of them was perfectly delicate and unexceptionable. There was not the least approach to gallantry on his part, not an inviting nor an encouraging glance on hers; but I could mark the softened tone of his voice, and the involuntary reverence of his manner when he addressed her. I could detect the brightening of his eye when she spoke, and the courteous bow with which he replied to any question from her, so different from the commonplace civility with which he treated his other female pupils. He often walked home with her, but never without other company, for she was always surrounded by children, one or two of whom she held by the hand, as if to prevent the possibility of a *tête-à-tête*. Perhaps she never had a thought that there was any particular meaning in his attentions; but there is an instinct in female delicacy, and although it might never have occurred to Lucy that her teacher had opportunities beyond other men, which required that she should place a careful watch over her affections, nature regulated her conduct. I was often with them; they conversed without constraint, and never spoke of love, of courtship, or marriage. But he pointed out to her the finest traits of the landscape, gathered for her the choicest flowers, and discoursed of poetry; sometimes

reciting the most beautiful passages, in so elegant a tone that I could have knocked him down, and was ready to quarrel with Lucy for the apparent interest with which she listened. Often did I wish that he was a thousand miles off, or that I was a schoolmaster.

It would be too tedious to set down all the mischievous pranks that I played our teacher in revenge for his supposed attachment to my cousin. Though fond of learning, I obstinately persisted in a resolution to owe nothing to his teaching; and more than once disgraced him and myself by wilful blunders, at our public examinations. I incited the biggest boys into conspiracies against his peace and dignity. Once when he was going to a tea party at my uncle's, a little better dressed than usual, a troop of us scampered past him as he was crossing a miry brook, and pretending not to observe him, splashed a shower of mud and water over his holiday suit. We sent him one day into a large company, with a grotesque figure chalked on his back; and on another occasion scorched off his eyebrows by exploding gunpowder under his nose, while he was intently engaged in working a problem in algebra. None of these persecutions ever ruffled his temper; and when my mother, who could not believe that the fault was mine, reproached him with the slowness of my progress, he mildly told her that the greatest geniuses were often dull boys at school, and that I would no doubt make a shining man.

At length the term of the schoolmaster's engagement expired, and my heart bounded with joy when I heard he was going to quit the country. I was at my uncle's on the morning of his departure, when he called to take leave of the family. Lucy was in the garden, and Alexis went there to look for her. Young as I was, I could

readily comprehend that a latent passion would be most apt to betray itself in a parting interview; and that of all places in the world a garden is the fittest to excite tender feelings in the bosom of young lovers. In a moment a thousand thoughts flashed through my mind; in another moment, love and jealousy prompted me to observe a meeting which my foreboding heart told me would be fraught with more than usual interest. It was a mean act; but jealousy is always mean. I was too young, too much in love, and too angry to reflect; and if I had reflected, who could have thought it improper to witness anything which could possibly take place between two such perfect beings as my cousin Lucy and the schoolmaster?

I crept secretly to the garden, and from the covert of a thick hedge saw Alexis approach my cousin. He took her hand, and told her that he had come to bid her farewell; that he had bade adieu to all his other friends, and had deferred calling upon her until the last, because to part with her was more painful than all the rest. There was a touching softness in his voice, and a corresponding melancholy clouded his features. "What a canting rascal!" said I to myself; "I'm afraid Lucy will never be able to stand it."

He then dropped her hand, and began to pluck twigs from a peach-tree, while Lucy was industriously engaged in demolishing a great rose. At last he said, "There is one subject"—Lucy stooped down, and began to pull the weeds from a tulip-bud. The schoolmaster stopped, and looked embarrassed.

"Silly fellow!" said I, exultingly; "why does he not kneel down, and lay his hand upon his heart?" I took courage when I saw his trepidation, believing that he

would never be able to tell his love, or that Lucy would discard so clumsy a lover.

"Miss Lucy"—said the schoolmaster.

"Sir," said Miss Lucy.

"What a canting villian!" said I.

Mr. Alexis looked round, as if fearful of observation.

"He looks as if he were stealing," said I; "and well he may—the vile pedagogue!"

Alexis sighed, threw down his eyes, and resumed: "There is one subject, Miss Lucy, upon which I have long wished"—he looked up, but Lucy was several paces off, twining the delicate vines of a honeysuckle through the lattices of a summer-house.

"She will never have him!" said I, in an ecstasy; "I know she would never have a whining, canting, pitiful schoolmaster."

Alexis followed Lucy to the summer-house, and remarked that the honeysuckles were very fragrant.

"Very!" said my cousin.

"He has dropped the subject," thought I. "Dear Lucy! how well she managed him! Ah! these schoolmasters know not how to make love; if I were there I could show him how!" I breathed freely, and thought it was all over.

Alexis stood by the side of Lucy; he leaned towards her, and spoke in a low voice. What he said I know not, but the words were potent, for Lucy turned her head from him; and I saw that her face was covered with blushes, redder than the coral flowers that hung around her. I thought she was angry. "If he has dared to insult my cousin," said I, "how proudly will I avenge her quarrel!" I looked again, and could scarcely believe my eyes! Lu-

cy's head was reclining upon the shoulder of Alexis, and one arm was thrown gently around her! I thought their lips met!

I could stay no longer. I fled from the hateful scene, burning with rage and jealousy, and deeply mortified at my own meanness, in having become the voluntary and secret witness of that which should have been sacred from every eye.

In a few days after this occurrence I left my native country. I had long been destined for the sea, and having now received a midshipman's warrant in the navy, set out for the sea-board. After I had bid adieu to all my other friends, I went to take leave of Lucy; for I, too, felt that this was the most painful of my separations; the parting with her seemed like breaking the last and tenderest tie that bound me to the land of my birth. She had always treated me with the affection of a sister, and never did her manner seem so tender as at this moment. When I left her father's house, she followed me across the little lawn before the door, and as I threw the reins over my horse's neck and lingered to repeat my adieu, she put a paper into my hand. Her eyes were filled with tears, and my own were not dry.

I was some miles on my way from home before my emotion subsided sufficiently to permit me to read Lucy's note. In this she disclosed to me her engagement with Alexis; she said it had been approved by her parents, and that the marriage would take place whenever he should be established in a profession, for which he was preparing himself. She spoke of the fair prospects that smiled before her, in an union with one so amiable and highly gifted. She said that she made this disclosure because I was her nearest and dearest relative, after her

parents, and was on the eve of so long an absence, that the separation seemed to be almost final. More she said which I need not repeat; it was all kind and sisterly, and I vowed that I would always love my cousin Lucy, whether she married the schoolmaster or not.

Her note had one good effect, which harsher measures would have failed to produce. Her generous confidence subdued me; and as I reflected upon it in my cooler moments, I determined to smother my ill-fated passion, and to love Lucy only in manner and form as her cousin lawfully might. I resolved, moreover, to forego all my vengeance against Alexis and to think of him with kindness.

In a few days I embarked. We had a brilliant cruise. The war with Great Britain was just declared, and the ocean swarmed with our enemies. We were frequently engaged, and generally successful. The novelty and excitement of this life soon caused a wonderful revolution in my feelings. I was no longer a romantic boy, brooding over a hopeless passion, with the single object of my adoration continually before my eyes. My heart had set up other idols; it had now ample sea-room, and like our gallant vessel, rode gaily over the sparkling ocean of life. I learned to think of Lucy as the destined bride of another; yet I thought of her as a lovely and a hallowed being, and sometimes pronounced her name with the reverence with which a devout Catholic utters that of his tutelar saint. Often when our ship lay becalmed, when the clear moonlight was spread over the ocean, when the waves were at rest and everything was still, I would lie for hours upon the deck, thinking of the school-house and its beautiful grove, and my fair cousin. Then I would think of the honors that awaited me; of the time when I

should be numbered among the heroes of my country; and would sigh to reflect that the lovely flower which so proudly I would have twined among my laurels, would be blushing unseen in the lowly cottage of a country schoolmaster.

During my first cruise, which lasted nearly two years, I was so fortunate as to distinguish myself on several occasions. But I panted for higher honors; and on our return to port, finding a fine frigate on the point of sailing, I solicited permission to join her; and being considered as an efficient officer, my request was granted, and I sailed on another cruise without setting my foot on shore. This act of devotedness to my profession raised me in the eyes of my commander, who afforded me every opportunity of acquiring distinction. I now rose rapidly. When at sea I was engaged in every hazardous enterprise, and when in foreign ports my superior introduced me into the best society. Among the exotic beauties whom I beheld I saw none so beautiful as Lucy, but many who were more polished. Perhaps my taste became vitiated, for although I still cherished the memory of her unpretending graces, I learned to admire the more dazzling charms of others, and to indulge the thought that I might at some future day adore another in her stead.

After a long cruise, in which many dangerous exploits were attempted, and some of them brilliantly accomplished, we were homeward bound, when we fell in with a fine frigate of the enemy. Both ships were soon cleared for action, and after a bloody engagement we succeeded in capturing our foe. I was now acting as a lieutenant, and having the good fortune to be placed on the spar-deck, immediately under the eye of my commander, received his compliments for my conduct.

We came into port triumphantly. Public honors of the highest character were awarded to us. Dinners and balls were given, and the population of a great city vied in the expression of their patriotic gratitude; while the newspapers throughout the whole continent were filled with our praises. I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and had the gratification of seeing my name emblazoned in the public prints, with those of my distinguished superiors. In these proud moments I did not forget my fair cousin; entirely as I had resigned her, and cordially as I wished her happiness, I sighed to think of her obscure and lonely fate. With a partner so bright, so gentle, and so dear, to share my laurels, I should have been supremely happy; and I could not but marvel at the capricious decree of fortune, which had doomed one who might have shone as the bride of a naval hero, to drag out her existence in the vulgar lot of wife to a country pedagogue.

I had written to my parents on my arrival; but a round of entertainments, given in honor of our victory, prevented me from visiting them. One evening, as I strolled through the streets with a friend, we passed a spacious church, into which crowds of fashionable people were hurrying with apparent eagerness.

"Let us go in here," said my companion, "and hear the fashionable preacher—one who has turned the heads of the whole town, and is more talked of than Commodore Perry or General Scott. He is a new man, who has eclipsed all his cotemporaries by his eloquence, while his learning and modesty win universal esteem.

We entered the church, and I looked round upon the novel exhibition, as upon some fairy scene. It was long since I had sat in the bosom of a worshipping congregation; and how different was this from the rustic assemblage

that I had been accustomed to see, gathered in pious silence under the school-house oaks! Here was a splendid edifice, ornamented with gilding, decorated with rich hangings, and lighted with brilliant chandeliers, whose intense effulgence awakened in my unpractised heart a thrilling sensation of excitement. But the audience—how gay, how gorgeous, how beautiful! Those to whom such scenes are familiar can form but a faint idea of the impression made by a fair and fashionable crowd upon the mind of one accustomed only to rustic assemblages, or to the hardy multitudes who fill the camp or crowd the quarter-deck. Here were gems, and plumes, and silks, and glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes; but there was also a simple elegance in the attire, a sedateness in the demeanor, and above all a devout humility reigning through this thrilling scene, that added to it a solemn grandeur, which exceeds my powers of description. My heart was elevated as I gazed on that rich, and silent, and motionless picture; and I felt how the omnipotent influence of religion can quell the happy, and sooth the wretched, and win the gay, and calm down all the tumultuous passions of human nature, as oil poured upon the waves reduces them to a placid surface.

At length the preacher arose, and every eye was turned towards him. I looked up, and what was my surprise at beholding Alexis! I could not be mistaken, for there he stood in the same simple attire, with the same humble aspect, and the same benignant smile, that were so familiarly impressed upon my recollection. His manner had all its former mildness, and his voice its accustomed melody; there was only a little more of fullness and compass in the one, and a slight tinge of self-confidence added to the other. His sermon was eloquent and able;

the language was clear, classical, and simple; the manner of its delivery, calm and unassuming. His voice was never strained, and seldom elevated above its ordinary pitch; it swelled and softened upon the ear, without the slightest effort on the part of the speaker, without the least violence to the sense of the hearer. There was no labor of the body, the arm was never extended, the hand only was raised occasionally from the cushion. The whole manner of the speaker was mild and persuasive; his argument was acute, close, and powerful, without any attempt to adorn it with the graces of composition, or to win applause by the arts of oratory; yet such was the effect produced by the delicate choice of harmonious words, their symmetrical arrangement and chaste delivery, together with the apostolic earnestness, and an air of pious conviction that breathed throughout, that all felt and acknowledged that the speaker had opened a new vein of genuine eloquence.

The deep silence that prevailed during the sermon, and the subdued murmur of applause that ran in whispers through the congregation when the service was over, attested the powerful effect of the discourse. As the people dispersed I endeavored to make my way to Mr. Alexis; but the crowd was so great as to prevent me from reaching the pulpit until he had disappeared; and as it was late, I returned to my lodgings, determined to seek him on the following day. I now saw that Lucy was not wedded to obscurity and indigence, and gave her full credit for having discovered a man of genius and feeling in the despised schoolmaster, who had been so long the object of my contempt and aversion. I took shame to myself for having presumed to institute comparisons between Alexis and myself; and felt humble in acknow-

ledging that my ephemeral honors would be soon forgotten; while his useful career and splendid powers would sustain for him a brilliant reputation during his existence, and earn a name which his countrymen would cherish with gratitude when he should be no more. One thing flattered my pride and consoled my prejudices; I learned that Mr. Alexis had long since abandoned his former vocation, and that my cousin had not, after all, married a schoolmaster.

On the following morning early, Mr. Alexis anticipated my visit, by calling to see me. We met cordially, and on the day after were jogging sociably together towards my native place. I found Lucy a proud and happy wife. They had built a neat cottage on the school-house hill, in the midst of that beautiful grove, which they carefully preserved in memory of former days; and I now found that I had not been singular in my admiration of its sylvan graces. The school-house had been removed; and a large, plain meeting-house on a neighboring eminence is occupied by a numerous congregation, under the ministry of Alexis. Loved and honored by his former pupils, the worthy pastor is surrounded by them, who look up to him with gratitude as the teacher of their youth, and with reverence as the guide of their maturity; while the happy Lucy, in the society of her early friends and chosen partner, enjoys the sweetest fruits of innocence and virtue. Here they live in contentment and honor; and when I witnessed their placid lives, their pious labors, their active benevolence, and simple virtues, I scarcely knew which to love and admire most; my fair and gentle cousin Lucy, or my ancient rival, but now my very reverend and much honored cousin, "the schoolmaster."

THE ORPHANS.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. ROBERTS.

Close—close to me, little one! here on my knee,
Let me fold you thus—thus to my heart;
My Willie! oh, fondly I love you, dear child!
God grant that we never may part!

We are poor lonely children—no parents we have;
Alone—quite alone now are we;
In this wide, weary world, no kindred or friends;
There's only thee, Willie, and me.

And Willie, we ofttimes will come to this wood,
With Ponto to keep us from harm;
Here then by this brook, little Willie; and I
Will fold thee thus—thus in my arms.

And I'll tell thee of father, so brave and so good,
Who loved thee, young Willie, and me;
But who died far away on the ocean so wide,
And sleeps in the fathomless sea.

And I'll tell thee of mother, dear mother, sweet Will!
Who lies 'neath the church-yard's green sod;
But her blessed spirit in happiness rests,
At peace in the bosom of God.

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The Orphans

And of little pet Mary, and Johnny, our brother,
Whose graves, side by side, may be seen;
When the daisies and violets lift up their heads,
On those small mounds so fresh and so green.

And so, little Willie, no one is now left,
But only thy sister and thee;
Alone—quite alone, in this weary wide world,
No parents or kindred have we.

God bless thee, wee Willie, my little pet lamb!
God guard thee by night and by day;
Enfold thee about with the arms of his love,
That thy little feet never may stray.

And lead thee at length, little Willie, and me,
To the pastures of heavenly love;
Where by those "still waters," our wanderings all o'er,
We may rest in his mansions above.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

I AM not one of those fortunate dogs who are born into this wicked world having their ears already ringed with gold, silver spoons in their mouths, and diamonds sparkling upon their fingers; and who, of course, have nothing to do but vegetate and grow rich. But still I can build as many castles in the air, and adorn them with as much splendor as other people, since the building-lots cost nothing; and I sometimes have golden visions, as well as the brokers. Nor do they vanish much sooner than I have seen some fortunes. Very lately I was the richest man north of Mexico, and remained so for some time. I will tell the good public how it was.

Taking a lounge upon the old sofa one afternoon, not a great while since—but no matter exactly when—and feeling none of the brightest for having been detained abroad on the preceding evening to a late hour, by the magic influence of bright eyes and dulcet voices, I was soon overtaken by a dream, which I will attempt to relate; though I have not the language at command to enable me to describe it in such glowing colors as the remnants of the vision, which are indistinctly floating in beautiful fragments through my imagination, seem to possess. As well might the painter attempt to adorn the meadow of his landscape with the glittering dew-

drops which deck the original as with liquid pearl, or think to catch the brightness and glory of the melting sunbeams as they dance upon the watery clouds, tinging their fleecy edges with molten gold. I had but recently returned from a tour through the delightful regions of Western New-York; and as my eyes began to swim, and my senses to float away in utter forgetfulness of the cares of this world, I was suddenly transported by bright-eyed fancy to the charming shores of the beautiful Owasco Lake. Presently afterwards, the mind having entirely "shuffled off this mortal coil," and being no longer fettered by time and space, I found myself straying leisurely from the shore through a deep forest of tall and stately trees, the primitive growth of the rich slopes and hillsides of the west. It was on a lovely autumnal afternoon; a light haze hung lazily in the air, and thickened in the distant horizon, softening and mellowing the intenser light of the sun, which in turn imparted to the sky and the atmosphere that bright orange hue, at times lending such richness and beauty to that delightful portion of the falling season, known as the Indian summer. "The time of the singing of birds" was past, and my walk was not serenaded by those cheerful little warblers which in the vernal season would have been hopping and twittering from twig to twig, enlivening the solitude, and making the forest vocal with their melodies. But there were other objects of sufficient interest and attraction to occupy the mind. The trees had fallen into "the sear and yellow leaf;" and as the withering foliage was dropping silently to the earth, it was a source of pleasure, not unmingled with pensiveness, to look upon the various beautiful hues with which the frosty fingers of Nature had pencilled the leaves, from the dark purple

and crimson of the oak, to the bright scarlet and yellow of the maple, and the russet brown of the beech. A solitary crow rose with lazy wing from the decaying limb of a tree; now and then a few straggling pigeons hovered among the branches over my head, having alighted to rest on their return journey to the south; and Moore's noisy woodpecker was yet "tapping the hollow beech-tree;" while the busy squirrels were chirping briskly about, as these industrious and providential little creatures were gathering in their winter supplies of maize and nuts. My walk thus enlivened, and my mind thus pleasingly occupied by the numerous objects of attention and contemplation, above and around me, I strolled leisurely along for several hours, unconsciously as it were, and without any determinate purpose. At length I reached a mound like the remains of an artificial breast-work of earth and stones, evidently piled together by human hands, and under the direction of those possessing some knowledge of strategy and the science of war. But so long ago had the mound been reared, that the largest and tallest trees had planted themselves thereon, as securely as their giant neighbors upon the surrounding plain. At the foot of this wall, or embankment, beneath the highest point, disclosing through the earth the ragged side of a ledge of rock, near the roots of a lofty maple, issued a clear spring of living water. Here then, methought, was the great spring which once supplied the garrison. Here have the dusky chieftains of the forest —the mighty Nimrods of unwritten aboriginal history— slaked their thirst for ages on ages before the leaves of these trees ever rustled beneath the white man's tread. How many grim visages, thought I, have been reflected from the bright waters of this fountain, ere the pale-

faces taught them to mingle the pure element with the maddening fire-water! How many councils have circled this little spot—how many thrilling traditions have been told, and how many spirit-stirring songs of war have been sung! While thus musing upon its brink, and looking upon its clear, bright waters, the beautiful though melancholy inscription near a deserted fountain in Cashmere, occurred to me: "Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed forever!" But it seemed now as though the fountain had not for a long time been visited, unless by the elk and the stag. The channel of the rivulet was choked, and the spring itself half-filled with brushwood and decaying vegetables. Regarding it with feelings approaching a holy reverence, I forthwith commenced the work of cleansing it by removing the rubbish, and opening a little trench, that the waters might flow into the neighboring valley in a clear, bright stream, instead of being compelled to ooze sluggishly through the vegetable mire which had filled its native, and once pebbly bed. In displacing the earth and stones which had accumulated in the well, I threw out many fragments of an ancient wall, which must at some remote period have tumbled in; and while engaged in this labor, I caught hold of a stone, at nearly an arm's length below the surface of the water, which felt rough, and came up heavily. What was my amazement and delight, however, when after tugging some time, on bringing it up, I found it studded and glittering with gems! The stone was about eighteen inches long by ten in width, rhomboidal in shape, and the most beautiful and valuable precious stones, strangely intermingled, completely covered it on every side. The diameter of the gems seemed to be about an inch; and

although they were but rude pebbles in shape, and roughness of surface, having never passed the hands of the lapidary, yet methought they glittered and sparkled, as I held the mass up to the play of the sunbeams, with the most dazzling lustre. The valley of diamonds of the oriental legend could not have looked more resplendently or shot forth more effulgent rays. There were amethysts, some of violet color, others bordering on purple, and others again tinctured with yellow; "living sapphires" of the purest blue, and of the finest azure, with some of a still paler lustre; the beryl, of a bluish, transparent green, of various degrees; the delicate ruby, of pale red, or red mingled with purple; the emerald, of the deepest green and richest lustre; gems of onyx, transparent and variegated with belts and veins, bluish and now white; and the still more resplendent diamond, pellucid and sparkling with intensest brilliancy, was thickly studded there. Richly commingled with these was the deep red and glowing carbuncle, varying its hues with the position in which it was held, until, turning it directly to the sun, it lost its beautiful, soft tinge, and shone intensely like a burning coal; yellow golden topazes were sprinkled amongst them, some of which were lightly and beautifully clouded like the Bohemian; the reddish and bloody-colored sardine was sparsely intermingled, with numbers of the lazulia, deep blue and half transparent, enriched with delicate spots and stars of gold. Added to this splendid array of treasures from the palace of the gnomes, a few of the humbler gems—jaspers, white, red, brown, bluish, and green; crystals, clear and limpid as water; carnelians, of all the varieties; and agates, some of which were of deep green, irregularly sprinkled with red. But the nobler gems predominated. Such was the

prize now sparkling and glittering in my hands with gladdening lustre. The largest and more brilliant gems, methought, shot back the sunbeams, reflecting a thousand beautiful hues, which, as they became mingled and blended together, formed a halo around me rich and bright as the soft tints of the melting rainbow. Travellers have told us of what has been called the double refraction of the sun's rays, somewhere on the coast of Candia, which tint every shadow, so that shadows fall upon the ship's deck sometimes of azure blue; now assuming a yellowish, and now a reddish tint; now varying from blue to green, and now succeeded by the deep glow of evening crimson. So with the halo emitted, so richly and brilliantly, from this clustering mass of gems, mingling their thousand bright and varying hues into a soft glowing circle of commingling beauty—of radiating glory! Long were my ravished senses chained to the contemplation of this splendid treasure. At length I attempted to pluck a noble diamond, of surpassing brilliancy, from between a carbuncle and a lazulia, when, lo! the whole became loosened, and I shelled them off into my handkerchief—as precious, as perfect, and as brilliant a collection of jewels as the napkin full which the mother of Aladdin presented to the sultan, on demanding the incomparable princess Badroulboudour, for the wife of her vagabond son. But what was my farther surprise on finding that the stone upon which these magnificent gems had been set by the hand of Nature, which was of a whitish, clayey slate, contained an accurate map of the city of New York; its streets and houses, its domes and lofty spires, with gallant ships and gay steamers moored at the wharves! That this picture could have been the work of man was impossible, since the stone had doubtless been imbedded there for

ages—long ere this occidental world had been discovered—and the colors had been written in the stone by the pencil of Nature. To me, the discovery of a drawing of my favorite city, not in its infancy, but in the full extent of its present wealth and magnificence, imbedded within a mass of precious stones of unparalleled size and beauty, and painted by the finger of the Almighty, bears an emblem of the prosperity which is to attend it, and the splendor and glory to which it will attain. But my attention soon reverted to my own personal concerns, and the unexampled treasures which it was my happy lot to bear back from my afternoon's ramble. I felt proudly conscious that there was no longer a man in America who could vie with me in fortune, nor could the crown jewels of the richest potentate on earth be compared with mine. But my heart was not to be closed to the charities of life, and I resolved to select beautiful presents for my friends, and make ample provision for my less fortunate relatives. It was, therefore, with emotions of the most affectionate pride, that I anticipated the splendid and dazzling array of jewels with which my wife would now mingle in the gayest circles of wealth and magnificence. With these feelings I sat me down to select first and foremost for her, the richest gems in the collection, to be set for a necklace, bracelets, and a coronet. Diamonds, sapphires, and beryls ; the lazulia, the topaz, and the emerald, were to sparkle in profusion upon her person—no mortal could have been more happy than I ; and the golden vision continued until the spell was broken, the charm dissolved, by an unlooked for and very impertinent intrusion. I fancied that some one from behind had seized me by the arm—probably with the design of robbing me of my newly acquired treasures. I sprang upon my feet and as-

sumed a posture of defense; but there was no serious demand upon my courage. The audacious intruder was only my faithful servant, who had shaken me from a glorious siesta upon the sofa, merely to say, "Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Doolittle, can't you let me have two dollars to pay the milkman; he has already ax'd for it a number of times!" Here was a pail of ice-water! My wrapt senses were speedily called back to the dull reality of this poor world; for, without rummaging my pockets, I was quite sensible of being worse off than "the captain bold of Halifax," who, if the song be true, actually had a one pound note in the pocket of his regimental small-clothes, with which the "unfortunate Miss Bailey" was very well satisfied.

FALL FROM PARADISE.

BY E. P. H.

The glorious sun was beaming
Upon a sinless world,
And, like proud banners streaming,
The blue skies seemed unfurled.
Beneath the folds were peering
Spirits with love-lit eyes,
To smile upon the new-born sphere,
For Earth *was* Paradise.

Sweet flowers were ever blushing,
Fruits luscious met the eye;
And joyous streamlets gushing,
Welled forth their praise on high;
And fragrant were the dew-drops,
All pendent from the trees;
Bird-music floated through the air,
In every answering breeze.

The tremulous orange-flowers
Their balmy drops distilled,
As, in those shady bowers,
They sat with rapture filled.
And fearless our first parents
In Holy presence stood;
Or flew to welcome to their hearts
The Omnipotent and Good.

But, lo! the skies are darkened,
Approaching thunders roll;
Alas! hath woman hearkened
To sin, and lost her soul?
Tears fall from weeping angels,
Music is silent now;
And from His sight the tempted flee,
For guilt is on their brow.

Yes, weep, celestial spirits;
Weep, fallen human kind;
Weep, that your race inherits
Sin, sorrow, nature blind;
And weep, ye drooping willows,
Beside the moaning stream,
For Eden's bowers are desolate,
Without a sunny beam.

Yet Mercy comes with healing—
Jehovah's promised Son,
Our own redemption sealing,
A glorious crown hath won.
Emanuel, our Saviour,
Left the bright throne above,
And tasted death that we might live,
And share the Father's love.

Oh, woman! last created,
And first to sin, beware!
To death and sorrow fated,
Oh, guard your trust with care!
Deal gently with the erring,
Let fervent prayers arise;
And train young souls for brighter realms,
For Heaven *is* Paradise.

ELLEN.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

A VERY small gift may sometimes cause great pleasure. I have just received a present which has delighted me more than anything ever bestowed on me by friends or fortune. It is—but my readers shall guess what it is; and, that they may be enabled to do so, I must tell them a story.

Charlotte and Ellen Page were the twin daughters of the rector of N., a small town in Dorsetshire. They were his only children, having lost their mother shortly after their birth; and, as their father was highly connected, and still more highly accomplished, and possessed good church preferment, with a considerable private fortune, they were reared and educated in the most liberal and expensive style. Whilst mere infants they had been uncommonly beautiful, and as remarkably alike as occasionally happens with twin sisters, distinguished only by some ornament of dress. Their very nurse, as she used to boast, could hardly tell her pretty "couplets" apart, so exactly alike were the soft blue eyes, the rosy cheeks, the cherry lips, and the curly light hair. Change the turquoise necklace for the coral, and nurse herself would not know Charlotte from Ellen. This pretty puzzle, this inconvenience, of which mammas and aunts, and grandmammas love to complain, did not last long. Either from

a concealed fall, or from original delicacy of habit, the little Ellen faded and drooped almost into deformity. There was no visible defect in her shape, except a slight and almost imperceptible lameness when in quick motion; but there was the marked and peculiar look in the features, the languor and debility, and above all, the distressing consciousness attendant upon imperfect formation; and, at the age of twenty years, the contrast between the sisters was even more striking than the likeness had been at two.

Charlotte was a fine, blooming, noble-looking girl, rather above the middle height; her eyes and complexion sparkled and glowed with life and health; her rosy lips seemed made for smiles, and her glossy brown hair played in natural ringlets round her dimpled face. Her manner was a happy mixture of the playful and the gentle; frank, innocent, and fearless, she relied with a sweet confidence on every body's kindness, and was ready to be pleased, and secure of pleasing. Her artlessness and *naïveté* had great success in society, especially as they were united with the most perfect good-breeding, and considerable quickness and talent. Her musical powers were of the most delightful kind; she sang exquisitely, joining, to great taste and science, a life, and freedom, and buoyancy, quite unusual in that artificial personage, a young lady. Her clear and ringing notes had the effect of a milk-maid's song, as if a mere ebullition of animal spirits; there was no resisting the contagion of Charlotte's glee. She was a general favorite, and above all, a favorite at home—the apple of her father's eye, the pride and ornament of his house, and the delight and comfort of his life. The two children had been as much alike, and born so nearly together, that the precedence in age had never been de-

finitely settled; but that point seemed very early to decide itself. Unintentionally, as it were, Charlotte took the lead, gave invitations, received visitors, sat at the head of the table, becoming in fact, and in name, Miss Page, while her sister continued Miss Ellen.

Poor Ellen! she was short, and thin, and sickly, and pale, with no personal charm but the tender expression of her blue eyes and the timid sweetness of her countenance. The resemblance to her sister had vanished altogether, except when very rarely some strong emotion of pleasure, a word of praise, or a look of kindness from her father, would bring a smile and a blush at once into her face, and lighten it up like a sunbeam. Then, for a passing moment, she was like Charlotte, and even prettier—and there was so much of mind, of soul, in the transitory beauty. In manner she was unchangeably gentle and distressingly shy—shy even to awkwardness. Shame and fear clung to her like her shadow. In company she could neither sing, nor play, nor speak, without trembling, especially when her father was present. Her awe of him was inexpressible. Mr. Page was a man of considerable talent and acquirement, of polished and elegant manners, and great conversational power—quick, ready, and sarcastic. He never condescended to scold; but there was something very formidable in the keen glance, and the cutting jest, to which poor Ellen's want of presence of mind frequently exposed her—something from which she shrank into the very earth. He was a good man too, and a kind father—at least he meant to be so—attentive to her health and comfort, strictly impartial in favors and presents, in pocket-money and amusements; making no difference between the twins, except that which he could not help, the difference in his love. But, to an apprehensive temper

and affectionate heart, that was everything; and whilst Charlotte flourished and blossomed like a rose in the sunshine, Ellen sickened and withered like the same plant in the shade.

Mr. Page lost much enjoyment by this unfortunate partiality; for he had taste enough to have particularly valued the high endowments which formed the delight of the few friends to whom his daughter was intimately known. To them not only her varied and accurate acquirements, but her singular richness of mind, her grace and propriety of expression, and fertility of idea, joined to the most perfect ignorance of her own superiority, rendered her an object of as much admiration as interest. In poetry, especially, her justness of taste and quickness of feeling were almost unrivalled. She was no poet herself, never, I believe, even ventured to compose a sonnet; and her enjoyment of high literature was certainly the keener for that wise abstinence from a vain competition. Her admiration was really worth having. The tears would come into her eyes, the book would fall from her hand, and she would sit lost in ecstasy over some noble passage, till praise, worthy of the theme, would burst in unconscious eloquence from her lips.

But the real charm of Ellen Page lay in the softness of her heart and the generosity of her character: no human being was ever so free from selfishness, in all its varied and clinging forms. She literally forgot herself in her pure and ardent sympathy with all whom she loved, or all to whom she could be useful. There were no limits to her indulgence, no bounds to her candor. Shy and timid as she was, she forgot her fears to plead for the innocent, or the penitent, or even the guilty. She was the excuser-general of the neighborhood, turned every speech and

action the sunny side without, and often in her good-natured acuteness hit on the real principle of action, when the cunning and the worldly-wise, and the cynical, and such as look only for bad motives, had failed. She had, too, that rare quality, a genuine sympathy, not only with the sorrowful—there is a pride in that feeling, a superiority; we have all plenty of that—but with the happy. She could smile with those who smiled, as well as weep with those who wept, and rejoice in a success which she had not contributed, protected from every touch of envy, no less by her noble spirit than by her pure humility: she never thought of herself.

So constituted, it may be imagined that she was to all who really knew her, an object of intense admiration and love. Servants, children, poor people, all adored Miss Ellen. She had other friends in her own rank of life, who had found her out—many; but her chief friend, her principal admirer, she who loved her with the most entire affection, and looked up to her with the most devoted respect, was her sister. Never was the strong and lovely tie of twin-sisterhood more closely knit than in these two charming young women. Ellen looked on her favored sister with a pure and unjealous delight that made its own happiness, a spirit of candor and of justice that never permitted her to cast a shade of blame on the sweet object of her father's partiality; she never, indeed, blamed him; it seemed to her so natural that every one should prefer her sister. Charlotte, on the other hand, used all her influence for Ellen, protected and defended her, and was half tempted to murmur at an affection which she would have valued more if shared equally with that dear friend. Thus they lived in peace and harmony; Charlotte's bolder temper and higher spirits leading and

guiding in all common points, whilst on the more important she implicitly yielded to Ellen's judgment. But, when they had reached their twenty-first year, a great evil threatened one of the sisters, arising—strange to say—from the other's happiness. Charlotte, the reigning *belle* of an extensive and affluent neighborhood, had had almost as many suitors as Penelope; but, light-hearted, happy at home, constantly busy and gay, she had taken no thought of love, and she always struck me as a very likely subject for an old maid; yet her time came at last. A young man, the very reverse of herself, pale, thoughtful, gentlemanlike, and melancholy, wooed and won our fair Euphrosyne. He was the second son of a noble house, and bred to the church; and it was agreed between the fathers, that, as soon as he should be ordained—for he still wanted some months of the necessary age—and settled in a family living held for him by a friend, the young couple should be married.

In the mean while Mr. Page, who had recently succeeded to some property in Ireland, found it necessary to go thither for a short time; and, unwilling to take his daughters with him, as his estate lay in the disturbed districts, he indulged us with their company during his absence. They came to us in the bursting spring-time, on the very same day with the nightingale; the country was new to them, and they were delighted with the scenery and with our cottage life. We, on our part, were enchanted with our young guests. Charlotte was certainly the most amiable of enamored damsels, for love with her was but a more sparkling and smiling form of happiness; all that there was of care and fear in this attachment fell to Ellen's lot; but even she, though sighing at the thought

of parting, could not be very miserable whilst her sister was so happy.

A few days after their arrival, we happened to dine with our accomplished neighbors, Colonel Falkner and his sister. Our young friends, of course, accompanied us; and a similarity of age, of liveliness, and of musical talent, speedily recommended Charlotte and Miss Falkner to each other. They became immediately intimate, and were soon almost inseparable. Ellen at first hung back.

"The house was too gay, too full of shifting company, of titles, and of strange faces. Miss Falkner was very kind; but she took too much notice of her, introduced her to lords and ladies, talked of her drawings, and pressed her to sing; she would rather, if I pleased, stay with me, and walk in the coppice, or sit in the arbor, and one might read Spenser while the other worked—that would be best of all. Might she stay?"

"Oh, surely! But Colonel Falkner, Ellen, I thought you would have liked him?"

"Yes!"

"That *yes* sounds exceedingly like *no*."

"Why, is he not almost too clever, too elegant, too grand a man? Too mannered, as it were? Too much like what one fancies of a prince—too high and too condescending? These are strange faults," continued she, laughing, "and it is a curious injustice that I should dislike a man merely because he is so graceful, that he makes me feel doubly awkward—so tall, that I am in his presence a conscious dwarf—so alive and eloquent in conversation, that I feel more than ever puzzled and unready. But so it is. To say the truth, I am more afraid of him than any human being in the world, except one. I may stay with you—may I not; and read of Una and of Britomart

—that prettiest scene, where her old nurse soothes her to sleep? I may stay?"

And for two or three mornings she did stay with me; but Charlotte's influence and Miss Falkner's kindness speedily drew her to Holly-grove, at first shyly and reluctantly, yet soon with an evident though quiet enjoyment; and we, sure that our young visitors could gain nothing but good in such society, were pleased that they should so vary the humble home-scene.

Colonel Falkner was a man in the very prime of life, of that happy age which unites the grace and spirit of youth with the firmness and vigor of manhood. The heir of a large fortune, he had served in the Peninsula war, fought in Spain and France, and, quitting the army at the peace, had loitered about Germany, and Italy, and Greece, and only returned on the death of his father, two or three years back, to reside on the family estate, where he had won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." He was, as Ellen truly described him, tall and graceful, and well-bred, almost to a fault. He certainly did excel rather too much in the mere forms of politeness, in clokings and bowings, and handings down stairs; but then he was thoroughly imbued with its finer essence—considerate, attentive, kind, in the most comprehensive sense of that comprehensive word. I have certainly known men of deeper learning and more original genius, but never any one whose powers were better adapted to conversation, who could blend more happily the most varied and extensive knowledge with the most playful wit and the most interesting and amiable character. *Fascinating* was the word that seemed made for him. His conversation was entirely free from trickery and display—the charm was, or seemed to be, perfectly natural; he was an excellent listener; and

when he was speaking to any eminent person—orator, artist, or poet—I have sometimes seen a slight hesitation, a momentary diffidence, as attractive as it was unexpected. It was this astonishing evidence of fellow-feeling, joined to the gentleness of his tone, the sweetness of his smile, and his studied avoidance of all particular notice or attention, that first reconciled Ellen to Colonel Falkner. His sister, too, a charming young woman, as like him as Viola to Sebastian, began to understand the sensitive properties of this shrinking and delicate flower, which, left to itself, repaid their kind neglect by unfolding, in a manner that surprised and delighted us all. Before the spring had glided into summer, Ellen was as much at home at Holly-grove as with us; and talked, and laughed, and played, and sang, as freely as Charlotte. She would, indeed, break off, if visibly listened to, either when speaking or singing; but still the ice was broken; that rich, low, mellow voice, unrivalled in pathos and sweetness, might be heard every evening, even by the colonel, with little more precaution, not to disturb her by praise or notice, than would be used with her fellow-warbler the nightingale.

She was happy at Holly-grove, and we were delighted; but so shifting and various are human feelings and wishes, that, as the summer wore on, before the hay-making was over in its beautiful park, whilst the bees were still in its lime-trees, and the golden beetle lurked in its white rose, I began to lament that she had ever seen Holly-grove, or known its master. It was clear to me, that unintentionally on his part, unwittingly on hers, her heart was gone—and, considering the merit of the unconscious possessor, probably gone forever. She had all the pretty marks of love at that happy moment when the name and nature of the passion are alike unsuspected by the victim. To her

there was but one object in the whole world, and that one was Colonel Falkner: she lived only in his presence; hung on his words; was restless, and knew not why, in his absence; adopted his tastes and opinions, which differed from hers as those of clever men so frequently do from those of clever women; read the books he praised, and praised them too, deserting our old idols, Spenser and Fletcher, for his favorites, Dryden and Pope; sang the songs he loved as she walked about the house; drew his features instead of Milton's in a portrait which she was copying for me of our great poet—and finally, wrote his name on the margin. She moved as in a dream—a dream as innocent as it was delicious—but oh, the sad, sad waking! It made my heart ache to think of the misery to which that fine and sensitive mind seemed to be reserved.

Ellen was formed for constancy and suffering—it was her first love, and it would be her last. I had no hope that her affection was returned. Young men, talk as they may of mental attractions, are commonly the slaves of personal charms. Colonel Falkner, especially, was a professed admirer of beauty. I had even sometimes fancied that he was caught by Charlotte's, and had, therefore, taken an opportunity to communicate her engagement to his sister. Certainly he paid our fair and blooming guest extraordinary attention! anything of gallantry or compliment was always addressed to her, and so for the most part was his gay and captivating conversation; whilst his manner to Ellen, though exquisitely soft and kind, seemed rather that of an affectionate brother. I had no hopes.

Affairs were in this posture when I was at once grieved and relieved by the unexpected recall of our young visitors. Their father had completed his business in Ireland, and

was eager to return to his dear home, and his dear children; Charlotte's lover, too, was ordained, and was impatient to possess his promised treasure. The intended bridegroom was to arrive the same evening to escort the fair sisters, and the journey was to take place the next day. Imagine the revulsion of feeling produced by a short note, a bit of folded paper—the natural and redoubled ecstasy of Charlotte—the mingled emotions of Ellen. She wept bitterly; at first she called it joy—joy that she should again see her dear father; then it was grief to lose her dear Charlotte; grief to part from me; but, when she threw herself in a farewell embrace on the neck of Miss Falkner, whose brother happened to be absent for a few days on business, the truth appeared to burst upon her at once, in a gush of agony, that seemed likely to break her heart.

Miss Falkner was deeply affected; begged her to write to her often, very often; loaded her with the gifts of little price, the valueless tokens which affection holds so dear, and stole one of her fair ringlets in return.

"This is the curl which William used to admire," said she—"have you no message for poor William?"

Poor Ellen! her blushes spoke, and the tears dropped from her downcast eyes; but she had no utterance. Charlotte, however, came to her relief with a profusion of thanks and compliments; and Ellen, weeping with a voice that would not be controlled, at last left Holly-grove.

The next day we too lost our dear young friends. Oh, what a sad day it was! how much we missed Charlotte's bright smile and Ellen's sweet complacency! We walked about desolate and forlorn, with the painful sense of want and insufficiency, and of that vacancy in our home, and at our board, which the departure of a cherished guest is

sure to occasion. To lament the absence of Charlotte, the dear Charlotte, the happiest of the happy, was pure selfishness; but of the aching heart of Ellen, my dear Ellen, I could not bear to think—and yet I could think of nothing else, could call up no other image than her pale and trembling form, weeping and sobbing as I had seen her at Holly-grove; she haunted even my dreams.

Early the ensuing morning I was called down to the colonel, and found him in the garden. He apologized for his unseasonable intrusion; talked of the weather, then of the loss which our society had sustained; blushed and hesitated; had again recourse to the weather; and, at last, by a mighty effort, after two or three sentences begun and unfinished, contrived, with an embarrassment more graceful and becoming than all his polished readiness, to ask me to furnish him with a letter to Mr. Page.

"You must have seen," said he, coloring and smiling, "that I was captivated by your beautiful friend; and I hope—I could have wished to have spoken first to herself, to have made an interest—but still if her affections are disengaged—tell me, you who must know, you who are always my friend, have I any chance? Is she disengaged?"

"Alas! I have sometimes feared this; but I thought you had heard—your sister at least was aware"—

"Of what? It was but this very morning—aware of what?"

"Of Charlotte's engagement."

"Charlotte! It is of Ellen, not her sister, that I speak and think. Of Ellen, the pure, the delicate, the divine! That whitest and sweetest of flowers; the jasmine, the myrtle, the tube-rose among women," continued he, elucidating his similes by gathering a sprig of each plant,

as he paced quickly up and down the garden walk—"Ellen, the fairest and the best; your darling and mine! Will you give me a letter to her father? And will you wish me success?"

"Will I? Oh, how sincerely! My dear colonel, I beg a thousand pardons for undervaluing your taste—for suspecting you of preferring a damask rose to a blossomed myrtle; I should have known you better." And then we talked of Ellen, dear Ellen—talked and praised till even the lover's heart was satisfied. I am convinced that he went away that morning persuaded that I was one of the cleverest women and the best judges of character that ever lived.

And now my story is over. What need to say, that the letter was written with the warmest zeal, and received with the most cordial graciousness—or that Ellen, though shedding sweet tears, bore the shock of joy better than the shock of grief—or that the twin-sisters were married on the same day, at the same altar, each to the man of her heart, and each with every prospect of more than common felicity? What need to say this? Or having said this, why should I tell what was the gift that enchanted me? I will not tell; my readers shall decide according to their several fancies between silver favors or bridal gloves, or the magical wedding cake drawn nine times through the ring.